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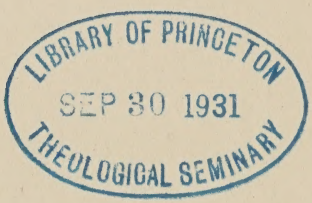

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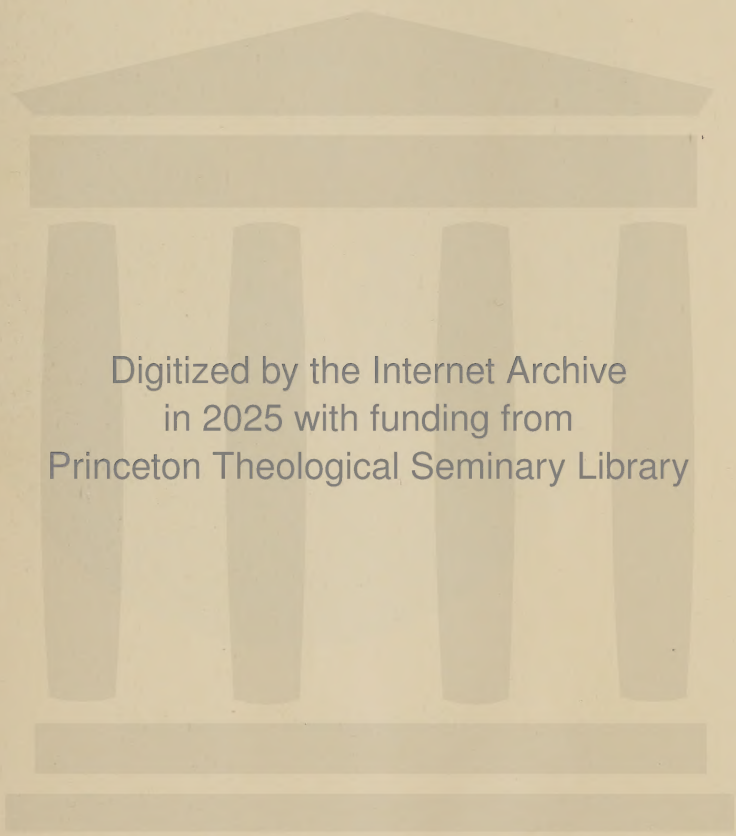
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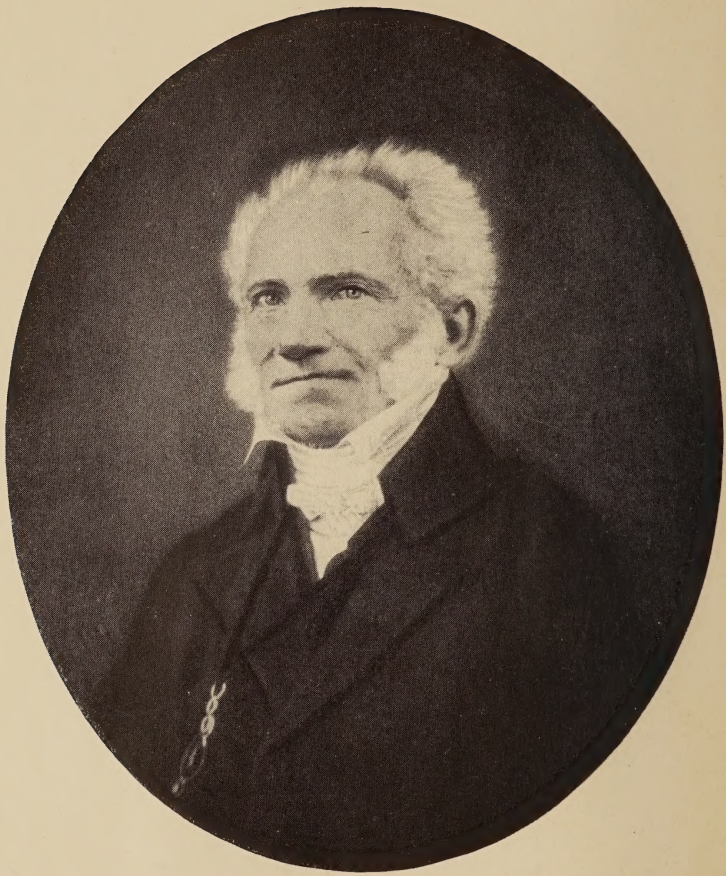

Schopenhauer Triumphant

SCHOPENHAUER

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PESSIMIST AND PAGAN

BY V. J. McGILL

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TO MY MOTHER

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

ANY biographer of Schopenhauer must find Wilhelm von Gwinner's standard work, *Schopenhauers Leben,* indispensable. A friend and disciple of the philosopher, Gwinner was given special access to most of the valuable material. The present volume has also drawn upon the additional material furnished by Frauenstädt, Grisebach and other friends and students of Schopenhauer and has profited by the letters, posthumous papers, and Grisebach's edition of Schopenhauer's works.

The author wishes to express his indebtedness to Alice I. Bryan and Houston Peterson for much help and criticism in the preparation of this book.

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SCHOPENHAUER
PESSIMIST AND PAGAN

PROLOGUE

THE GRAY GUIDE OF A CENTURY

IN Frankfurt am Main in the Friedhof Cemetery a black granite gravestone is to be seen engraved with the name of *Arthur Schopenhauer,* with no date, nor epitaph nor any other word. Arthur Schopenhauer. There was no need for another syllable. "They will find me," the great pessimist had said. "The time will come when anyone who does not know my doctrines will be accounted an ignoramus." This proud prediction, made at a time when Schopenhauer was surrounded with a silence and neglect so deep and ominous as to shatter the confidence of most men, is now all but true. For if there is one modern philosopher who is known and even read by every cultured person, it is Schopenhauer. He is read by philosophers, by scientists, artists, musicians, and writers of all kinds; he has become the private passion of merchants and students and priests, his dark thoughts proving a mercy, in time of need, to minds of the greatest diversity, and there are few great men who have not felt at some time or other in their career, the weight of his influence.

The glorious acrid old man who taught that the world is vanity and nothingness has a greater following in the world than any of his contemporaries who praised it. In Dantzig,

Schopenhauer's birthplace, a cult has sprung up in his honor which since 1912 has published yearbooks celebrating his character and works with contributions from admirers all over Europe. His writings, of course, have been translated into many languages with commentaries and criticisms and general appreciation. In this country no philosopher sells so well, unless it is his disciple, Nietzsche, and the manifold force of his various influence, affecting as it does such a wide circle of readers, it would be difficult to overestimate.

Schopenhauer himself, though he did not live to see the full effect of his teaching, never once doubted its value or its ultimate success. The truth will out. He dedicated his great work, *The World as Will and Idea,* to humanity in full confidence that sooner or later it would be accepted as the final completion of Plato and Kant. Yet for thirty-five years after the publication of this book (1819) he was doomed to suffer the neglect of his contemporaries, to wait in bitter anxiety for recognition and sympathy which never came, to see his masterpiece ignored while the spurious wisdom of his rivals, the university professors, sounded about him in brazen triumph. Schopenhauer bided his time. He knew that in the end the public would tire of the " empty bombast " of " that charlatan Hegel " as of the vain confusions of Fichte and Schelling. In the meantime it came hard even to the arch-pessimist to bear with such injustice, and the reward of posterity must have seemed at times a poor return and a hollow comfort. As conscious as he was of his own genius and the sacred truth of his philosophy carrying blessedness and hope to humanity, he could not be content with him-

self alone, and though he expressed, as the years went by, always greater contempt for the public, he longed for its applause and concurrence.

With his faithful dog beside him he brooded in the lonely mornings and scanned the papers intently for some mention of his name or works. Not a line was to be found. He read many papers and the years went by, withdrawing him more and more from the amiable exchange and sympathy of his fellows, increasing his rancor and exasperation. At times his suspicions rose to a sharp crescendo. He saw dark forms behind his sorrow. It was the university professors who were plotting against him, jealous of his overriding genius, fearful of the truth he had proclaimed. It was they who had walled him up in isolation by their "conspiracy of silence," defeating by a concerted policy of neglect a true philosophy they were fearful of meeting in open attack. This strange idea became a settled conviction with Schopenhauer. In the midst of his philosophical discussions we find brilliant bits of invective, slashing attacks on his famous contemporaries, which must have appeared at the time quite mad and astounding. But even these failed to break the silence or draw the professors forth. Schopenhauer saw it clearly. These professional philosophers were paid by the state, dutiful to the church, obliged to the students, and subservient to many other interests besides. Philosophy had become a business in Germany and the guild had ousted him. The more he considered the mercenary character of German philosophers, their pomposity and complicated stupidity, in particular their pretended ignorance of him, the more horrified he became.

The university professors, he concluded, like the Sophists, for whom Socrates expressed so much contempt, were bread and butter philosophers, who prostituted high reason and cherished falsity and favor.

A result of the long years of neglect was an increasing loneliness, suspicion and rancor, with nightmares and horrors as peaks to his unhappiness. At times his anxiety culminated in the fear that his great work, *The World as Will and Idea,* might be lost altogether and never come to light. His thirty-five years of desperate anxiety on this account with all the attendant evils constitute the tragedy in Schopenhauer's life. His staunch, strong-hearted endurance of this tragedy over so long a period shows us "the granite man" of passionate strength and courage whom we admire: not the classic, godlike perfection of Socrates, but the Gothic or Faustian man, with a blend of the comic and the sublime. Schopenhauer, too, though less dramatically and not nearly so high-mindedly, drank his hemlock.

After thirty years of horrible stillness and obscurity, waiting vainly for the aegis and renown of his genius, living variously with foresight and caution his precious days, alternating between the sage, the saint, the sensualist, and the prudent man of the world, Schopenhauer saw that at last a change had occurred and that his star, so long obscured, was rising high. In these few years Germany had changed. In Schopenhauer's youth, while the World Will was focused for the time in the dangerous soaring discontent of Napoleon, Germany retired haughtily from the barbarian interruption, to live inwardly, cherishing her high culture and

cultivating her cult of genius. Here again culture rose to a peak of splendor. German poetry and philosophy culminated in an explosion of sudden fruition. As in Periclean Athens and Renaissance Italy, great men hobnobbed and conversed, spun their masterpieces boldly, wastefully, and geniuses were as then absurdly plentiful. Struck with the wonder of all this Germany guarded her good time. She became intensely conscious of her geniuses. They became intensely conscious of themselves. For Hegel, whose high idealism had begun to dominate the scene, the earth became again the center of the universe, and Germany, the center of the earth. Hegel's philosophy appeared likewise, as Aristotle's had, as the philosophy of philosophies, the last icy pinnacle of wisdom, the culmination not only of human reason but of the world reason, in its manifold intricate development. Hegel sat alone with his thought and the world arose and displayed itself, logically, necessarily, in time and space, in the drawing room and the kitchen. Reality appeared with all its infinite determinations. The logical method employed in this system is called dialectic and is noted for its rigor, breadth, and power. In its integrating, systematic procedure, it forms a decided contrast to the brilliant intuitive method of Schopenhauer.

Hegel, following the lead of the deepest doctrines of Plato, Plotinus, Porphyry, etc., had developed one of the most astounding and ingenious systems in history, concerning which opinions now differ profoundly. In his own day, however, (1810–30) Hegel's mad glorious celebration of reason made him the finest expression of that inwardness and

grandeur which Germany felt. More than anyone, he intellectualized the mood of the *Kulturmensch,* gave him a world built by reason; defended the truth of human institutions —the church, the state—and placed their wisdom high above that of individual men, such as romanticists and other disturbers of the peace. And above all he placed the meaningfulness, the rationality and protection of the Spirit of World History. While Napoleon conquered Europe with his tall marshals and famous cannon, Hegel, a proud man, too, built the world out of reason. This made him the first philosopher of his times and the bitterest obstacle to Schopenhauer's fame.

As early as 1830, however, the reign of Hegel approached its end. University students immersed in science and inclined to materialism were losing their confidence in pure reason. Still Schopenhauer received no hearing. He continued to brood and meditate like his Hindu models, detesting the world and its vanities which the light of his intellect enabled him to pierce at every turn, but also travelling about in it, ever delighting in beauty and the forms of culture. At times his strict system of life was disturbed by petty irregularities of the day at which he lamented uncommonly, at times, by robust outbreaks of the natural man. As the years went by he read prodigiously in the seven languages which he had mastered, and wrote, on occasions, additions to his youthful work of genius.

In 1850 he prepared his last work, *Parerga und Paralipomena,* his "last child" as he called it, but so low was his reputation as a writer that it was only with the greatest

difficulty that he found a publisher. The sixty-two-year-old philosopher had borne nothing but taunts and neglect. His *Fourfold Root of the Principle of Sufficient Reason* had suggested to his mother and others nothing but an apothecary's shop, while his treatise on *Vision and the Colors* had been judged to be wholly without color. His great system itself had been branded as "warmed-up Fichteanism," an epithet all the more painful in that, of all philosophers, it was Fichte he hated most. Now, the publishers hesitated and turned pale at the thought of "risking" his last precious volume. Oddly enough it was this work, so inauspiciously launched, which won him his first recognition. Perhaps the lightest of all his writings, it appeared at a time of political reaction and unrest most favorable to its reception. Gradually articles began to appear and flattering notices which charmed the much-tired heart of Schopenhauer, in spite of his loftiness and contempt for the world. Each morsel, however petty, was a dear solace to an old craving which nothing else could silence.

After a delay of thirty-five years, the rugged old man with his hard decisive features overflowed with joy like a child with its toys and could not contain himself. At times, to be sure, his triumph seemed a hollow one and then his wrath and bitterness spoke again. Why could it not have come before? Why need the public have kept him waiting till one foot was in the grave? At times it seemed to him that, by demonic arrangement, the world only waited for his death to celebrate his teachings in good earnest. This was a special vexation. Schopenhauer now craved ample time and

leisure to enjoy his reputation carefully. He was, accordingly, delighted to find one day that the sacred *Vedas* set the life span of man at one hundred years, for the great pessimist now dreamed of a long life, a sun-swept old age, seeing the glory of his teachings in their progress about the world. So happy and grateful was he amid the rising applause and appreciation that he almost forgot to curse the fate of being; the wheel of birth and death, women, even the university professors escaped the measure of his abuse. The dangerous old lion of Frankfurt began to enjoy his life uncommonly, while his tension and sad vindictiveness unwound. With what exaltation he announces his victory! For forty years he had been walled up by the envy of the university professors, and secreted so carefully that no sound could betray his existence to the world. But " now he has escaped and is running about the world; . . . In plain language, the misfortune they feared more than anything has come to pass after all. In spite of their having done their best to prevent it for more than a generation by acting with united force, with rare constancy, secreting and ignoring to a degree that is without example, my books are beginning and henceforth will continue to be read."

Schopenhauer's first disciple was a strange old councillor of justice at Magdeburg, Dorguth, who sat up nights, and kept his daughters up, to read them Schopenhauer, whom he boldly announced as the first real, systematic thinker in the whole history of literature. This old man, simple and loyal, the first apostle of Pessimism and the Will, the master called his trumpet, while the philosopher Frauenstädt, the

"arch-evangelist," he called his trombone. Between them the creed was propounded. "The trumpet" announced the approach of the philosopher, while "the trombone," opening the master's works, played therefrom the sad music of the Will to Life, and Denial, in a way to suggest too much, it is feared, the comic base melody of Mozart's *Don Juan.* Frauenstädt, like Dorguth, was not a great man nor a worthy apostle and Schopenhauer's confidence in him and his overestimate show that the shrewd misanthrope could prefer at times a commonplace flattery to a skillful but critical appreciation.

It was from England, to Schopenhauer's great joy, that he received his first real acknowledgment. In that land of snobbery and genius and good sense, in which he had narrowly escaped being born, and to which he had almost always felt drawn, as to "the most intelligent country of Europe," an article suddenly appeared in *The Westminster Review* on *Iconoclasm in German Philosophy* in which his own works were discovered to the world and praised most gratifyingly. The English reviewer, John Oxenford, is apparently quite astonished, and lost between a horror and fascination — horror of this "gifted, bold, eccentric, this terrible writer" with his sweeping destructiveness, and fascination with his genius, his style and spirit. With Schopenhauer's attack on university philosophy, Oxenford is in complete agreement, and he sees an end to these grandiose systems in the slashing satires of their opponent, but he regrets that Schopenhauer should have devoted his great talents to such gloomy and non-utilitarian ends. It was not

long before this article appeared in translation in a German periodical, where it aroused great interest and curiosity. Who was this bold original thinker? Where did he live? Gradually he was discovered. Plaudits and ovations poured in from all sides. Great men, scientists, artists, literary men sent him testimony and glory. Even the university professors had been won over. They wrote him acknowledgments and sought his acquaintance, in which endeavor, however, they were not always successful. Before Schopenhauer died in 1860, there had been a pilgrimage to his home in Frankfurt, as to a shrine, great men acknowledging their master, and toward the end a sort of Schopenhauer cult was flourishing.

Even the Christian Church honored the old heretic, praised his genius and courage, and at the last, in honoring the man, neglected his open slurs and insults, his irony, his addiction to Buddhism, his rejection of faith. At his burial service a clergyman appeared in the name of the Evangelical Church, regretting the waywardness of a brilliant man, but doing full justice to his character and greatness. Our philosopher thus departed with every benediction. Death itself had been gracious and merciful, coming upon him like a sudden, gentle sleep, just as he had always wished it should be. Such a peaceful death has often been thought unbecoming to the greatest of pessimists and many shake their heads at his evident enjoyment of worldly fame, though why, for that matter, a pessimist shouldn't enjoy the few pleasures which offer themselves in this world, it is difficult to say. Rather it would seem that the happier the lot of the pessimist the

more disinterested and trustworthy his perception of the evil of the world should appear.

Though Schopenhauer is known, above all else, as a pessimist who taught that only through the denial of the Will is blessedness achieved, many have insisted on taking him in quite a different sense. Nietzsche, who claimed to have "understood him as though he had written for me," asserts that "Schopenhauer has a second characteristic in common with Montaigne, besides honesty; a joy that really makes others joyful." This true joyfulness, he adds, is only to be found in victory; not a cheap, romantic joyfulness, therefore, but a grim triumph with all the monsters of the soul and all the deep cruelty of nature in view. Schopenhauer for Nietzsche was always a conqueror, however dark and oppressed his mood; even in his deep disclosure of evil and wickedness there is joyfulness, the laughter of the gods. While reading him, Nietzsche felt himself alone before tall trees, environed by strength and sanity. It was from Schopenhauer that he learned — what later saved him in his great affliction — to walk erect, forbearing to whine. In this parodoxical reading of the great pessimist many have followed Nietzsche's lead and the doctrine of the Superman, which has proved so powerful a force in modern literature and modern life, has its roots in Schopenhauer as well as in his brilliant disciple. The courage and boldness he derived from Schopenhauer has been a solace and quickening to many other minds. Schopenhauer had taught the nothingness of the world and evil of the Will with such glorious energy and fearlessness that men were inspired by a very unexpected spirit, were

tempted in fact to new summits of striving, to greater assertion of the Will, which according to the master's own doctrines must always prove vain and wicked.

Schopenhauer could set fire to volcanoes like Nietzsche, Wagner, and Strindberg, but he could also inspire a milder sort of man. In recent years a book has appeared called *The Optimism of Schopenhauer* in which the author claims the master to be an optimist in the sense that he rouses us to a discernment of the tragedy of life, preparing us at the same time, however, to meet all pain with courage and dignity. Men who cannot be content with a fool's paradise, which may blow up any moment with grief and disillusion, welcome the stern lessons of pessimism and, learning the necessity of evil, prepare themselves prudently for the worst in this "worst of all possible worlds," and manage in consequence to live on quite comfortably. It is chiefly youth that makes this adjustment and at this stage the philosophy of Schopenhauer is irresistible. Sensitive, fearful, greatly dismayed at the coldness and dearth of the world, which he cannot but regard as a betrayal and a swindle, the young man turns with comfort to the grim old pessimist and learns to universalize his despair, and once more he is attuned to nature and society. His despair has become the Will of the World and, seeing there is no escape from his misery, he becomes quite happy again. It is not, of course, the immaturity of our philosopher which makes him the favorite of youth; it is that youth itself is philosophical. As the young man pauses before life, his childhood a sham behind him and the future inexplicable ahead, metaphysical reverbera-

tions echo through his perplexities. He is alone before reality and has not made those adjustments which are later to fit him into a society which does not need to think. But, now, Schopenhauer gives high company to his loneliness and remedies his despair, for it is not suffering that hurts the strong heart, but the meaninglessness of it. That, indeed, is a personal injury which no free man can bear.

Many have found requitement and peace in Schopenhauer; some, like Nietzsche and Shaw, an inspiration for a higher assertion of the Will. But most of his followers have taken him at his word. Nietzsche and Shaw, rising above pity and suffering, affirm the Superman. Tolstoy detests him. In *War and Peace,* perhaps the greatest novel in the modern era, he paints a black picture of Napoleon. We see him grunting in his bath. He is fleshly, an impostor, a monster with not a trace of human feeling. We see him on the battle-field. He is not a genius, but a charlatan, a cruel, despotic adventurer. The night before Austerlitz the old Russian general, Kutesoff, goes to bed with the rest of humanity. He knows that battles are not won by strategy and smiles wearily at the scheming generals. It is chance or the fate of the world which will decide the issue next morning, nor can Napoleon nor any hand stay the old necessity. Tolstoy hates Napoleon as the principle of pride and destruction and his opinion of all great egoists is the same. Like Schopenhauer, he is filled with the wonder and pity of human lives. In his skillful portrayal of an elaborate society scattered upon the vast dreary plains of Russia, along which the rain walks endlessly, and death comes, and

suffering and birth, we see how individual lives, awakened from the deep unconsciousness of nature, peep out wistfully at the world around them, live for a period their brief joys and sorrows, with mystery about them, with hope and death ahead, only to sink back at last, like millions before, into the quietness of nature. Tolstoy's world-pity, his view of the pettiness of human striving and the wickedness of egoism, stand in the closest relation to Schopenhauer's pessimism.

When Tolstoy discovered Schopenhauer, he was forty years old and, like Nietzsche, he could not have done with reading him. Here is a philosopher, he wrote to a friend, who speaks the truth honestly and scorns the dull inconsequences and quibbles so common among modern philosophers. As a white-haired old man of eighty-two, having left wife, child, and fortune for penance and meditation alone, Tolstoy was still more devoted to Schopenhauer. Other great writers of Russia have felt the same lure, and pessimism, the denial of the Will, the sense of a vast irrational force in nature and in man, has found in that country a most welcome soil.

Schopenhauer's true power over modern life and literature is nowhere seen more clearly than in the deepening of the tragic sense of life. Here he is without a peer. Standing squarely on the earth with all his shrewdness and common sense, a man of the world whom we can trust in practical matters, he shows us the weary earth and the shifting planets, the restless stones and rivers, the plants striving and dying, the animals devouring one another in a ceaseless struggle for life, and lastly, the vast miseries of deluded humanity. Facing death, disillusion, pain and infruition, our sufferings

are multiplied and diversified a thousand-fold by the power of intellect. But, becoming half aware of our evil destiny, we shiver before the abyss, still fearful of acknowledging a truth which must end all our dreams. Schopenhauer shows us how even the most courageous men hide their greater truth, putting a good face on matters, out of "loyalty to the planet," or to preserve the illusion on which all our hopes are based. Yet, at times, the secret cannot be contained. Great men from Pindar on express, on occasion, their consciousness of the hopeless evil of the world and the tragic lot of man, and there is scarcely an exception. To Schopenhauer, however, belongs the distinction of being the first real pessimist in Europe. The dark sayings of other writers, to be sure, are but sporadic insights into a doctrine which he constructs into a rigorous system and propounds with an eloquence unequalled in modern philosophy.

Europe, up to the time of Schopenhauer, had no philosophy of pessimism. India, even in remote antiquity, was so persuaded of the evil of the world that her philosophers needed no arguments or persuasion. The knowledge of suffering was there a matter which needed little demonstration, nor any other evidence than the cares and anguish of common life. They confined themselves, accordingly, to elaborate and subtle directions to the way of deliverance from such a world. At the foot of great banyan trees sat the sages of India, rigid and motionless, piercing with their wisdom the illusion of the world. For hours and days they do not move. They ponder upon the soul, the cause of suffering, and deliverance. According to Schopenhauer these

ancient sages were no less than divine. In the Upanishads he saw his own system in embryo. "From every sentence deep, original, and sublime thoughts arise, and the whole is pervaded by a high and holy and earnest spirit." Schopenhauer's reverence for the Upanishads did much to attract attention to these ancient treasures of Indian wisdom. His enthusiasm for Indian philosophy and his "deep understanding" of its central doctrine have given him a high place among pioneers in this field.

For *proofs* of pessimism, however, we must turn from the Hindu to the classic statement of Schopenhauer. There we shall find arguments which all but persuade us. In any case we are made to see that the greater part of humanity is like the two thieves whom Fielding saw one day at Lydegate quarrelling and bickering thoughtlessly over a game of chance, though both had been condemned to the gallows and would die within an hour or two. Unlike the two thieves, all great men have a sense of the insult and bitterness of death and their characters are tinged with high sadness. It is in poetry that this ironic awareness finds expression, death and suffering being the old themes which, sounding forth in the measured nobility of verse or drama, declared themselves in every culture, and constitute the most profound and beautiful of human thoughts. For were any one to ask for the greatest lines of Shakespeare or any other poet, he would be directed to those which deal with tragedy and death.

Schopenhauer's insistence upon the vanity and suffering of life has given depth and power to modern literature and

provided a philosophical basis for classic drama. His argument for pessimism, drawn from the fact that novelists, in order to make their heroes real, must represent them as anguished and tortured through nine-tenths of the book, admits of answers, though the increase of gloom in modern *realistic* novels gives it doubtless an added power. What the argument does bring to light unmistakably is the need of deeper tones and darker hues in serious literature. This indeed is a last necessity. Without the pressure of constant pain and inescapable fate, a tragedy becomes a hollow and meaningless affair, an imposture, and is felt, to be sure, as a dramatic lie. Nor do the greatest plays, such as *Oedipus* and *Lear* confine themselves to the gamut of the hero's suffering. Behind his pain we are aware of the forces and furies of heaven and earth and as the theme rises we see that his fate is the fate of man. As the classic drama advances to this philosophical generalization, the full importance of Schopenhauer is apparent, for it is he alone who has provided a world-scheme adequate to the breadth of these tragedies. Before Schopenhauer, indeed, tragedy was quite in the air, having no world foundation for the disaster it depicted, save the dark myths and theologies which few would accept as a serious account of the earthly government. So great has been the neglect of this bond between the calamities of heroes and their metaphysical destiny that few philosophers have even so much as recognized the problem. But how ample and beautiful in contrast is the philosophy of Schopenhauer. Oedipus' sin is the Will to Life. But proudly and fearfully he shuns the truth and will not hear of the evil of

the world nor his own wickedness, until the accumulating circumstances force his attention and determine the inevitable disillusion. Then comes the turning away from the Will and deliverance from striving.

Schopenhauer has given classical tragedy the metaphysical basis which its aspirations required. His effect upon modern literature has been to deepen and spiritualize the action, elevating a private, meaningless catastrophe to the dignity and necessity of a universal fate. This is seen most clearly, to take a single example, in the novels and tales of Hardy. Here everything is overcast with doom and misadventure, a universal will, blind and indifferent, or, as it seems at times, demonically spiteful, presiding at each crucial scene of heartbreak or fatal chance, weaving its black tragedies endlessly, in conformity to some old necessity. In *The Return of the Native* our characters wander alone across the gaunt majestic heath, whose quiet malice overshadows them. In the distance is the lonely Reddleman who appears and disappears mysteriously and furtively as in a dream. It is this Reddleman from out of the terrible heath who fetches the fatal intelligence of the evil which has been concealed so painfully and brings the action to a head. It is the heath which widens the operation in this novel to a universal drama and spins the sinister chance and frenzy around the pool in which the lovers are drowned. In another novel, *Two on a Tower,* it is the stars which separate the lovers and give breadth to the tragedy, and behind a petty spectacle of private misery looms the immitigable cruelty of world chance. In *The Mayor of Casterbridge,* similarly, nature extends the fate of humanity

beyond the characters, while a chance Roman inscription in a graveyard gives a poignant sense of the ages of suffering which have gone before. *Jude the Obscure,* a sort of Schopenhauerian epic, recounts the history of a lonely intellect striving obscurely against the vast irrationality of nature, the cruelty of society, the prejudice of a university. In this contest, however, he is no match for the forces which oppose him. The woman's will to propagation, the dark will of nature, overwhelm him in death and defeat. The child, "Father Time," does not need to live so long. Gifted with a Schopenhauerian insight, he knows the evil of the world at a glance.

Having carried his broad tragedies thus far, and receiving little public attention, it is little wonder that Hardy was tempted to give his metaphysics a more precise form in a world-drama, *The Dynasts.* Here at last the world-order behind the novels receives a clear and majestic expression. The aerial spirits moving above the extended scenes of the Napoleonic War, pronounce, in fact, all the blindness and cruel age-old necessity of the events they witness. "O Immanence that reasonest not," says the Spirit of the Years. The despotic power of the earth is a vast irrational Will.

Though Schopenhauer has communicated pessimism to many writers, his main influence upon modern times, according to Shaw and Spengler, is the recognition of the Will. Shaw, speaking for England, says: "In our own country the recognition of the will as distinct from the reasoning machinery began to spread. Schopenhauer was the first among moderns to appreciate the enormous practical

importance of the distinction. . . ." Spengler remarks, in full agreement, that: "The important thing, that makes Schopenhauer the progenitor of ethical modernity, is that he too (i.e., as well as Nietzsche) *feels* the whole world as Will, as movement, force, direction. This basic feeling is not merely the foundation of our ethics, *it is itself our whole ethics,* and the rest are bye-blows." In the march of the great drama of Faustian man in the nineteenth century, Schopenhauer, Hebbel, Wagner, Nietzsche, Ibsen, Strindberg, and Shaw are for him the high executive figures. Above all others these men caught the rhythm of the time and expressed the peculiarity of their age. And Schopenhauer, the first originator who heads the list, owes his greatness, according to Shaw and Spengler, not to the technical elaboration of a system, not to the schematism of Kant, nor the wisdom of the Hindus, but to the pertinence of his principal insights. Schopenhauer's system, according to Spengler, was obsolete, his intuitions bold and timely; what he shared with Kant was dead, what he shared with Nietzsche, a living force. This undaunted judgment of Spengler's we need not *completely* accept in order to be aware of Schopenhauer's decisive influence on nineteenth century thought.

The poet Browning was also much struck with the priority of the Will in Schopenhauer's system, and so deeply persuaded that it seemed to him that he had always known it. He had always known that the Intellect was not the real power in life and implications of this doctrine, as he said, must have appeared in his works, but it had taken Schopenhauer to show him that he knew it. Schopenhauer's

teachings came upon many men in this way and persuaded them easily to what they had dimly known, long before.

As a follower of Lamarck and an anticipator of Darwin, Schopenhauer was bound to come into favor after the publication of *The Origin of Species* (1859) and the general spread of evolutionary doctrine. His *Will in Nature* (1836) contains indeed much of Darwin, who recognizes him as a forerunner in the sixth edition of *The Descent of Man*. Here we find the prodigality of nature, the struggle for existence, sexual selection and the survival of the fittest, overlaid, to be sure, with metaphysics and a sort of spurious science which his intuitive method could not guard him against. Schopenhauer's brilliant style and depth won him a large audience. He became after his death one of the best popularizers of a doctrine he had anticipated by over twenty years. Even now, with all the advance of science and subtlety, one looks to Schopenhauer for the philosophy of evolution.

Closely related to this doctrine of Schopenhauer's and almost as important in its subsequent influence is the Instrumental Theory of the Intellect. The Will to Life in its movement develops claws for the crab, a neck for the giraffe, and eyes, ears and intellect for man, but though the claw, the neck and the human intellect may aspire at times to independence, they are in truth only servants of the Will which evolved them, mere instruments of its dark unconscious purposes. The impress of this doctrine is seen in such philosophers as Bergson and in such cults as Pragmatism. On Professor Dewey, though it has probably never been noticed before, it has exerted a most decisive influence. In *The Quest*

for Certainty, for example, we are made quite clear on this point. The intellect, we learn, has been developed accidentally in the evolutionary process as a means of dealing with certain baffling situations and reaching certain distant ends. In Schopenhauerian language the intellect is a tool, an instrument — an organ at the behest of the Will — and all its profundity and subtle decision serve only the end of adaptation. With its foresight and craftiness (according to Professor Dewey) it has the power to put an end to fear and achieve security at last for the desperate, ever restless Will. And precisely here is a circumstance of great significance. While Schopenhauer was driven to the blackest pessimism by this servility of the intellect, Professor Dewey simply beams upon the fact, concluding thence to a complacent optimism.

But the doctrine of the dependence and servility of the intellect has also played a part in scientific theory and education. It has guided the movement of drama and music. Shaw, for example, never tires of this theme, but delights in showing us the ineffective cry of the intellect against the stronger impact of the Will. His brilliant, brain-bound hero gives up, after a long flight, to the Life-Force in the form of a pretty, determined girl, and succumbs to his fate. His intellect itself assures him that resistance is futile. In the meantime, Don Juan, growing weary of Hell with its sickening illusory life of pleasure, flits off to Heaven to enjoy his eons in cold contemplation and wise disenchantment. Schopenhauer's bold perspective is again seen in *Back to Methuselah,* and throughout, for Shaw in his high notes seldom escapes from Schopenhauer.

When Richard Wagner, another great organ of the *Zeitgeist,* discovered Schopenhauer's work, thirty years after its publication, he was overjoyed, and writing to Franz Liszt exclaimed, "It has come to me in my loneliness like a gift from heaven." Although at this time (1853) he had finished his *Nieblung Ring,* it was Schopenhauer who first taught him what it meant. On reading *The World as Will and Idea* all his deep intuitions seemed clarified and proved. "With its esthetic side," he wrote in *My Life,* "I was perfectly content and was especially astonished at his noble conception of music." Wagner arrived finally at the conclusion that "it is from this [Schopenhauer's] perception of the nullity of the visible world . . . that all tragedy is derived, and such apperception must necessarily have dwelt in every great poet and even in every great man. On looking afresh into my Nibelungen poem I recognized with surprise that the very things that now so embarrassed me, theoretically, had long been familiar to me in my own poetical conception. Now at last I could understand my Wotan, and I return with chastened mind to the renewed study of Schopenhauer's book. . . . For many years afterwards that book never left me, and by the summer of the following year I had already studied the whole of it for the fourth time. The effect thus gradually wrought upon me was extraordinary, and certainly exerted a decisive influence on the whole course of my life."

And so the philosopher and the poet-musician, working independently, had arrived at similar conclusions; the one proceeding from Plato and Kant had developed a

philosophical system, the other proceeding from Post Kantians, Feuerbach, and his own poetic craft had built a four part opera. Though the modes were vastly different, it seemed to Wagner they were but one in their fatal truth. He was endlessly grateful. In his theory of music Schopenhauer had completed the esthetic arguments Wagner had heard years before and fulfilled his own divinations. In the doctrine of the assertion and denial of the Will, he saw the inner meaning of his music, and all its long swells and sad descents, its passionate advances and its sudden calm moments of resignation were but the tossing and striving of the mighty Will. *Siegfried,* which ended in exultation, expressed the triumphant assertion of the Will, while *The Twilight of the Gods,* which followed, sang the swan song of the gods, with death, resignation, and the denial of the Will. Now, Wagner could understand his Wotan. Why had he immured Brünhilda on the fiery island? It was because Brünhilda was discovering the secret of Valhalla, the secret of death and evil destiny which the gods, half-divining, had sought to bury forever. According to Schopenhauer's metaphysics, Brünhilda's curiosity was the intellect's revolt against the master Will, just as Loki's reason, which brought ruin to the gods, in treacherous council, expressed the intellect's high treason. For the intellect in the evolutionary scheme was but a creature of the Will, an instrument to its purposes. Thus, when it grew curious and rebellious, and perceiving the evil of the Will turned away from it — this was the great betrayal. But this turning away from the Will to Life in resignation is, at the same time, the Schopenhauerian deliverance from

an evil world. As the flames close about the gods at the end of *The Ring* we realize that the old prophecy has been fulfilled.

Not long after discovering Schopenhauer, Wagner sent "the venerated philosopher" a copy of his Nibelungen poem. Out of shyness, as he says, he addressed no line to the master, but wrote only the words "With reverence" beside the title. But Schopenhauer, though he praised the poetry, did not respond to the music. Hearing the World Will he had propounded moving in this new mode, expressing itself powerfully and immediately to the heart, he recoiled before his own doctrine as Faust had shielded his eyes before the face of the *Erdgeist*. The old philosopher, perversely enough, found nothing but dissonance and tedium in Wagner and remained true to Mozart and Rossini who stood for anything but denial and pessimism. But perhaps this was only because he played the flute. In any case, Wagner continued his devotion to the master, his next work, *Tristan and Isolde,* with its theme of denial and death for love, being partly, as he says, the inspiration of Schopenhauer.

The Will to Life, as it shows itself in man, is also the Will to Reproduction. Schopenhauer's emphasis upon the importance of sex was quite new and astounding, for no modern philosopher before him had allowed it more than an abstract and occasional notice. In Schopenhauer's system it is crucial. One half of mankind, he tells us, is busied with love the greater part of the time. It intrudes itself everywhere, in the court, in the council chamber, and is present in the highest and lowest places, disturbing and disrupting the

most important business; and, indeed, half of our actions are motivated consciously or unconsciously by this powerful force. Schopenhauer recognized the tyranny of sex and did not mince his words in the usual manner. In *The Metaphysics of the Love of the Sexes* and elsewhere, he attacks a long-neglected problem with his usual vigor and brilliance. Schopenhauer's bold analysis of these practical matters which confront us in ordinary life accounts for much of his popularity. Like Socrates he took his problems in many cases from the common events of daily life, proceeding thence to his theories. For this reason a certain sincerity is always present. Tortured with his desires which drew him down to bondage and disillusion, but with a longing for deliverance and light, he is a man who can council renunciation without a suspicion of hypocrisy. A twin-souled Faust, half epicure and libertine, half ascetic and saint, he holds us with his humanity and aspiration. That he enacted in his own life painfully the world drama of assertion and denial, the struggle of the intellect for freedom from the ceaseless passions of the Will, lends a special persuasiveness to his writings and marks doctrine and man with sincerity.

Schopenhauer's emphasis of the importance of unconscious sex motives, his pessimism and doctrine of the Will have led to important movements in modern psychology. Thanks to Schopenhauer and his disciple von Hartmann, these doctrines had already gained a currency in Europe long before Freud began to write and thus prepared for the wide reception of his extraordinary work. Jung, of course, was directly influenced by Schopenhauer and many

in this field are quick in their recognition of the brilliant old pioneer. Ellis and Bloch, to mention two of the outstanding authorities on the subject of sex, cite him frequently with long quotations and give great credit to his sound and penetrating judgment.

Schopenhauer's doctrine of the Will and denial were propounded and slightly developed soon after his death by von Hartmann, who owes his inspiration and most of his doctrines to the master whom he honors in many places. Through von Hartmann, Schopenhauer's doctrines enjoyed a wide diffusion throughout Europe, and pessimism in certain periods became quite the vogue. So great was the popularity of the younger philosopher that Schopenhauer was sometimes all but forgotten, the pupil eclipsing the master. The immediate and remarkable success of von Hartmann's publications was no doubt a little disappointing to a pessimist, and von Hartmann feels obliged to explain in some detail how such a thing could happen in an evil world! First, of course, the times were ripe for pessimism as had not been so in all the years of Schopenhauer. While the latter spent his life with scarcely a word of recognition, von Hartmann prospered with nine editions. So unexpectedly cordial was the reception of his teachings, so many people all over Europe were becoming pessimists, that a weaker man would have faltered, and ceased to be one himself. But von Hartmann persisted in his pessimism and explained his success. It was due to his publisher. Had Schopenhauer had a publisher as enterprising as his, he too would have found many readers. Europe would have learned the seasonable lessons of

pessimism thirty years earlier; the whole cultural movement would thus have been accelerated, advancing much beyond its present stage. And as for Schopenhauer, relieved of the tension and bitterness by the longed-for fame and recognition — what further works might he not have accomplished in his long life-time! And how could it have affected his life? Would he have been a merry or a gloomy man? While waiting for fame, Schopenhauer was haunted with the ghost of what he might have been. Had he met this ghost, a thing that can happen in a tale of Henry James, would either have recognized or accepted the other? This is a question which can be answered by a review of his life.

1

A HAPPY CHILDHOOD

DANTZIG, 1788–1805

"Childhood is the time of innocence and happiness, the paradise of life, the lost Eden, on which we look longingly back through the whole remaining course of our life."

—*Schopenhauer.*

UNLIKE Fichte and Hegel, and most of the great men around him, Schopenhauer had no special sympathy for Germany, rather the contrary, and expressed, in general, only contempt for national boundaries, and national pretentions. The idea that a genius like Kant should be called Germany's philosopher arouses all his scorn of nations. Genius belongs to the world — not to a particular country — least of all to Germany. It was Goethe, as he once said, who first aroused him to the sense of being a German. His veneration for Goethe and his love for the German language, beside which all other European language seemed to him mere patois, evoked a little patriotism, but for Germans themselves his attitude was decidedly critical. With considerable pride, therefore, he insists upon his Dutch descent and points to the spelling of his name as a proof that he is not of German extraction. The home of his

forefathers, he delights in saying, is the staunch-hearted free Republic of Holland, the land of Descartes and Spinoza.

There is no doubt now that the philosopher's ancestors did migrate from Holland to Dantzig, just as Kant's had come from Scotland to Königsberg, for they are reported there as early as 1439. They were evidently for the most part worthy men, merchants, officials, men of consequence. Johann Schopenhauer, the philosopher's great grandfather, for example, founded a bank, attained wealth and distinction, and kept a great house in which even a king could be entertained. The story is told of how he was once aroused by an unexpected visit from Peter the Great and Catherine (1716), who, as they walked through the house to choose a chamber for the night, fixed upon one which unfortunately had no stove in it nor any defense against the bitter cold of the season. But the great grandfather of Schopenhauer was quite equal to the occasion. Ordering many bottles of brandy to be brought he poured them out on the floor of Dutch tiles and struck a light to it. The Tsar, it seems, was quite delighted with the sea of burning brandy at his feet and when the fire had died down, spent the night very comfortably in the warm and fragrant room.

His son, Andreas Schopenhauer, though he carried on the tradition of industry, trading chiefly with Russia and Poland, acquired considerable property including two hundred valuable paintings, and lived altogether in the style of the rich Dutch merchants of his time, suffered great reverses toward the end, due to the ever-shifting political conditions at Dantzig. When he died in 1794 he left a widow, the phi-

losopher's grandmother, who showed herself such a violent nature that she was declared insane and incompetent to handle her own affairs. To each of her four sons, in turn, she seems to have bequeathed a portion of her infirmity. The youngest of them, Karl Gottfried, squandered his patrimony so rapidly that he became half-crazed with his own wastefulness, and living in bad company, the jest of the town, ended with little credit. His brother, Michael Andreas, being born an idiot, was even a worse disgrace to the family.

The two older sons, who escaped in part the curse of their mother, applied themselves with great energy and purpose to the increase of the firm of Schopenhauer. When the younger brother died in 1794, Heinrich Floris, the philosopher's father, and by far the most imposing of the sons of Andreas, was left alone to carry on the great wholesale firm and uphold the family name. Possessed of extraordinary energy and force of will, intelligent, skillful and dominating, he was precisely the man to succeed. In his hands the business expanded from a small concern to one of the leading houses in Dantzig and the name of Schopenhauer rose high again. Full of wealth and respect he lived as a patrician in a merchant aristocracy should — with a house in the city and a fine estate some distance away in Oliva on the Dantzig harbor. The city in which his fathers had lived and he himself had won such distinction was naturally dear to Heinrich Floris Schopenhauer and a fierce republican pride was one of his most important characteristics. Fearless and open in speech, freedom-loving, honest, violent, hard and tenacious in his purposes, he possessed all the virtues and all the vices

of the small republic. When offered a Polish distinction he declined, and refused all his life to use a title. Citizenship in Dantzig was evidently an honor which to his mind surpassed all others. The international character of his business naturally led him to a lively interest in politics and foreign affairs and he experienced the greatest sympathy for other republics. With the struggle for independence in the United States he was in complete accord and when the Bastile was captured in 1789, he made a special trip to his estate in Oliva to convey to his wife the great news. To him it meant the collapse of tyranny, the triumph of freedom. Little he realized that the French Revolution would have as its consequence the second division of Poland and that this in turn would mean the loss of Dantzig's freedom. When this fate did overtake his native city, Heinrich Floris was too much the patriot to bow his head to a foreign yoke but decamped from the town with great loss of property before the invading Prussians had set foot in the city.

Another circumstance which bears out his staunch republicanism is his conduct before Frederick the Great of Prussia. While watching a parade in Berlin one day the King, seeing a strange man in the crowd, approached him to inquire where he had come from, and was very interested to learn he was a merchant of Dantzig. Wishing to speak to him further the King bade him come to the castle with some of his snuff tobacco the very next morning. After ordering a large quantity of this tobacco, "the old Fritz" and Schopenhauer fell to discussing many matters, the economic and trade relations of the various countries in which

Schopenhauer had lived and particularly the conditions at Dantzig. The Dantzig merchant, as his son, the philosopher, relates, was quite unabashed by the presence of the King who seemed, however, rather pleased than not at his brave candor and openness. In the course of their conversation the King all but commanded him to come to Prussia to settle there with all the prerogatives and advantages he could grant. The charm was suddenly broken, however, when the King, pointing to a table littered with maps and papers, exclaimed laughingly: *"Voilà les calamités de la ville de Dansic."* These words had a fateful meaning for the merchant of Dantzig and he withdrew at once from all the advantages which might have accrued from the favor of the Prussian monarch. The freedom of his native city was closer to his heart, it seemed, than any private advantage.

The free city of Dantzig, hemmed in as it was by Denmark, Russia, Poland, Prussia, and France, dependent for its wealth upon trade with these powerful neighbors, each of which claimed special rights and privileges, fighting desperately and intriguing wonderfully to maintain its independence, was naturally a fatherland to inspire a spirit of patriotism. Its thousand year history beginning with the tenth century was a long courageous struggle for economic and political freedom. Held from time to time by Pomerania, Poland, Brandenburg, and Denmark it fell into the hands of the Teutonic Knights in 1308 and remained in the Hanseatic League until the decay of the Order. It then went to Poland, retaining, however, much independence and then, in consequence of a bad mistake, acquired a French

governor. After the second division of Poland, however, Heinrich Floris, the philosopher's father, knew that its struggle was almost over and that it was only a question of time until Dantzig became a part of Prussia, but his civic loyalty was only the more inflamed on this account. He saw about him a stately medieval city inspired with industry and commercial enterprise; on the one side were its famous churches and beautiful buildings, on the other, its great storehouses, granaries and ships. That such a city, after so long a fight, should become a mere outpost of Prussia was highly offensive to him. The republican spirit of Heinrich Floris had in it the harshness and narrowness of a merchant aristocracy, but also a broad international outlook and a hatred of tyranny, and it was these latter peculiarities which appeared in his son, Arthur Schopenhauer, giving a remarkable character to both his life and his philosophy.

But Heinrich Floris, with all his capacity, was not free from the fate of his brothers. He was subject, we know, to violent outbreaks of anger and to deep fits of melancholy. Also, from time to time, he was afflicted with amnesia, on which occasions he was unable to recognize even his best friends. Thus a good customer coming to his office would be received coldly or angrily dismissed with his name in his teeth. His recovery from these seizures was, to be sure, very rapid and the constancy and dependability of his nature won him great respect in the city. After forty, however, he turned gradually deaf (a trait which he passed on to his son), suffered melancholy and delusions, and it is more than likely that his death was due to suicide.

Our philosopher's inheritance on his father's side was thus quite mixed. A succession of successful merchants with a sprinkling of madness and incompetence. His grandmother, it will be remembered, was declared insane, one uncle was born an idiot, another was reported half-crazed, while his father, as we have seen, was sometimes mentally disturbed. To add to this pathological inheritance we have the case of his grandfather on the mother's side, a man whose violent fits of anger made everyone tremble at his approach. When his thundering voice was heard, so his daughter related, the whole household, including dog and cat, fled away in the utmost fright. No doubt the extraordinary irritability and vehemence of the philosopher, Schopenhauer, is traceable to this origin, but to classify a man of so much sanity as a mad genius, as Lombroso has done, is wholly indefensible. Many of his critics, however, have made great stock of the insanity in his family, seeing in this circumstance an explanation for much of his pessimism. But such criticism is now generally discredited, for it is easy to show that many a genius with no tendency to pessimism has quite as bad a background, and, similarly, many a pessimist has been blest with the finest heredity.

When Heinrich Floris Schopenhauer had arrived at the age of thirty-eight and was already old in experience and trouble, he fell in love with a fresh, blooming young girl who was then scarcely eighteen. Johanna Trosiener, the daughter of the highly respected old councilman whose vehement temper, as we have already said, swept all before it, was indeed all in the way of family and personal charm that he

could possibly hope for. He proposed to her and she accepted without requiring the customary three days for consideration. "I could be proud," she wrote, "of belonging to this man, and was so." In addition to being one of the most important men in the city, offering her luxuries and a glittering future, such as she had never hoped for before, he was, she adds, "the most open-minded man I have ever met." Respect and friendship, it appeared, were the foundation of their affection, while glowing love was neither asked nor given. Johanna, indeed, had already lived through her first real romance when only thirteen, while Heinrich Floris was already too old and grave to lose his balance or his heart. He was, moreover, it must be admitted, no proper object for romantic passion, his features inclining much more to the style of Mars than to that of Adonis. His wife and son describe him as uncommonly large and strong with a broad round face, a big mouth, a short nose, and a pair of protruding, lively eyes. His portrait shows us a sort of monster, full of energy, pride, and intellect. To all this Johanna was an utter contrast. While Heinrich Floris was extraordinarily large and ugly, she was unusually small and delicate, and though perhaps not beautiful, was certainly charming and affable, a lively conversationalist and a delightful hostess. Where he was iron-willed, she was gracious and yielding. Where she was gay and pleasure-loving, he was sombre and moody. Her youth vied with his age, her tenderness, with his wide experience, and her zest for fine arts and literature was equal to his passion for politics and satirical writers. Yet this variance of their natures proved no hindrance to their mar-

riage. If the little Johanna could not reach the arm of the tall merchant, he reached down for her hand and held her like a child. He led her to the altar and then to the high white house on his estate in Oliva. There, surrounded by all the luxury and comfort her husband could provide, with a long stretch of forest and the blue sweep of open sea always in view, the honeymoon passed, as she herself relates, quite delightfully. She could watch the glistening sails at sea, following with her eye the long line of the coast bounded at either end by a lighthouse, or turn for relief to the forest, or to the distant romance of the walls and spires of Dantzig. The English garden which Heinrich Floris had caused to be built, out of respect for that country and because he couldn't actually live there, was also a great pleasure to his wife. "Did I not possess everything!" she cries. A garden full of flowers and fruit, a fountain, a big pond with big swishing fish and a bright gondola. And when she tired of these, there were horses and dogs, chickens and snow-white lambs with bells around their necks, and any number of splendid things to distract her. Much of her time was spent, of course, in reading at random out of her husband's selected library of French and English books. French novels particularly attracted her. She read them prodigiously and no doubt her later passion for literature, and her ability to write it, had its beginning at this period.

In the meantime her husband managed his firm in the city and never came near the estate except at week-ends. Then he customarily brought a friend or two and the time was spent in long discussions with conviviality and cheer.

Sometimes the entertainment was heightened by the addition of other guests until the house was almost full. But when the merchant left for the city, every guest departed too, leaving Johanna alone. And again the great solitude of forest and sea closed about her and the long Northern days passed by in quiet majesty.

When some two years had gone by in this way, Heinrich, who saw that Dantzig would eventually lose her freedom to Prussia, and had no mind to stay when she did, planned to take a long trip through Germany, Belgium, France, and England to show his young wife the world. Their journey was to end in England, for to that "land of freedom" the staunch republican was much attracted and had, in fact, all but decided to settle there, rather than endure the authority of Prussia. Johanna, of course, was delighted with an opportunity of travelling about under the guidance of her world-wise and experienced husband. Only at Frankfurt did she feel a trace of homesickness. There she was reminded of the imperial life in Dantzig. She little suspected that the child she bore under her heart at this time would live thirty years in this city and die here. The journey proceeded from Belgium to Paris and then to England, for it was Heinrich's desire that his son (he counted on a son) should be born in that country in order to inherit the rights of a native Englishman. But here Johanna opposed him. She now longed to return to her home in Dantzig and her husband out of regard for her condition was soon persuaded. The voyage back in a small boat was extremely precarious in the winter season and once, while caught in the ice-flow of the

bay, there seemed some doubt whether the subject of this biography would ever be born.

On February 22, 1788, at 117 Heiligengeist Street, the child made his appearance and was christened Arthur. For this name, which appears in various languages without change, seemed to the father the very best one for a future world merchant. Arthur would one day be the man to keep up the foreign market, to balance accounts and carry on the firm of Schopenhauer. The father, in his grim way, was endlessly pleased with what he had done. And Johanna, in her vivacious way, was even more delighted. Day and night, so she reports, she had no other thought than of the mighty boy that the world had given her, and was quite convinced, "like all young mothers, that not in all God's earth was such a beautiful, pure and intelligent child to be found." She continued her life in the country between the forest and the sea, watching her Arthur in great contentment. In these happy days there were no misgivings, no hint of what would follow. She could not foresee that this bright little chap she was raising would develop, in time, a temperament quite the reverse of hers, that he would live to plague her by his gloomy aspect, worry her by his sinister forebodings, and frighten her to the point of nightmares by the lurid evils he described. She found him perfect at every point.

The philosopher's first five years were spent in the open country near Dantzig at the estate in Oliva and at his grandparents' place at Stutthof. In these beautiful, airy resorts he formed his first impressions, learned to distinguish the sky from the sea and the woods from the clouds. It was there

that he learned the inflexible course of nature and the chain of causality. When the sun disappeared behind a cloud jocularly or went down in good earnest, the young philosopher came to see why the earth became dark, and perceiving that it must be so, ceased to be surprised or disappointed. When a lamb would bleat he learned, similarly, to direct his eyes to the right object, not to the tiny Spanish dogs nor to his mother, but to the lamb itself. He became aware in the course of time that lambs and dogs and horses and men have their special ways from which nothing on earth can dissuade them. This great discovery, of course, extended his knowledge far beyond his momentary sensations. He came to see that there is a "lambhood" and a "horsehood" and that everything is bound by the law of its kind and cannot be otherwise than it is. One incident which occurred at this time in Stutthof shows the young philosopher in the very act of acquiring this knowledge. Having one day thrown a shoe into a big vessel of milk, and regretting what he had done, he implored it very earnestly to jump out again. As an old man Schopenhauer explained this early mistake of his in a generalized fashion. "The child," he says, "has still no idea of the relentlessness of natural laws and the strict conformity of everything to its own essence, but still believes that even lifeless things will give way to him a bit: perhaps because, being unacquainted with the essence of the world, he feels that it must be his friend."

In other passages Schopenhauer has developed a theory of the blessedness of childhood which, like most of his practical philosophy, is doubtless based upon his own experience

and which reflects therefore a rosy color over the first few years of his life. The happiness of the child, he tells us, is based upon the favorable circumstance that the nervous system develops much more rapidly than the genitals, the brain being larger at this age, in proportion to the rest of the organism, than at any later time. The intelligence of the child is thus not bound, as in manhood, to the service of passion and desire, nor is it hampered to any degree by that urge toward self-preservation and reproduction which make it in maturity a mere slave to the purposes of nature. The child's mind is left free to wander delightedly among the objects of nature, apprehending and discriminating with naïve pleasure the splendid display of different things, overspread always with a sheen of wonder and the glamour of novelty which never fails to entice it further in its disinterested quest for knowledge. For the common run of men the world appears only as a set of objects which they can use to some purpose and they often fail to observe beautiful and wonderful things which have no connection with their desires.

The child, on the other hand, like the artist and the genius in general, is all curiosity, and nothing pleases him better than to subsume the objects of his acquaintance under their highest genus. For him, as for the philosopher, good and bad, beautiful and ugly, etc., are the high categories which explain the world. Childhood is a blessed time, because at this stage the bright intellect predominates over the tyrannous Will. The child's life is a life of intelligence, a breathing-space before the storms and passions of the Will.

The same is true, as Schopenhauer remarks, of young apes and monkeys. In their maturity they lose that remarkable curiosity and intelligence for which they are noted in youth, becoming brutish in appearance and intractable in manners, —a fact which is confirmed, of course, by modern experiments with monkeys.

"The clear and innocent glance of children, at which we revive ourselves, and which sometimes in particular cases reaches the sublime contemplative expression with which Raphael has glorified his cherubs" is to be explained by their care-free intellectual life which makes childhood one long poem. Like the genius, the child looks out on the world objectively as at a wonderful pageant and everything appears in this morning-glow of life as magical and glistening. In both the intellectual interest is stronger than the force of the Will and it is for this reason, so Schopenhauer tells us, that every genius remains a child and every child is something of a genius.

When five years had passed, the long poem of childhood was disturbed by world events. The French Revolution, the second division of Poland, the turmoil throughout Europe had culminated in the blockade of Dantzig in 1793. And the philosopher's father, seeing every hope of freedom gone, liquidated his business, sold his property with considerable loss, paid a ten per cent. tax on all his possessions and departed from the city within twenty-four hours, before a single Prussian soldier had set foot on the land. It was natural that the staunch republican should be attracted to the sister-city of Hamburg and it was there that he settled down with his

wife and little Arthur, carrying on his business as best he could under unfavorable conditions. At times Johanna returned to visit in Dantzig but Heinrich Floris would never return to see his fatherland a Prussian province. But though averse to a visit in that city, he was quite willing, it seems, to go anywhere else. A certain restlessness during these years occasioned many journeys both long and short. The love of travel was indeed the one point in which they emphatically agreed. The young wife, who found her marriage somewhat grave and uninspiring, liked nothing better. Violently fond of a distinguished and varied company, she showed all her cleverness and charm on these favored occasions. Among the remarkable people with whom the Schopenhauers became acquainted at this period were Klopstock, Tischbein, Baron Stael, Feldmarschall Kalpreuth, Nelson and Lady Hamilton. Heinrich, for his part, not only enjoyed travel and new impressions himself, but felt these wider experiences highly advantageous for Arthur. "My son shall read in the book of the world," he said, and throughout his life he kept his word.

When Arthur was nine years old (1797) he acquired a little sister and his mother, compensated in this way, consented to be separated from him for two whole years. Heinrich Schopenhauer had decided, in short, that Arthur should live in Havre with his old business friend, Gregoire de Blésimare, until such time as he had learned the language and customs of France. There, by the sea, under the guidance of the simple, kind-hearted merchant, and in the company of his son, Anthime, a boy of his own age, the philosopher

spent, as he says, the happiest years of his childhood. When he returned to Hamburg (1799) he had so completely mastered French that he had all but forgotten his native language and found the harsh sounds extremely difficult to manage. His father was delighted with his progress.

To continue his preparation for a merchant life he put him into a private institute in the city, but Arthur had gone but a little way in this school when he was seized with a passion for science. He now earnestly entreated his father to permit him to pursue this career instead of business, for which he felt himself unsuited. But to such a precarious profession the latter was strongly opposed and, like Goethe's father, denied his son's dearest wish for his son's own sake. Having little faith in the profits of scholarship he feared to see his son so ill equipped and badly provided against the odds and adversities of the world. He himself had experienced enough of the anxiety which comes of financial insecurity, to know the importance of a decent income. That his son should die in a garret after the fashion of great scholars was highly unpleasant to Heinrich Schopenhauer, whose ideas of happiness and distinction took quite a different turn. But upon Arthur, who on a recent trip to Weimar had seen Schiller, his father's persuasion had little effect. It was then that the shrewd merchant hit upon a remarkable expedient. Knowing that his son was very anxious to visit his old friend Anthime in Havre and even more desirous of seeing the world, and that, moreover, the *Gymnasium* had grown very hateful to him, he proposed the following alternative: If Arthur would give up the idea of a scholarly career he would

be allowed to accompany him on a long tour through Europe, but on his return he must take his place as a clerk in a trading house; if, on the other hand, he persisted in his chosen calling, he must remain at the miserable *Gymnasium* to master the dull beginnings of a career which at that time must have seemed very distant indeed. For an imaginative boy of fifteen there was little choosing in such a case. The immediate appeal of travel, of the glamour and novelty of new scenes, was overpowering. He agreed to become a merchant and to abandon his heart's desire.

The Schopenhauer family thus commenced a two-year journey (1803–05) through Holland, England, Belgium, France, Switzerland, Austria, and Germany, in the course of which both mother and son kept travel books, full of their daily impressions. While most philosophers between the age of fifteen and seventeen are confined, with more or less rigor, to a definite course of study, including such subjects as Latin and Greek, mathematics and science, young Schopenhauer travelled about the world gathering his honey quickly, like the bee, from a thousand places. Instead of learning the world first through its reflection in books of knowledge, Schopenhauer put his mind to the objects about him and studied from the original. And though a voracious reader he followed in general no systematic plan but only the measure of his curiosity. It remained, indeed, a peculiarity of his philosophy right to the last that it had its beginning habitually in the mere occasional objects of his observation. He sees an old man with happy eyes, a young girl miserable, an ape with a human face, a criminal reduced to bestiality. He is

disturbed at dinner by the idiocy of young officers. He finds records of calamities and rare curiosities in the London *Times* and the French papers which his father had always advised him to read. Out of these scattered impressions arise his reflections, disciplined, of course, by his accumulated knowledge and by the wisdom of others, yet in the main curiously free and unhampered. It is precisely this which distinguishes him from most philosophers and here lies his strength and his weakness. Other philosophers may excel Schopenhauer in erudition, in logical rigor or systematic order; none of them surpasses his sense for reality, his rapid piercing insights into men and things. But if, in the midst of his remarkable insights and revelations, embellished by an almost unequalled charm of style, we find his philosophy too close after all to his own observations, and partaking too much perhaps of the contradictions and one-sidedness of nature itself; if, in short, we have sought in philosophy an escape from the bitterness of actual facts and are disappointed in not finding it in the system of Schopenhauer, we can but blame his early education.

In England the family spent six months, in London and other places of interest, and for three months Arthur was left alone in a boarding-school at Wimbledon under the direction of a clergyman by the name of Lancaster, while his parents toured through Scotland. Here, though he spent his time reading Schiller and others of his favorite authors, playing the flute, singing, drawing, riding, fencing, and dancing as relief from his none too arduous studies, his mood seems to have been quite gloomy. Accustomed to the free-

dom and light-heartedness of France, he found the cold restraint and uncommunicativeness of his companions hard to bear, and the English hypocrisy and the long blue Sundays offended him mortally. In consequence of his stay in England (he wrote to a friend), " he felt himself moved to hate the whole nation." Later, though he valued the English above all other people of Europe, he continued to hate their hypocrisy, but then his wrath turned rather against the bigotry and greed of the clergy.

In the meantime Johanna wrote him lengthy letters from Scotland admonishing him in various ways, keeping to a tone of criticism or gentle raillery and showing an amount of objectivity quite unusual in a mother. For one thing he must not complain of the stiff etiquette of the English, for the opposite roughness of manner is even worse. She would have him develop ceremony and affability and has no fear that he will overdo it. Young Arthur's addiction to art, poetry, plays, and novels also displeases her. He must learn " that in order to enjoy the intoxicating pleasures of life, one must first learn to live." She understands, she says, the charm of the masterworks of genius, but too much preoccupation with them breeds a forgetfulness of more serious things. " Schiller himself would never have been what he is, had he read only poets in his youth; he himself says: life is earnest, art is serene, and you must enter now into earnest life, . . ." and she continues, " I would rather have you anything in the world than a so-called *Bel-esprit.*"

That Johanna Schopenhauer became a *Bel-esprit* herself in a few years, while her son developed into a philosopher

whose grim sense of the earnestness of life simply appalled her, is all the fine irony of her rebuke. While correcting Arthur for his devotion to esthetic matters, she herself was preparing unconsciously, with even less foundation, for the career of literature. Sometimes, to be sure, her dawning sense for style quite obscures her maternal watchfulness. Thus, when her son declaims against the "infamous bigotry," and hopes "that still the truth with its torch will burn through the Egyptian darkness of England," Johanna merely corrects his form. Darkness, she explains, can be illuminated but never "burnt." Such language, she adds, is what the English call "bombast."

When Arthur's parents returned from their extensive travels in the North, the family proceeded to London where the fifteen-year-old boy indulged in some of his first reflections on the might of genius. Inside of St. Paul's he was overwhelmed with unspeakable awe and veneration, while Westminster Abbey gave him endless material for thought. The monuments and remains of poets, heroes, and kings in brilliant array announcing the chief pride of centuries led him to wonder whether, beyond space and time and centuries, they still stood together with an equal lustre. No, he seems to have concluded: the kings may have left their crowns and sceptres behind, the poets, their fame; but the greatest spirits among them, those whose splendor streamed from their own natures alone, have taken their worldly glory with them. True genius is immortal, he concluded, and never afterwards changed his mind.

After London came Rotterdam, Gorkum, Antwerp, and

Brussels. In Paris, where they remained two months, Arthur was of course greatly fascinated by the Louvre, its treasures being impressed upon his mind, it seems, ineradicably. He liked French comedy, too, and French comedians, but French tragedies and tragedians with their preposterous declamation were quite beyond him. Indeed, for his temperament with its northern Titan gloom, neither the poetic finesse nor the exaggerated address could have appealed or answered his deeper thoughts. For the boy who was to see, more than anyone else, the terrible meaning of tragedy and to fathom its metaphysical significance, these performances could only have appeared a mockery.

In southern France, to which the travellers now proceeded, the young philosopher gained a number of impressions of the sublime and the terrible which may well have guided his pen many years later. The frightful tumult of the water in the canal of Languedoc as it plunged into a subterranean passage overpowered him with a feeling of personal extinction which he strangely enjoyed, while his actual safety permitted some sense of spiritual elevation. The ruins of the Roman Amphitheatre at Nîmes also aroused his veneration. Before the gray stones with their memories of centuries he experienced the sublime in a new form, not the sublimity of might but that of years.

The snow-clad wilderness of the Alps, though they have since become quite civilized, dismayed the young philosopher. He asked to stay behind. In the cloud-swung eminence of Mt. Blanc he saw symbolically the mood of every troubled genius, and recoiled before this fateful image of greatness.

But when the sun arises, as he remarks, dispersing the clouds and painting the summit red, we have again a true picture of the melancholy genius aroused from his gloom to serenity by his own force of intellect. The sixteen-year-old boy continued his sad reflection on humanity and sometimes in the midst of the most charming scenes could only complain of "the miserable huts and poverty-stricken people," which his carriage passed. Twenty-two hundred years before, Gautama Buddha, a prince, surrounded with splendor and nourished with every pleasure, turned his eyes one day on an old man, a diseased man, a corpse, and a monk and so broke the enchantment that had held him to the world of bright desires. Now his western counterpart, the son of a wealthy merchant, turned from the glories of nature and of old civilizations to the more significant scenes of human misery. In Toulon he was beside himself with pity and horror as he considered the hopeless, terrible fate of the six thousand convicts who for years must slave and sorrow without end. Their faces opened to him a world of misery. In Lyon, which suffered the cruelty of the Revolution more than any other city of France, he was surprised to see inhabitants walking in the very places where their friends and relatives had been shot down only ten years before. "Does not a bloody image of their martyred fathers present itself? Can one believe that they can pass by the place and cold-bloodedly relate the execution of their friends? It is inconceivable," the sixteen-year-old philosopher adds, "how the power of time obliterates the most vivid and frightful impressions."

After an altercation with the Austrian police about their

visé, in which Arthur out-argued a gate-keeper very cleverly, but altogether ineffectually, the travellers finally turned homeward. In the Riesen Mountains our philosopher was quite high and exuberant but the long wandering in the hot scene had prepared a most amusing incident. His ears, it seems, swelled monstrously to three times their normal size and stood out straight from his head and, waggling as he walked, made him appear, as he says, a true monster. " As I went a short way on the street I saw with horror in my own shadow two long ears projecting under my hat and thought with a shudder of King Richard's exclamation: 'Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass: That I may see my shadow pass.' " Like Cyrano de Bergerac, who saw the long shadow of his tremendous nose at a highly romantic moment, Arthur was ill at ease.

He next set out with his mother for Dantzig where he was to be confirmed at the Marien Church. Not long after, his father wrote him a letter from Hamburg containing a great deal of sound advice. He must learn to reckon and to write a clear and beautiful hand. He must exercise himself in French and English. He must hold himself erect and take riding lessons, if need be, to improve his carriage. In a second letter he is instructed to be more agreeable to people, to walk straight and to sit properly. Above all he must improve his writing and always conduct himself with modesty, virtue, and industry. Shortly after, Arthur returned to Hamburg to begin his apprenticeship and take his place as a clerk in the office of the merchant, Senator Jenisch. This was his first awakening to the gray facts of actual life. For months

he had known nothing but the enticements of cities and mountains, and the wonder of strange new scenes. Now he pored all day over ledger books and accounts, at a task so dusty and dismal, that only his great respect for his father could have kept him at it. At night he returned to the tall romantic house of Heinrich Floris Schopenhauer on the bank of one of the many canals which catacomb the city. But now he would be too tired for science or literature and too disappointed for words. On the floor above he would hear the lonely pacing of his giant father, and now and then the quick capable voice of his mother, and there would be a long evening before him.

After several months at the merchant's counter, April 1805, came the sudden death of his father who fell, whether by accident or design, through an opening in a high granary, into the canal below. Gwinner, who had a great deal of information on the matter, was convinced that it was suicide. Whether this in turn was occasioned by depression over a possible business loss, or a fit of insanity, or even by the unfavorable influence of his wife, Johanna, is not at all clear. Certainly his hearing had grown worse during his later years, which removed him more and more from companionship, nourishing fears and suspicions. Also his lapses of memory, his melancholy and sudden fits of anger had grown more frequent as his years increased — all of which favors the supposition of insanity. Johanna, too, may have been a predisposing cause, her lively temperament and comparative youth proving perhaps a sorry contrast to his age and gravity — one which could perhaps be quite dangerous if exploited.

No doubt the philosopher, as he reflected afterwards upon the death of his father whom he always respected so highly, and considered the character of his mother whom he came to detest, could think of his mother as guilty — but only in the sense that she produced a most unfavorable atmosphere for the worthy man.

Arthur throughout his life never ceased to be grateful to his father. In the second edition of *The World as Will and Idea,* he planned a long dedication honoring him for his capacity and sincerity and for the many benefits he had received. " Noble, beneficent spirit! " it begins, " whom I thank for all that I am. Thy ruling provision has sheltered and supported me, not merely through helpless childhood and thoughtless youth, but also in manhood down to the present day. . . . That I could develop and apply the energies which nature gave me according to their bent, and I could follow my inborn urge and think and work for others, while no one did anything for me: For that I thank you, my father, thank your industry, your sagacity, your economy and care for the future. Therefore do I value you, my noble father. And everyone who finds anything of joy, or consolation, or instruction from my work shall learn of your name and know that if Heinrich Floris Schopenhauer had not been the man that he was, Arthur Schopenhauer would have gone to the bottom a hundred times. . . ."

Of his mother, on the other hand, the philosopher has little good to report. As she entered now upon her brilliant career as a littérateur she became definitely estranged from him, and he from her, until there was little sympathy

between them and all their hostile differences came to light. Yet it is from the mother, according to his own theory of heredity, that man inherits his *intellect,* on which his salvation depends, while his *will,* the principle of evil, is the legacy of the father. Schopenhauer generalizes here, of course, from his own particular case. In his violent passions and darker sufferings he saw the powerful gloomy will of his father; in his serene contemplative and artistic aspect he saw the reflection of the bright untroubled intellect of his mother. Through his mother's gift he looked out upon the world clearly and objectively with the calm delight of knowing. Through his father's, he felt all the stormy passions and sorrows of the earth. The one gave him subtlety and poise and brilliance, the other, depth and power. The one made him a happy artist and thinker, the other, a creature of sin and suffering. In his soul Schopenhauer became aware of two souls which duelled incessantly, and like Faust knew not which to call himself. Possessing both will and intellect in excessive degree, "like every true genius" he was fated to the extremity of both suffering and pleasure. To his honored father he owed the suffering, to his mother, the pleasure. But even here the balance is perhaps in favor of the father, for suffering and the Will, according to Schopenhauer, are the last reality, while pleasure is but negative, and intellect, however proud and aspiring, only a creature of the master Will. Though the intellect, in fact, is the only means to salvation, it is in the end but a feeble light to shine alone. Schopenhauer could thank his father for his education and financial independence. Without these he would have been

nothing. But he could also thank him for his peculiar depth of consciousness, the power of his intuitions, without which he would never have been the greatest of pessimists.

At seventeen we find in our philosopher the roots of many of his later doctrines. His pessimism, as witnessed by his gloomy reflections, had made an early beginning and was well under wing. When sixty-five he explains, in quite a modern spirit, how the strength of early impressions make childhood the monitor of age. "It is thus," he says, "that the experiences and acquaintances of childhood and early youth become thereafter the types and rubrics of all later knowledge and experience, . . . Thus the firm foundation of our world view is formed even in the years of childhood, together with its shallowness or depth: it is later carried out and completed; yet not essentially altered."

II

A BLUESTOCKING FOR A MOTHER

HAMBURG AND WEIMAR, 1805–1809

AFTER the death of his father, Arthur, now only seventeen, could scarcely be expected to carry on the firm, and Johanna saw no other course than to liquidate the business at once. Here she acted with great haste and little concern for the losses entailed. Her mood, indeed, was all eagerness and impatience. Her great passion all along had been the intellectual and artistic life and now that she was free to do as she chose, she had little mind to tarry in Hamburg. It was natural now that she should be attracted to Weimar, "the poet's city," the home of Goethe and Wieland, the centre of German culture. It answered precisely to that deeper craving which her marriage had encouraged but never satisfied. Early in 1806, accordingly, she left for that famous town accompanied by her nine-year-old daughter, Adele, and there she was destined to a great career. Arthur, on the other hand, was too dutiful to his father's wishes to forsake the career he had promised to follow. He remained to work and study at the hateful counter of the merchant Jenische while the light-hearted, fortunate Johanna rode away to fulfil her heart's desire.

Before departing she left her son the following lines: "You have only just left; still I smell the smoke of your cigar, and know that for a long time I shall not see you again. We have spent the evening together very happily; let that be the leave-taking. Farewell, my dear, good Arthur! When you receive these lines, I shall presumably not be here; but in any case do not come! I cannot bear the leave-taking. . . . I hope that it will not grieve you that I have deceived you: I did it for my own sake; for I know how weak I am in such moments, and how every violent commotion affects me. Farewell! God bless you.

Your mother,

J. Schopenhauer."

Johanna did not want to be disturbed. This, to be sure, was one of the principal features of her character. She was so afraid of showing a violent emotion that she avoids the occasion in which it would be suitable. At all costs she must keep her affection for her son within bounds, well poised and tranquil, for otherwise her peace and comfort, and her plans, will be disturbed. Arthur, however, took no offense at his mother's French leave-taking but wrote her a letter which made her first morning in Weimar decidedly pleasant. Her reply was characteristic. "I think of you much, and when I am once at rest, I shall miss you painfully; still fate will have it so, and to what does one not accustom oneself in the end."

Weimar, it seems, was quite to her fancy. Its park was really beautiful and the theatrical troupe excellent. She writes of Fernow and Falk. She has not yet met Goethe or

Wieland, but she has rented a costly house near the theatre, furnished it elegantly and has prepared, in fact, to receive all the celebrities in town. The social life here, she assures her son, is both very pleasant and inexpensive. " With little trouble and still less cost it will be easy to gather around my tea table the first minds in Weimar, and perhaps in Germany, at least once a week and, on the whole, to live a very delightful life." Johanna was full of confidence and she was justified. She possessed, in short, precisely the qualities which were likely to recommend her in her new environment. She was gay and vivacious, and her slender animated figure, it is said, could hardly fail to charm. She had various special talents, too: she could draw, paint, and speak French and English with ease and rapidity. Her wide travels, moreover, gave her a rich store of impressions which she could draw on in time of need. An accomplished hostess, she knew when to speak and when to be quiet. When great men talked she could be attentive and sympathetic, only throwing in a word now and then for encouragement, directing the conversation into fruitful channels in such a skillful manner that she won the praise of many. But when the conversation lagged and people grew silent with embarrassment or boredom, she was quick to spur it on with her bright enthusiasm. Thus she gave tone and verve to distinguished company. In time her house became a favorite resort of famous men, and strangers in Weimar would be conducted to the salon of the Hofrätin Schopenhauer as to one of the wonders of the town.

In her choice of a field of action Johanna had been fortunate, for no city in Europe was so well designed to gratify

Johanna Schopenhauer with her daughter, Adele.
Painted by herself and presented to Goethe

her desires or give her the cultural background she craved. The swing and splendor of Weimar was an old story. Ever since the Middle Ages her princes had patronized the arts, and her architecture and valuable art collections bear witness now to centuries of cultivation. In the sixteenth century Luther had come to the court and found many followers. The princes of the duchy became staunch supporters of the Reformation and took a leading part in promoting those cultural movements which were forming the German mind. In the early eighteenth century Bach came to Weimar and spent nine years there in glorious prodigal creation. Other great men followed. Weimar flourished. During the regency of Anna Amalia (1759 to 1776), however, the duchy suffered much distress from the Seven Years' War. Incursions of troups, now Prussian, now French, took possession of the town. Quartering of soldiers, requisition of supplies, the plague, the famine, bled the people. They lived in squalor and wretchedness. The streets were dirty and narrow, haunted by evil odors, and the roofs of the houses were of straw. The streets were unlighted and even in Goethe's time people went about with lanterns at night while the nobility carried torches on their way. On one side were the famous Roman and Renaissance structures, the palace, the beautiful church, the market place, on the other, the hovels and squalor. Madame de Staël, who visited Weimar to learn its culture at first hand, remarked that it is " not a little village but a great château."

But, through her wise management of the difficult political and economic affairs of the duchy, Anna Amalia, at the end

of her regency, had brought her people to peace and a certain prosperity. Her son, Karl August, whom she had educated with the greatest care, continued the wise rule of his mother. Under both Anna Amalia and the young Duke, Karl August, architecture, music, art, literature, and science received great encouragement, and many distinguished men were attracted to Weimar. The most important tendency during their reign was a swing-back to the classical. This movement, which was founded by Winckelmann and guided by Goethe, found in the painter, David, and the sculptor, Thorwaldsen, its greatest representatives. Through the discovery of Pompeii, houses, furniture, and costumes — life itself — began to take on the tinge of the ancient ideals.

When Goethe came to Weimar he soon became a favorite of the Duke and his trusted councillor. The poet was often required at court and became at times quite inseparable from the Duke. Together they planned many feasts and entertainments. Together they danced and made love to country girls or went bathing in the dead of night, frightening the passers-by with the thought of prowling phantoms. The Duke, according to Goethe, was a man of great intellect and capacity but had also a wild demonic strain in him. Nothing, it seemed, would cool his blood or deplete his energy. As a patron he was all that could be desired and remained Goethe's true friend even when the whole court was against him. Often he took a part in the theatricals or danced or played his viola.

Under the protection of Karl August, Goethe, Schiller, Wieland, and many notable men threw all their energies into

creation. Weimar became known as the Poet's City, the German Athens, or the Court of Muses. But with all its vaunted superiority, its cult of nature, of Greek antiquity, of the beautiful soul, with its passion for wisdom and beauty, its fêtes and masques and plays, its wood sprites and nymphs, its grottoes and muses, with all its shimmer and splendor of genius, the little duchy was not safe. In 1806 when Johanna Schopenhauer came to Weimar, the Duke's forces had been joined to Prussia's in a fatal conflict with the insuperable powers of Napoleon. To such sober heads as Goethe's it seemed a hopeless struggle with scarcely a chance of a favorable issue. The people, however, were full of enthusiasm. Not until the armies drew close and the ducal family fled, did their confidence change to fear and apprehension.

Two weeks before the Battle of Jena, Johanna returned with Adele from a long trip and put up at the Hotel Elephant. She found Weimar in the greatest commotion, the leading families packing and preparing to leave, with anxiety and wild excitement everywhere. Unable to procure horses, with which to make her escape, she was obliged to remain and take the chances of war. Of these she soon had enough. The King and Queen of Prussia came, various generals came. The town was in the utmost confusion which increased as Napoleon drew near and it became apparent that the battle would take place near Weimar. On October 14 came the thunder of the cannon and the inhabitants waited motionless and silent for the outcome. Toward evening stray soldiers appeared announcing a French victory. Then came the plundering and dismantling of Weimar with a heavy

indemnity and humiliating dependence for the duchy. Johanna in these desperate days showed herself a courageous and resourceful woman and by her generosity and public spirit turned the most terrible experience of her life into her greatest triumph. Intimately acquainted with the French language and customs, she was able to make terms with the invaders and to ward off the calamities which overtook so many others. Many had suffered greatly. The old painter Kraus died of mistreatment by the French. Meyer was stripped of everything and for a time went about in the clothes which Johanna providently sent him.

Even Goethe did not escape ill usage. In his house forty Frenchmen were quartered and everything was quiet for a time. Then two outrageous soldiers demanded entrance and threatened to break down the gate. They were admitted and Christiana, Goethe's faithful sweetheart, served them wine and food, but they were still dissatisfied, and demanded to see the master of the house. Goethe accordingly rose up and came down in all his Olympian dignity and silenced them, it seems, by his manner alone. Later his life was threatened by the same rogues. It was an exciting night but everything was saved by the courage of Christiana. Goethe thereupon decided to marry her, let society say what it would. She had been his dear mistress for eighteen years and the evil days they now endured together made her dearer still.

Johanna's letters to Arthur during these troubled times portray the miseries of the war and her own triumph. On October 13, she visited the encampment before the city and found the army ready to march, and then was presented to the

Duchess, Anna Amalia, who was ready to fly from the city. The next day came the anxious hours of waiting with the roar of the Battle of Jena in the distance.

"O my Arthur," she writes, "the memory alone makes me tremble. Now the floor quivered, the windows rattled. O God, how near we were to death, we heard no more single explosions, but (only) the penetrating whistling and hissing and rattling of the bullets and howitzers, which flew over our house and fifty paces away in houses and on the earth, without doing any damage. God's angel hovered over us, and suddenly in my heart came calm and joy. I took my Adele on my lap, I hoped a bullet might kill us both, at least neither of us would survive to weep for the other."

Johanna also relates to her son the plundering of Weimar and the wildness of the soldiery. She tells of the courage of the Duchess Luise, who, left defenseless and alone in the palace, kept her spirit, shared her provisions, and lived on potatoes when necessary without a murmur. Johanna was full of her praise of the woman who had bearded Napoleon, and finally won him over by her undaunted courage and charm — excusing her husband and saving her country.

While the town was gripped in terror of violence and plundering, Johanna took Adele by the hand, and went to the castle to entreat Prince Murat for protection. "What a walk!" she writes. "Everywhere the traces of last night; dead, wounded on the street; captured Prussians in the park before the castle square, right where they proudly strutted the day before yesterday; wild, bloody men, whom I cannot call soldiers, in white, torn blouses, murder and death in their

eyes, who addressed the hussars [conducting me] every moment as comrades, in the midst of the music, horses, riders, an endless tumult." Prince Murat would not see Johanna, but he was kind to her. A Commissaire de Guerres came to her house, insuring full protection. Then, being safe herself, she set about to relieve the distress and danger of others less fortunate.

Johanna's husband had cursed the Prussians who had driven him from Dantzig. Johanna had forgotten or didn't care. She bore them no malice and was, in fact, the first woman in Weimar to aid the wounded Prussians. Her neighbors, she writes, could do but little. They had lost too much themselves, but she, who had saved everything, could now be generous. How her wine cheered the suffering and anguished men! How the dying blessed her! With all the hazard and misery about her, Johanna was anything but depressed. She writes to Arthur to keep up his courage and to hope for the best and there is a great deal to suggest that she really enjoyed the excitement and her own fine usefulness. With all her cares she does not forget her son. She is ever so glad he is not with her and has escaped the chance of being shot, and inquires solicitously about his deafness, which had already begun to bother him. And how is his humor? She will not regale him with any more stories of the frightfulness of the war, for she knows with what relish he broods upon the misery and cruelty of men.

Arthur's reaction to the war had been, it seems, a philosophical one. He did not burn with a desire to fight Napoleon or to join his enemies. A confirmed pessimist at eighteen, he

merely reflects upon the universal evil of life, of which the recent bloody events seem but a welcome illustration. When Johanna discusses the general unhappiness induced by the war and the possibility of her forgetting what others suffer, young Schopenhauer seizes upon the theme eagerly. "But certainly," he remarks, "it must be, nothing shall hold fast in a fleeting life, no endless pain, no eternal joy, no enduring impression, no lasting enthusiasm, no higher decision, which can hold for life! Everything resolves itself in the stream of time. The minutes, the countless petty atoms, into which every action is divided, are the worms which eat upon and destroy everything great and bold. The monster triviality bears down everything which strives upward. There is nothing serious in human life because the dust is not worth it. How could there be an eternal passion for such wretchedness." Perhaps he remembered the lines of Gay which had struck his attention in Westminster Abbey:

> Life is a jest; and all things show it
> I thought so once and now I know it.

The young philosopher delivers himself of much more in the same vein. He even breaks into verse. One poem begins with:

> Oh delight, Oh hell,
> Oh sense, Oh love
> Not to gratify,
> Not to conquer! etc. etc.

Evidently one cause of his unhappiness is the advent of manhood. The long illusion of childhood is now passed;

the playground of the intellect has transformed itself into a grim world of realities, the charming pictures which delighted the curiosity of the child have turned to the alluring and terrible objects of desire. The Will after its long slumber has awakened and Schopenhauer has begun to suffer that incommoding violence of passion to which he was subject for many years to come.

Another important source of Arthur's melancholy at this time was the desolating boredom of his new career. For a boy of his spirit and independence of mind the clerical details of a great business concern had but little interest, while the lure of science and literature was irresistible. The one attracted as much as the other repelled. He tried to do his duty, however, and for two long years remained at the hateful counter, serving his time out of piety toward his father, without a thought of breaking his word or of changing his career to a more suitable one. He satisfied himself instead with an outspoken contempt for the world and wrote his mother such sweeping indictments of life and fate that the blithe, pleasure-loving little woman was quite beside herself and all her poise and equanimity seemed threatened.

Young Arthur was at war with his heart, and walked alone with his wasted future like a man with a heavy load in a fog, seeing no escape from the dreariness of misspent years. Oppressed by duty, enjoined by a father he greatly admired; lured by his heart's desire, the bright world of the intellect, he lamented vainly. A certain steadfastness in his nature bound him to his post in spite of everything. He made his computations, followed sales and prices, wrote letters and learned the business. But the urge toward literature and art

could not be quieted. Often at work he substituted some favorite play or novel for the letters and papers around him and read, while no one was looking, with great eagerness. He likewise absented himself from the office as much as possible, went to the theatre, to art galleries and to the menagerie to see the animals, which always delighted him. He escaped as often as he could. There was also the stolen pleasure of lectures which he attended with wistful ardor, especially those of Gall on the cranium. In company with his old friend Anthime Gregoire, he gave himself also to loose enjoyments and erotic dissipations and so wore off the bitter edge of those first great cravings and curiosities. The deep dissatisfaction with his life career also led him to various expensive diversions. His letters to his mother tell of the brilliant company he kept, of barons and countesses with whom he consorted, of the gay worldly life in Hamburg. His mother at last grew quite alarmed, though far from thrifty herself, at the quantities of money he was spending. She warned him to be more sparing of their modest means.

In the meantime she was living a life quite the reverse of his and all her slumbering potentialities were now on the way to being fulfilled. Two days before the Battle of Jena occurred, her first meeting with Goethe took place. Johanna saw a serious handsome man clothed in black who bowed to her beautifully and had, she observed with great delight, all the distinction and none of the stiff dignity she had expected. She put both her hands in his in fine fullness of greeting and he promised to come again. He had merely dropped in for a moment to reassure her as to the future.

In the terrible days following the Battle of Jena, Johanna

had won the hearts of many of her neighbors by her high-spirited courage and generosity. She wrote to her son that she had come to know her new friends better in a few days than would have been possible in ten ordinary years. She had become one of the Weimar Society by the baptism of fire, said Goethe. He soon had a special reason for being grateful to her. A few days after the Battle of Jena, while everyone was dismayed and terrified by the events of the war, he finally made up his mind to make Christiana his wife. But even in these uncertain and troubled times, the society of Weimar could not forgive him. The Olympian Goethe, before whom everyone bowed in reverence, could do almost anything. He could have his affairs of the heart, insult his great contemporaries, and browbeat his actors. He was permitted his whims, his arrogance and anger. He was allowed to keep a mistress for eighteen years quite under their eyes. But when he went so far in generosity as to marry this mistress, all good people turned against him, and none of the ladies would receive such a wife. Many, to be sure, felt deserted, many outraged. Frau von Stein was sure that he was partly mad, that his demonic nature had triumphed. Schiller's widow, Charlotte, was deeply grieved and was so far from accepting the new wife, that she followed her for years with contempt and hatred. In this dilemma Goethe could only turn to Johanna Schopenhauer. A rich widow with the liberal commercial background of Hamburg and a decided admiration for him, she was the one to be trusted.

Johanna was not long in deciding what to do. She received the pretty Christiana so graciously, that the other ladies in

her salon soon changed their coldness and formality to kindness and cordiality. If Goethe has given her his name, she told her daughter, we can give her a cup of tea. This was all that was needed. Johanna, a stranger in Weimar, was the only one to rescue the local god from his trying predicament. "How had Goethe come to marry his housekeeper?" she was asked. "Because he could find no worthier woman," she spiritedly replied.

In this way (and in many others) she became important to Goethe. His marriage, like the Battle of Jena, became a part of her splendid fortune and turned to a great advantage. In Johanna's house Goethe felt at home. There he met his friends and many strangers who passed through the town. There he conversed and read his favorite writers before an admiring circle. It was his custom, Johanna wrote to her son, to take a seat just behind hers so that he could rest upon her chair. It would then be her part to throw out those provocative remarks which would elicit all the charm and wisdom of her distinguished guest, for no man, she wrote, could be so lovable. No doubt the admiration of the cultured, lively widow was a godsend to Goethe at this critical time. Frau von Stein and others could be jealous. It did not matter. Johanna flourished. And Goethe, pleased with her hospitality, showed his gratitude in various ways. Not only did he favor her with the wealth of his genius, encouraging her rising literary ambition and drawing the most distinguished men to her house; he took the liveliest interest in the little Adele, praised her paintings and assisted in her education. Like most of her contemporaries, Johanna stood

in great awe of Goethe. She was frightened, she admitted, every time she knew he was coming and when he entered the room she had a sense that a higher being was among them. She soon observed, however, that even his closest friends were similarly affected. "What a being is this Goethe," she cries. "How great and how good." Johanna was immensely grateful to him and unlike Frau von Stein and other women with whom he associated she made no demands, but accepted everything which he gave her as an unearned gift from heaven. "Isn't it quite impossible not to wish to shine in his presence?" inquires her sinister son in Hamburg. "No," she replies. "Could you only see him you would understand how impossible it is to be anything but natural. He is the whole of Nature, and his clear bright eyes take away all desire to dissimulate; one feels that he sees through all pretenses, and that this high pure being needs must hate every imposture."

Besides Goethe, many other famous men visited the Hofrätin Schopenhauer, viz., Wieland, Heinrich Meyer, Falk, Zacharias Werner, Riemer, Grimm, Passow, Fürst Puckler, the two Schlegels, and many others, and great personages such as the Grand Duke and the Duke Burnhard von Sachsen were often to be seen among the intellectuals and literary celebrities. In Hofrätin Schopenhauer's salon a freer tone prevailed than at the court and yet not too free. The discussions remained on an intellectual level, the theatre, recent literary events, and gossip about well-known celebrities being the principal subjects. For the warmer concerns of the heart one went to Ottilie's court of love. Johanna had hit the right

tone and her Thursday and Sunday receptions filled a real need in Weimar. Goethe wrote to a friend that the conversation on these occasions often took on the form of true works of art.

In the meantime Arthur in Hamburg roared with displeasure, so much so that Johanna, who always showed herself kind to those in distress, could not but take council with her friend, the great art critic, Fernow. Was it too late for her son to shift to a scholarly career? Fernow replied in a long letter, which when forwarded to Hamburg produced a great effect on Arthur. He wept for joy as he read that eighteen years is not too great an age to change to a literary and scientific profession. Rather at this fortunate epoch of youth, Fernow assured him, memory and judgment unite in the ripening strength of the spirit so that whatever is undertaken with firm resolution is carried out more easily and quickly than in an earlier or later period of life.

This letter from a revered old man, who, having risen from the most humble beginnings, had already made a great name in literature and criticism, was decisive for Arthur and he brought an end to his old life with great dispatch. His mother could write to him contrasting the glittering outward life of a Hamburg merchant with the life of loneliness and self-denial of the student. He must be sure of his decision. Yes, but he was.

A month later, June 1807, he was ensconced at the *Gymnasium* in Gotha near Weimar, learning the elements of a classical education, and making up for lost time. Hitherto he had learned but a smattering of Latin, enough for an

accomplished merchant, but an amount pitifully insufficient for a scholar. Schopenhauer worked with breathless haste. The big sun of his youth had already boomed down to the horizon, and others of his age, with their dull years of preparation over, were already beginning the serious race of life. Yet Schopenhauer had not wasted his childhood. He had travelled far, learned many customs and languages. He had learned to face the facts alone, and to trust his own judgment. He had studied, according to his father's directions, in "the book of the world." Tradition has always required that a scholar should take his travels after completing his formal studies. Schopenhauer had taken them before, and the subtle effect of this transposition gave a stamp to his whole philosophy.

His school companions, of course, were somewhat younger and among them his cleverness and superior knowledge of the world won applause and popularity. Some of his friends of this period, indeed, remained devoted to him throughout his life. Under these circumstances his youthful energy ran high and he made astonishing progress in Latin and Greek and his other studies. At the departure of his beloved teacher, the famous Friedrich Jacobs, he wrote a poem of praise and sadness. The quick success of the little piece soon occasioned another in which he ridiculed the philistines of the town. Both poems expressed a settled feature of his nature. His respect for true merit and his bitter hatred of imposture. Had it ended here everything had gone well. But in his boldness Arthur was tempted to a new poem, a personal attack on a professor he scarcely knew, which, coming to the ears of the

authorities, obliged the nineteen year old satirist to leave Gotha. His mother wrote him immediately a long letter of reproof. He will be punished far more than this if he does not mend his ways and he will come to a bad end without doubt. Still, she confesses, he is not a bad person. She knows that at heart he is good, but all his learning and capacity has been darkened by his super-cleverness, all his talents made worthless by his passion to know more than his associates and to govern everybody. Yes, she finds him a very difficult person to live with.

It was soon decided that he should come to Weimar to complete his preparation for the University, though Johanna no doubt would have preferred him elsewhere. She soon made it clear to him what her conditions were. He will come to Weimar but not to live with her. That, for both of them, would be a great mistake. She assures him that she is his well-wisher and will always do what she can for him. His generosity and goodness she does not deny. It is his external manner which makes their intercourse so difficult and painful. His gloomy countenance oppresses her, his dark sayings disturb her brightest hopes, and his deep misgivings about the world she finds so full of charm and promise, disturb her comfortable sleep by night and visit her with terrible nightmares. She herself, she certainly reflected, had had evils to bear with, more than her share. She had been bound for twenty years to a man much older than herself in a loveless marriage, had suffered his gloom and irascible temper. She had never complained nor changed the fair tenor of her disposition. The heroines of her novels, when she came to write

them, answered to her own ideal of quiet courage. Thus *Gabriele* wastes away, suffering silently and sweetly the worst misfortunes, and comes within an inch of dying, rather than complain of her luckless destiny. Her friends may weep and slander Providence. Not she. Through her tears the little heroine smiles like the " beautiful soul " that she is, and like a finer saint will not waste her misery by declaring it.

To all this, her son, Johanna could not but see with regret, was a decided contrast. Born to wealth and many advantages he could not quiet his discontent nor cease from his bitter laments. To live with him, she reflected, would be to sacrifice her peace and her comfortable ways. In her well-ordered household he would bring discord, reprimanding servants and flying into a rage over the pettiest mischance. In the salon her brave cheerful sallies would be killed in the blossom, her witty rejoinders stifled, her most delicate feelings overridden, or reproved as imposture. No sooner would she begin to paint the virtue and refinement of those radiant and sensitive souls she loved than the gloomy cynical countenance of her son would crush all her enthusiasm. No, she could not live with him at such a cost. She lives now, she explains, very quietly, has had year in and out no unpleasant moment for which he is not responsible. No one contradicts her, she contradicts no one, and everything goes its uniform, tranquil, pleasant fashion and life glides by, she knows not how. This is her real existence. She will not change it. Perhaps when Arthur is older and sees things much more clearly, they will better agree. Then, perhaps, she will come to live with him. For the present they must

see very little of each other. He may come to her house on the evenings when she entertains, but must put an end to the endless disputes and to his lamentation over the stupid world, and as for his distressing accounts of human misery, she cannot bear that her sleep should be disturbed by his horrible images. Above all he must not interfere in her household affairs but come to her rather as a guest.

Having received these instructions from his very sensible mother, Arthur came to Weimar and took up lodgings in the house of his private instructor, Professor Passow, with whom he studied Latin and Greek with such diligence that in two years he had acquired a mastery of both languages. He also undertook private lessons in riding and fencing and, not content with a mastery of the flute, soon began the study of the guitar. Mathematics and history, which he now studied by himself, also occupied him greatly and kept him at work till late in the night. Yet he found time for diversions too — the theatre and concerts, a ball with masquerade, and skating in season. On horseback, too, he took various trips to surrounding cities. On one such journey to Erfurt, he was dismayed to find that the ladies of the court who hated Napoleon as a tyrant and oppressor were completely won over by the comedy he caused to be played in the theatre of that town, and in one day had so reversed their opinion that they were ready to regard him as the most lovable man in the world.

Young Schopenhauer was keenly alive to the contradictions and lies in the society about him and delighted in pointing them out. While his mother, Johanna, gloried in

the surface amenities of life and held it as a duty to cover up carefully those contradictions, weaknesses, and indelicacies in those about her, Arthur was quite as intent upon disclosing them. While Johanna delineated the beautiful soul, her son dissected it with scalpels and butcher knives. While she described the delicate interplay of sensitive and cultured people, he revealed the instinctive springs of conduct, the underlying passions, which disguise themselves in many artful ways, and he managed by his cynical and deeper probing to make her, in the course of the day, a very miserable woman. She had her vengeance.

In Weimar society her gloomy son often appeared, it must be admitted, in a sad and comical light. The youngest man in his mother's salon, he was the gloomiest; one of the most fortunate, he was the most unhappy. Also, he was strangely set in his opinions and could bear no disagreement, and this, too, was thought quite striking. For a nineteen-year-old student to set himself up as an oracle and such a gloomy, sinister one at that, was often disconcerting and often, too, quite amusing.

Though Arthur enjoyed himself at Weimar and did an incredible amount of work, completing his preparation for the University in two and one half years, about half the time that Fernow had set as the necessary period, he was not really at home in the "German Athens," nor in his mother's salon. The eighteenth-century smugness and convention, the painting white of human egoism and passion, the blindness or indifference to the evils and sufferings of life, the everlasting disguise of the truth, made him writhe

with anger, and occasioned those violent disputes and dark pronouncements which disturbed the calm of his mother and alarmed her company. No wonder his sister, Adele, and her friends were dismayed by the harsh rude severity of this odd young man. They were afraid to speak their thoughts lest the hammer of his criticism fall on them again, leaving in the train of its sharp retort that long, embarrassed silence. Neither the girls nor the company in general were accustomed to hear such cynical, straightforward truths in good society. The young philosopher, however, continued true to his own uniqueness, and with only an occasional reluctance, turned his back to the eighteenth century.

With a growing sense of his own drastic difference from all those around him and of the future before him he now cherished his time and energy. Avoiding all young and frivolous friends he kept to himself or talked with such distinguished men as Fernow and Falk. These celebrities and a few others Schopenhauer held in great respect and profited much from their conversation. They brought him closer to a distant goal which grew steadily brighter and more alluring as time went by.

Schopenhauer could regard most of his mother's associates as superficial and intellectually frivolous. Goethe, on the other hand, he venerated throughout his life. Though at this period he had no chance to talk with him, but saw him only at large affairs, he admired him fervently from a distance. There was in Goethe, to be sure, much of the stuffy eighteenth-century convention of the very sort against which young Schopenhauer revolted, but there was a genius in

the man, as in Napoleon, which overcame every obstacle and captured all hearts. Schopenhauer waited patiently an opportunity for closer acquaintance and envied his mother her intimate friendship with him. In 1808 appeared Goethe's greatest work, the first part of *Faust,* which exerted a determining influence over Arthur's whole life and his later philosophy. The dramatic insistence, in this work, upon the dual nature of man, the sensuous wilful part at war with the calm intellectual phase was indeed the poetic culmination of the train of thought which had long been burning in Arthur's mind. In a few years he was to develop this idea of a lower and higher Faust into a highly original philosophical system — so original that Goethe, who furnished the leitmotif, could never have accepted it. In his life similarly he was bent upon a Faustian career with its aspiration, sin and suffering, but still in a manner that Goethe could not have approved. "A young man very hard to understand," he wrote after an interview with young Schopenhauer. Yet many years later when Schopenhauer had become famous and the facts of his life were known he was recognized by many as the very embodiment of Faust.

During Schopenhauer's Weimar period no one recognized him as a man with this fatality, a new type, a new epoch. He was only a bold harsh young man, rude, combative, gloomy. No one saw in him that world-loneliness which was the mainspring of all his pessimism. A poem written at this time amidst all his work and distractions shows how deep this feeling could be.

In the middle of a stormy night
I awakened in sudden fright
Heard it moan, heard it scream
Along hall and tower and beam.

The owls hoot, the windows rattle, no light can penetrate the ominous blackness. Arthur feels that the day will never come. He is alone and forgotten and the bright flash of a friendly eye seems infinitely distant and precious.

What was the root of this loneliness and anxiety? A gifted prosperous young man wandered disconsolately in the beautiful gardens of Weimar, in one of the leading cultural centres of Europe. His mother's salon gave him the acquaintance of the first minds of Europe. Across the street was the National Theatre. His money could buy him what he liked. There was no lack of friends or entertainment. Yet Arthur was lonely and unhappy, full of bitterness.

One explanation is no doubt his own passionate uncompromising nature which made all half-friendship or half-loves oppressive. Imperious, sensitive, quick to injury, he demanded an unrestricted devotion. This his mother particularly was unable to give him. When he arrived at Weimar his mother's salon was already flourishing. She made it quite clear that she had no need of him. She was kind to him and providential, of course, but it was clear that she valued her tranquil life and distinguished friends far more than him. He was invited to her house as a guest but would have come as master. She introduced him to great men. He would have introduced her. He would have been first in her heart. He

was given a place in the corner behind the backs of many tall men.

When Arthur had arrived at twenty-one years, and it was time for him to receive his patrimony, his mother's heart seemed quite to change. "It comes hard for me to bargain with you," she wrote him. "Are not our interests the same? Who can I turn to if not to you, and if you need anything you can always turn to me as before." It appears that Johanna would have much preferred to keep Arthur's patrimony in her own hands and pay out what he needed for his expenses. But such an arrangement Arthur would not hear of. He had no faith in the financial ability of his mother — rather the greatest distrust. Moreover, he wished to make certain of his inheritance which already appeared to him as a priceless possession which he must guard and treasure for the future. The firmness of her son at this point, his obvious desire to be independent of her, dismayed Johanna. Were not their interests one? Two years before she had taken pages to explain how different their interests were, how each must live his own life.

She gave him reluctantly his share of the inheritance, "what there was left of it," as Schopenhauer later expressed it. This came to 19,000 dollars in cash together with certain property in Dantzig which remained undivided. Seven years later (1816) he also inherited a few thousand from his uncle. With a caution which had become one of his leading characteristics, he put two thirds of his capital in safe government bonds and invested only one third in the Dantzig firm of Muhl and Company, and this, we may suppose,

largely at the instance of his mother. She for her part invested nearly all of her funds in this business, being attracted by the high interest of eight per cent. A woman accustomed to luxury, she longed to increase her income, an optimist, she trusted the firm to do the best for her. Her son's mistrust and suspicion she did not share and lamented bitterly that he should harbor such disquieting doubts of his fellows. Yet had he followed her advice and invested all his money in the Dantzig firm, it is very likely that he would never have finished his work or achieved a great name in philosophy. For once his skepticism about human affairs was justified by the events which followed and pessimism showed itself as practical wisdom.

Schopenhauer was overjoyed to have a small fortune in his own name. On the interest he could live independently and comfortably the rest of his life, was free to go from place to place, to enjoy himself as he chose, to think his own thoughts untroubled. He need never sell his ideas, his time, nor his soul. He was free. In the pleasure of this recognition he could afford to be generous. When his mother divided the whole inheritance into three equal parts, one third for herself and one third for each of the children, she was not proceeding according to the will, which allowed her, the widow of Heinrich Floris Schopenhauer, only one fourth, but Arthur neither at this time nor later made any complaint on this account. He was too grateful for his little fortune, which under his shrewd management proved beautifully enough.

III

PHILOSOPHIC APPRENTICESHIP

GÖTTINGEN AND BERLIN, 1809–1813

WITH a handsome income and a firm intention of succeeding in his new career, Schopenhauer set out in 1809 for Göttingen, whose university he once described as the worthiest and perhaps the greatest in the world. Göttingen of all German universities was the stronghold of science and free inquiry, the leading sanctuary from reigning theological dogmatism, for which reason the young rebel had long been attracted to it. He matriculated at once in medicine but not with any firm intention of pursuing the profession. His mother, indeed, had urged him to choose a paying profession and warned him of the trials and rigors of scholarship. She had assured him that his inheritance would not last forever. Schopenhauer knew better. The life of a scholar was just what he wanted and his income he knew was sufficient. The course of studies he chose for himself showed very clearly that it was his own seething curiosities which led him now, not the prudent advice of his mother. There was, in fact, scarcely a department of science or letters which was omitted from his program. He was soon listening to lectures in Natural History and Mineralogy,

Anatomy, Mathematics, and Political History. The second semester he attended lectures on Physics, Chemistry, Botany, and in the third he continued with Ancient History and Physics, Comparative Anatomy, Psychology and Metaphysics. His last semester in Göttingen (1811), his course was Logic, Physiology, Ethnography, and History of Government. In addition to this official course of studies he continued his reading of the Greek and Latin classics with great diligence and delight and took private lessons in Latin to increase his skill. He also received private instruction in fencing and though quite a master of the flute, he soon began lessons on the guitar.

This astonishingly diversified program was exactly suited to the breadth of his curiosity which was already far more that of a philosopher than a specialist. His father's aristocratic ideal of a gentleman's education may also have guided him in selecting this broad well-rounded curriculum. According to this ideal he must not only be a man of general culture but also a man of the world. He therefore played his flute and practised the guitar, learned to fence, carried himself erect with an aristocratic bearing, followed closely the course of political and literary events, and modelled himself into the pattern of the gentleman scholar.

His first instructor in philosophy was the skeptic, Professor G. C. Schulze, whose reputation chiefly depended upon his hostility toward the Kantian philosophy. In his book *Aenesidemus* he attempted to show that Kant's "critical" philosophy was quite as dogmatic and untenable as the Leibnitzian system it attempted to depose, that the Noumenon

and the Thing-in-itself were fatal mysteries, that logical difficulties were frightfully numerous throughout. Young Schopenhauer soon developed a contempt for these criticisms, but Schulze's council to first apply himself exclusively to Plato and Kant, before turning to others such as Aristotle and Spinoza, had the effect of transforming him into a philosopher and left a deep imprint on all his subsequent thought. "The divine Plato and the excellent Kant," so he called them, and he continued faithful to them all his life.

Schopenhauer made copious notes on his university lectures so that in the course of four years many bulky volumes accumulated. Here it is of special interest to observe that the entries concerning his philosophy lectures showed none of the docility and respect which would be expected of a German student taking his first course in philosophy. Rather we find the greatest self-confidence with vehement and derisive opposition at every point of disagreement. It is evident that in this province young Schopenhauer will not bear with authority. When Schulze complains that Kant's idealism really makes knowledge impossible since it implies that the mind in the very act of knowing *makes* the object what it is, instead of *discovering* what it is, his audacious pupil berates him as a stupid schoolboy.

But though Schopenhauer is sometimes strong in his defense of Kant, his first admiration of the critical philosophy was mixed with fear and misgiving. "*The Critique of Pure Reason,*" he writes, "may be called the suicide of the understanding (i.e., in philosophy) . . . Kant's regulative use of Reason is perhaps the worst misbirth of the human under-

standing." What Kant lacked and Plato possessed — that was contemplation. " Had not Goethe been sent to the earth at the same time as Kant, in order to hold the balance in the Zeitgeist, the latter would have borne down on many striving minds like a nightmare and oppressed them with great torment; now, however, both work in opposed directions with endless advantage and will, perhaps, raise the German mind to a height which even surpasses the Ancients." It is evident that the pupil has not yet overcome his native realism. The doctrine that the form and character of the external world is a mere projection of the human understanding makes the scene about him seem but a painted curtain and oppresses him, now with doubt, now with horror. The realistic genius of Goethe, according to Schopenhauer, was a necessary counterpoise to such a disruptive philosophy.

With Plato, on the other hand, he found himself in perfect accord. The doctrine of Ideas which contrasted the realm of eternal truths with the fleeting, shadowy, treacherous world of sensation answered to all his longings. He had felt the sting of desire which drew him down to the sensuous world and he had also experienced its pain and disillusion. But he had also been born with a craving for a contemplative life far away from the vexations and passions which he experienced with such violence every day. In the realm of Platonic Ideas he found his escape and it was Plato more than any other influence which turned his mind toward " the prince of sciences," and determined him to be a philosopher. He is fully aware of the almost insuperable difficulties in such a career. Even from the Myth of the Cave he had learned that

the way of the philosopher is lonely and arduous. "Philosophy," he says, "is a high Alpine road, to which one can only ascend by a steep path over sharp stones and piercing thorns: it is lonely and becomes increasingly desolate the higher one goes. Yes, whoever takes this path must leave terror and every fond attachment behind him, and comforting himself as best he can, make his way sturdily through the coldness and snow. . . . Soon he sees the world under him disappear with all its deserts and morasses; its unevenness, indeed, becomes a level plain, its dissonances do not penetrate above, its roundness reveals itself. He himself stands always in the pure cool Alpine air and sees the sun, though underneath it is still black night." In this lofty isolation he is comforted by his moral feeling. As he turns away from the gaudy world of vanity and passion, impelled by duty to a life of sacrifice, he has an intimation that hard duty conducts to some higher fortune, "that the voice which we hear in the dark comes from a brighter place." He comes to the conclusion that: "This world is the realm of accident and error, therefore we should strive only toward that of which no accident can rob us, and only assert and busy ourselves with that wherein no error is possible."

With such an earnest intensity of purpose it is little wonder that he impressed the old poet Wieland. Johanna who was little pleased with Arthur's choice of philosophy had asked the famous man to interview her son and, if possible, to dissuade him from such a precarious profession. But to Wieland's objections Arthur answered: "Life is an awkward affair: I have resolved to spend mine in meditating on it."

A. Schopenhauer

Schopenhauer at 21

After some further conversation Wieland exclaimed with enthusiasm, "Yes, it seems to me now that you have chosen right, young man; I now understand your nature, you had best remain with philosophy." Not long after that at the court of the Duke, Karl August, as Goethe was speaking to Johanna Schopenhauer (who had been fortunate enough to be admitted that day), Wieland came up to them and exclaimed with youthful vivacity: "I have lately made a very interesting acquaintance, Madame Schopenhauer! Do you know with whom? With your son! Ah, it was a great pleasure to come to know this young man, something great will one day come of him."

Schopenhauer was naturally in no mood to take part in the gay student life at Göttingen. He was not a tippler nor did he care to squander his money. His dissipations, like the other practical affairs of his life, were undertaken with caution and circumspection. Others could fling themselves thoughtlessly into the wildest gratifications. They had little to lose. His life, on the other hand, it came to him more clearly as time went by, was worth every care and calculation. Even his sins must be prudent. Thus, while it cannot be supposed that he led a celibate life at Göttingen, the nature of his affairs was no doubt so arranged as to interfere as little as possible with his intellectual life, his health, or his prospects. Even here he was not at peace with himself. He could not be satisfied with brief and meaningless caresses, however prudent and hygienic. His romantic heart demanded an absolute devotion but was fearful or hopeless of finding it, while his sense of the sinfulness and horror of

sexual gratification led to a constant struggle to overcome the force of his passions. But no sooner had the philosopher escaped from the lower world of desire to a contemplation of the eternal ideas, than passion broke loose again and cynical common-sense advised a capitulation to the enemy. In Schopenhauer were many men who quarrelled and contested. There was the tender romantic who craved the ardent exclusive love of his mother and suffered the lack of it. There was the passionate tyrannical egoist who imposed his will and gratified his passions. There was the saint who escaped in disinterested contemplation and there was the shrewd cynical man of the world who counselled a prudent life of pleasure. In his student quarters with the works of Plato and Kant beside him, with the bust of Socrates and the portrait of Goethe, his bearskin and his beloved pug dog, Schopenhauer sat down to resolve these opposites in his nature. Outside on the street were the allurements of the town, the gaiety and intoxications, inside the sober delights of work and meditation. During his two years in Göttingen the latter no doubt won the victory, for his zealous devotion to science, and later to philosophy, allowed little importance to other occupations.

On his first contact with the *Mensa,* Schopenhauer hated it quite passionately and later, his mood still the same, he wrote an essay denouncing all duellists, past, present, and future, as the most vicious idiots. How wonderfully different was the sanity of the ancients. With them a slap in the face was but a trivial blow which demanded another in return. Why a man should be obliged to offer his throat to such a

ruffian, Schopenhauer could not see. When Socrates was kicked he went on talking and showed no offense, at which his friends marvelled greatly. "Would you feel insulted if an ass kicked you?" was his reply. In Schopenhauer's time, of course, duelling was the rage in German universities and needed just such a scathing rebuke as he gave it.

Though Schopenhauer withdrew from the frivolous life at the University he took great delight in his small circle of friends. With them he could air his drastic opinions and his sinister views of human society and indulge his passion for argument, which though it had plagued his mother to death, seemed to be increasing with time. With the growing sense of his own originality and genius Schopenhauer found it hard to put up with a difference of opinion, or to be found in the wrong. His passion for being right on every conceivable subject proved at this time very expensive and cost him many bottles of Rhein wine for lost wagers. If he was not exactly an amiable companion, he was certainly a spirited and gifted one. In argument he was bizarre and fierce. He would not be contradicted and his paradoxes were apparently quite terrible. On the other hand he knew how to be warm-hearted and genial and a number of his companions who listened to his jeremiads and sinister warnings also profited by his generosity. Chief among these was Karl Josias Bunsen, a boy five years younger than Schopenhauer to whom he showed himself such a provident friend that Bunsen remembered him always with gratitude, even when his genius had won him great fame as an ambassador and statesman. For Bunsen he also played the lottery, which he

continued to do for himself in small amounts the rest of his life.

Among Schopenhauer's comrades at Göttingen were Osann and Lewald whom he had known before at Gotha; the distinguished classical scholar, Friedrich Wilhelm Thiersch; the poet, Ernst Schulze; the theologian Gottfried Lucke; the jurist, Karl Peck; the Baron Schwerdtner; W. B. Astor, who became second in the famous line of American millionaires; and Karl Witte, the wonder child, who was admitted to the University at the age of ten. With such a rich assortment of companions it may be imagined that Schopenhauer was both instructed and fascinated, and his zeal for anecdotes and curious information, of which his writings give such evidence, must have prospered. Here was a whole gallery of human types with different purposes and different destinies, yet motivated in every case by the one world impulse, a deceptive multiplicity with the one world Will as basis. Schopenhauer was alive to all the diversities and curiosities in his environment and followed the events of the day with great curiosity — everything from a ventriloquist to a private execution. He read the London *Times* and he read the French journals. He also found time to study Botany and Zoology practically and made frequent visits to the botanical gardens next to his lodgings. The numerous botanical comments and speculations in his works bear witness to many original observations.

It was at Göttingen, too, that Schopenhauer was first aroused by the plight of animals sacrificed for vivisection. Blumenbach, with whom he studied Physiology, spoke one

day, so Schopenhauer relates, of the horrible cruelty of animal experiments, often conducted by ignorant scientists to discover a truth long established, or without any reasonable end in view. With his keen sympathy for animals, whom he always regarded as the good-hearted brothers of men, nothing could equal his anger. He denounced the torturing of these helpless creatures with the brilliant invective of which he was already a master. When he heard that a Nürnberg physician had allowed two dogs to starve to death merely in order to see whether there was a proportional loss in the brain tissue, Schopenhauer was horrified. How could such a scientist sleep quietly after having martyred harmless animals and tortured them to death slowly and mercilessly in a senseless inquiry! No doubt Schopenhauer was mistaken as to the value of this particular experiment, but in general his humanitarian principle that no one is justified in carrying on vivisection who has not already read everything which is written concerning previous experiments, is one that still recommends itself to every enlightened scientist. Schopenhauer's devotion to animals, and his recognition of their kinship with men, remained one of his original and lovable qualities. In this breadth of sympathy he stands much closer to the ancient Buddhists in India than any other western philosopher. Kant who found the moral law sublime, like the starry heavens, had no feeling for the rights of animals, and his case is characteristic of Christian philosophers. Animals, Kant said, are to be used as means, and not as ends in themselves. Schopenhauer made no such sharp division between men and beasts.

His consideration for animals links him on the one hand with the philosophy of Ancient India, and on the other, with the modern evolutionists such as Lamarck and Darwin.

During this period Schopenhauer's relations with his mother were none of the best, and though he spent his vacations with her at Weimar, the old discords arose again with redoubled force, seeming to increase with the intellectual development and self-confidence of the young philosopher, and with his mother's sense of this. In her salon he could not but feel lonely and slighted and no doubt his mother, with her gifted friends around her, knew how to befriend him as a rash ungainly youth, and so put him in his place among people of so much maturity and delicacy. Had he been willing to take a more humble position everything had gone well. But Johanna, who had submitted so long to the vehement will of Heinrich Floris Schopenhauer, simply would not, now that she was free, put up with the equal tyranny of her formidable son. At first, indeed, she made concessions. Arthur came to live in her house and he brought his gloom and his satire with him. But as the rancor accumulated, arising from a thousand common events of the day, she wrote to him, for so she always communicated when she had anything unpleasant to say, explaining how, though she loved him dearly, she was altogether dissatisfied with the arrangement and found few compensations for their painful cohabitation. Yes, she was dissatisfied with him and besides, it "was scarcely proper for a grown son to live in his mother's house."

Having spent almost two years at Göttingen, Schopenhauer left for the University of Berlin, attracted from the distance by the great name of Fichte. There he continued his diversified program of science and the classics, listened to lectures on Astronomy and Physics, on Magnetism and Electricity, on Experimental Chemistry and Physiology, the Anatomy of the Human Brain and Zoology, read Plato, Aristophanes, and Horace with great zeal, and he lost no time attending the brilliant lectures of Fichte. Here he found himself face to face with a man whose romantic world view was curiously akin to his own system, which was already struggling for expression within him. He learned from Fichte that the essence of the world is Will, that the knowing subject is identical with the willing self, but this he had already sensed as the truth. But from Fichte he also heard a great many other doctrines which were wildly unacceptable and from which he revolted with anger and ridicule. That Fichte should have grasped so many elements of the truth only to mix them in a sink of error seemed to young Schopenhauer the very limit of perversity, and he began to hate Fichte and his philosophy with a sincerity and fervor of which only relatives are capable.

Schopenhauer made no complaint of Fichte's doctrine that the world is the Will differentiated into infinite forms of being. Rather it became the central insight of his own system. Why did he refuse to give Fichte credit as a forerunner of his own philosophy? Why was he beside himself with rage when, in later years, eminent men disclaimed his originality and rated his system as a mere rehash of Fichte's?

It was because Fichte had failed to recognize the irreconcilable opposition between the Will and the Intellect, the one blind, irrational, and evil, the other contemplative, disinterested, and good; that opposition which Schopenhauer already knew to be the mortification of his life and the tragedy of the world. For Fichte the Will was a rational, principled entity which diversified itself according to opposites in perfect order: for Schopenhauer it was a crying and raging in the darkness, cruel, lustful, insatiable, the seminal force of the universe.

The famous professor, eloquent, swift-tongued, declaimed his lofty idealism from the rostrum and his hard-headed, downright, suspicious, truth-loving pupil listened with outbreaks of sympathy and anger, and a growing abhorrence. Thus, at a particularly obscure place in Fichte's eleventh lecture on the *Wissenschaftslehre,* he wrote that in this hour Fichte had said such things that he was moved with a great desire to press a pistol against his breast saying: "You must die now without grace; but say for the sake of your poor soul whether you intended anything clear by your mad mélange or merely took us for fools?" Certainly Fichte's style of address was not one to please Schopenhauer. After many attempts to put his *Wissenschaftslehre* before the public in an intelligible form, Fichte had grown more obscure and difficult than ever and was now perhaps even a riddle to himself. Schopenhauer indulged in many a merry jest at his expense. That the famous lecturer should discourse about the natural light of the intellect and yet remain himself as dark and impenetrable as the night itself awoke all his

irreverent humor. And however much he agreed with Fichte's voluntarism and idealism, the manner in which these tenets were deduced seemed to him simply tiddledy winks and imposture. As long as he lived he continued to hate the dialectical method of Fichte and Hegel and he rated it roundly as a deadly hocus-pocus having no purpose but to deceive the public and support the philosophers. As the years went by Schopenhauer became increasingly bitter and derisive. At the end of Fichte's *Wissenschaftslehre,* which he always referred to as the *Wissenschaftsleere* (empty of science, rather than doctrine of science), he thus reduced the whole system to a tedious fairy tale of how Being desires, out of vanity or some other reason, to behold itself. But this self-beholding turns out to be an act of production whereby it becomes apparent that Being is a pair of twins. Hereby Knowledge is born, which, in turn, craving to be active must bring forth the little child, I. From Being and its children all the forms and distinctions of the world arise, and it is such nonsense as this, according to young Schopenhauer, which has imposed upon the public so far, and gained so many converts, that it is regarded as the greatest profundity. The great reputation of such writings Schopenhauer explained to be precisely this show of profundity. After a series of affected demonstrations, developed and detailed to the absolute degree of boredom, one is agreeably surprised to find some trivial truth or shocking paradox which purports to follow from the vague or preposterous pages that went before. Such a style, he added, makes a certain appeal to those who love to read without knowing exactly what it is

all about, but especially to those who confuse cloudiness with depth.

Often in Schopenhauer's writings we hear this Rabelaisian laughter. Sometimes he expresses himself (as above) in French, which, as Gwinner says, is quite significant. For this was the language in which the common-sense of the man of the world could ridicule most effectively the trumpery and systematic ambiguity of German philosophy. At such times we see that, though Schopenhauer had forsaken the merchant career, he retains a great deal of the hard-headed good sense which his father had inculcated, and again and again we hear the crisp biting voice of his father's favorite author, Voltaire.

It was no doubt a special vexation to Schopenhauer that Fichte had begun his career with a certain recognition from Kant, and that in a great many circles he was regarded as the follower and fulfilment of the master. For Schopenhauer saw quite clearly that Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason* had made such pseudo-science as the *Wissenschaftslehre* quite impossible. The whole pretty story of the I and the Other, if it had any truth at all, could only be valid for the realm of experience and to set it up as a metaphysics was to flout the main teaching of the great *Critique*. To see Fichte reap the honors of Kant while perverting or neglecting his doctrines was a sad thing. To see him leave the ground to suspend himself in the air by his lofty spirit alone was too much. When Fichte maintained that in the Life of the Idea one rises above all sorrow or regret for the past and experiences no pang of self-denial, Schopenhauer knew

better. Such a blessed state could only be momentary, giving way in time to the despairs and tribulations which trouble the life of every man, however self-disciplined and blest he may be. "The blessed man does not regret the past," said Fichte, "for in so far as he was not in God, he was nothing." To this sophism Schopenhauer replies that if one did not have to return to that nothingness, it would be fine indeed. But unfortunately "the life of the worthiest man, however self-satisfied and therefore happy, is still only a long unintermittent restless fight without victory."

Even as a student Schopenhauer had attained to that practical Realism which was to distinguish his own philosophy from that of Fichte and the "Philosophy professors." While Fichte at the height of his soaring Idealism and patriotic eloquence preached a return to the life of pure reason as to the natural state of man, his pupil knew too much of Kant and too much of life to believe it possible. Only at rare intervals is the Will silent, only infrequently are we relieved from the pressure of the driving passions which govern consciously or unconsciously almost every act we perform, while Reason with all its pretensions is shown powerless to stem the course of nature, the threatening rumble of which precedes and follows each graceful aria of the spirit and is heard throughout, distantly, even in the highest ecstasies and dreams. Can reason be free to dispatch its own business as Fichte seemed to think possible? No, replies Schopenhauer, true to his master, Kant. Every moral act is determined by sensibility as well as by reason and only too often it is sensation, which, by its lure and vivacity, carries the day. This

is the fatality of most men. And even the greatest minds can never completely escape from the tyranny of the body. Rather with them, the conflict between the intellect and the will is intensified a hundred-fold, for if in such cases the intellect is magnified many times the will is also intensified proportionately.

Schopenhauer, like St. Augustine, and unlike most philosophers, gave full credit to the force of the evil will in men. It is this which gives his system its religious character and its breadth of human appeal.

Fichte and his pupil both looked out on the same world. They had much in common. Both denounced the folly and the meanness of their own age, one to effect a spiritual awakening, the other as a proof of pessimism. Each recognized the Will as the basic substance of the world, but while Fichte took it as a rational principle, Schopenhauer saw that the Will of nature is blind and purposeless, ever restless and impossible to satisfy.

In this general point of view of the two men there was consequently an ultimate disparity. Optimism was always quite hateful to Schopenhauer and when blended with patriotic ardor and rounded off into a sort of fleshless Idealism it was unendurable and called forth all his vehement abuse. Personally, likewise, there were irreconcilable differences which put any basic understanding quite out of the question. Suspicious by nature, Schopenhauer was especially annoyed by Fichte's rhetoric, for he feared that he was being persuaded despite himself, and illicitly. As he listened to the small energetic man with his wild hair and piercing eyes,

full of "empty pathos," imposing his doctrines from his high rostrum, he grew increasingly impatient. Fichte's success was another vexation which could not but arouse his jealousy. He himself was possessed of unusual persuasive powers and delighted in expounding his ideas. Yet here at Berlin he met with little success, and, restricting his acquaintance to a narrow circle of friends, lived in great retirement with his poodle-dog, his bust of Socrates, his portrait of Goethe. Voluntarily he therefore cut himself off from his own age and from the rich crescendo of the new German culture. The more he withdrew from the leading movements of his time, the less sympathy he felt for them, the more he was inclined to treat them as accidental or spurious. This recoil from the present naturally turned his mind to the past and he immersed himself more than ever in his favorite classical authors.

He was naturally attracted likewise to those unfortunates who were rejected by the existing society and visited the insane at the Charity Hospital repeatedly. For them, as for animals, he felt the deepest sympathy (more than for normal men), but his scientific curiosity ever taking advantage of chance occasion, he watched and studied them narrowly while he helped them. Two patients in particular took his fancy. They were fully aware of their insanity but unable to control it and talked most rationally in their periods of clarity. Schopenhauer came to the conclusion that madness is a disturbance of the laws of experience (the forms and categories) but that the insane, just because of this derangement of the conventional understanding, are capable at

times of seeing beyond the purview of ordinary men. This capacity they have in common with genius. Holding such generous views Schopenhauer could not agree, of course, with Fichte's antithesis of godlike genius and beastlike insanity. Most interesting in this connection is his opinion, (cited by Gwinner) that the worst thing a man can do is to repress his quirks and idiosyncracies and never permit himself to speak of them, for such repression only strengthens the quirk into a fixed idea and conducts in the end to the madhouse. Here Schopenhauer anticipates, as in other cases, the theories of the modern psychoanalytic school.

When Schopenhauer had studied at Berlin two years, the society which he had denounced and left to its own resources suddenly declared itself in a manner which it was impossible to ignore. In 1813 the invincible army of Napoleon paused menacingly in the distance and Germany, armed with the zeal of Fichte and other spokesmen of its national aspirations, determined to shake off its chains. Schopenhauer did not linger long but departed, for a number of good reasons, with great haste, leaving his books and possessions behind.

IV

THE ZEUS OF WEIMAR

WEIMAR, 1813–1814

WHEN in 1813 the formidable standards of Napoleon again hovered threateningly in the distance and Germany roused herself with a supreme effort to escape from her disgrace and dependence, Schopenhauer remained immersed in philosophy and followed his own star undauntedly. Indeed, the young philosopher maintained his calm and independence in the same lofty spirit as did the poet Goethe at this time. About him he heard the clamor and bombast which always attend an enlistment and watched the parade of stupidity and false emotions with a shrewd contempt which was necessarily suppressed. Though he equipped volunteers and bought one a handsome sword and behaved in all very generously toward his student companions, he was far from any thought of taking the field himself. Germany, he once said, had not educated him to be a patriot. Dantzig had been his native city but from there he had been driven by the very Prussians who now claimed his adherence. His wide travels and cosmopolitan education in various European countries had also given him a breadth of sympathy and understanding which was the very reverse

of patriotic zeal. It was, moreover, a deep conviction of his, as he later wrote to the Jena faculty, that he had been born to serve the world not with his fist but with his head. As the lectures were discontinued at the University and Berlin itself was threatened, Schopenhauer provided himself with weapons against an attack, but though he safeguarded his possessions as best he could a considerable amount of money was stolen nor was the thief ever discovered. After this mishap he withdrew from the city hastily, resolved to finish his doctor's dissertation in a place of more quiet and safety.

Though he sympathized with Germany's struggle for independence, he also admired the genius of Napoleon, and was far from judging him according to the usual standard as the very devil incarnate. There were those about him, indeed, who thought that an eternity of tortures would scarcely be punishment enough for such wickedness. Schopenhauer corrected them. Napoleon is no more culpable, he wrote, than any of those who will the same thing without having the power to carry it out. It is by virtue of the extraordinary power conferred upon the Emperor that the full wickedness of the human will is disclosed and the misery of a generation, which is but the necessary complement, discloses the suffering which is unavoidably connected with the exercise of the evil Will throughout the world. Napoleon's appearance in the world was thus enough of itself to prove that life is not an idle dream of pleasure, but a tragedy in which the will to life becomes conscious of itself and turns aside. "Bonaparte is but a powerful mirror of the Will to life."

Curiously enough Hegel, Schopenhauer's great rival to be, held similar views of Napoleon. On seeing him riding through Jena one day, Hegel exclaimed quite contentedly, "I saw the Emperor, this world soul, ride out into the town to reconnoitre; it is indeed a strange impression to see such an individual who concentrates here at one point, as, sitting on his horse, he grasps the world and rules it." In general he was quite willing to accept the superior arms of Napoleon as expressing a higher thrust of cultural development. Even Goethe, the high priest of the "German Athens," was not proof against the allure of Napoleon, who won him over in a single interview and moved him to awe and admiration. "Shake away at your chains," he told the Germans, "the man is too great for you."

Napoleon's drastic career served Schopenhauer as a vivid and intensified picture of the ruthless cosmic Will and was thus a spur to his own philosophy.

As Schopenhauer fled to Weimar by way of Dresden he was stopped on the way to act as an interpreter between French soldiers and German villagers and soon brought them into rapport. On arriving at Weimar he found a stranger ensconced in his mother's house, eating his meals at her table, commanding her servants, accompanying her when she went out, assisting her in her literary work, and possessing her affection and consideration to such an extent that Schopenhauer was not long in feeling himself indignant and lonely and disgraced by his mother's conduct. She could never have loved her husband, he thought, who so soon forgot his honor. Finding the house unbearable with

this intruder who seemed to have supplanted him in his mother's affections and who certainly had irritated him beyond words, Schopenhauer left for the quiet town of Rudolstadt.

Here he devoted himself with great energy to his doctor's dissertation which he called: *The Fourfold Root of the Principle of Sufficient Reason.* Under this remarkable title he treated the old problem of the different kinds of necessity in the world. Plato, Aristotle, The Scholastics, Leibnitz, had all treated the same subject, but Schopenhauer's doctrine, it will not be surprising to notice, was largely Kantian. The principle of Sufficient Reason takes four forms: the logical, transcendental, physical, and moral, corresponding to which are four kinds of objects, which are respectively: propositions and concepts, mathematical objects, causal connections in the physical world, and psychological states. Though this work was hasty and in some respects immature, it was a remarkably lucid statement of a Kantian doctrine and a stepping-stone to Schopenhauer's philosophical system, of which it remained the necessary foundation.

On finishing it he sent it off to the Jena faculty accompanied by a long letter in Latin explaining the course of his studies briefly and adding a supplication that his essay be criticized and, if possible, accepted for the doctor's degree. Of his work the young writer is apparently somewhat doubtful. He requests information as to its originality and shows himself, in all, much more modest and diffident than at any later period of his life. Not long after in the fall of 1813 he received his doctor's diploma and in the full pride and wonder of it could not resist the temptation of inscrib-

ing his name and his new title on the window pane with a diamond.

When he returned to Weimar, however, his mother was not in the least impressed with his new honor. In the full bent of her own literary career, befriended by great men, her tedious novel, *Gabriele,* praised and applauded so gratifyingly by Goethe himself, she was in no mood to celebrate immature productions of that violent, harsh-grained, gloomy young man, her son. On seeing the title of his doctor's dissertation, *The Fourfold Root of the Principle of Sufficient Reason,* she inquired maliciously if that was not something for an apothecary, whereupon her son replied, "It will still be read when there does not remain a copy of your writings on the shelves." "Of yours the whole edition will still be available," she answered. Time has proved, of course, that the son was in the right. The once popular novelist, Johanna Schopenhauer, is utterly forgotten, while Arthur Schopenhauer is read by a larger public, perhaps, than any other philosopher.

His thesis, which was published in Jena at his own expense, soon appeared in a small edition, and he lost no time in sending away proudly the first few copies. One went to Goethe, another to Professor Schulze at Göttingen (his first philosophy teacher), and another to an old business associate at Hamburg. Although the young philosopher already professed a scorn for critics and reviewers he could not but be delighted with Schulze's generous approval. It was especially gratifying inasmuch as his essay was largely a defense of Kant against just such writers as Schulze. Schopenhauer had listened to all his skeptical arguments

against Kant with no other effect than that of making him a complete convert and every attack on the great master had only strengthened his adherence. Yet Schulze was anything but discouraged. He praised the insight and the style of his pupil which promised, he said, great things for the future, and appended a detailed account of his disagreements. Although Schopenhauer received recognition from other sources and some sharp criticism, his book got in all very little attention. Perhaps it contained too little that was new, reproducing in too orthodox a manner the Kantian doctrine that was already well known. Certainly it neglected the whole philosophical development since Kant and had not a word to say of Fichte or Schelling or Hegel though these were the names which dominated the stage in those days. No doubt to many casual readers *The Fourfold Root of the Principle of Sufficient Reason* must have seemed a reactionary and ill-timed work.

When Schopenhauer returned triumphantly to Weimar, a doctor of philosophy, he met with no royal welcome. A stranger had already established himself there, as we have said, eating his substance, threatening his honor, and, like Odysseus after his travels, Schopenhauer was decidedly displeased and dark with plans of expulsion. Müller von Gerstenberg, a poetic young man of thirty-three who had recently come to Weimar as an assessor, was still in attendance upon his mother, intruding upon her time and affairs and her affections in a manner which was very offensive to Arthur. For some time he had not only eaten at his mother's table but lived in the same house and ordered the same servants.

Arthur, who knew as well as anybody how to be downright and plain spoken, accused her at once of improper relations with Gerstenberg and violent scenes followed in which the mother sought in vain to justify herself. Her friendship with this young man, she maintained, was quite Platonic. He was very pleasant and useful to her. Why should she give him up? Why should she sacrifice him to her son's caprice? But Arthur, for his part, could not endure the man, nor allow his mother a different view. He baited him at every meal until the "spiritual friend" could endure it no longer. Under these circumstances hostilities could not long be averted, for the two men soon fell into a violent altercation, and Johanna, realizing that this state of affairs could not continue, that something must be done to preserve the order and harmony of her establishment, wrote her son, as her custom was when she had anything unpleasant to say, a lengthy letter. A few days later Arthur left Weimar not to return and though his mother lived twenty-four years longer, she never saw him again.

The causes of this final estrangement were numerous and cumulative through the years. Even during his Hamburg days Arthur had complained of his mother's extravagance. She had set up an establishment in Weimar which was beyond her means and travelled and entertained far too lavishly. All her protestations to the contrary could not reassure him. She was spending his inheritance vainly and thoughtlessly as a woman will nearly always do (as he later wrote), when she has it in her power. When he had received his inheritance Schopenhauer continued to regret his

mother's vanity and spendthrift ways. Added to this was the intermittent fear that, though well advanced in the forties, she might decide upon another husband. How could she think of living with a new husband with the money she had inherited from the first? Schopenhauer was furious. Johanna, naturally, did what she could to reassure him, but she could not deny, of course, that she had had various handsome offers and was surrounded almost constantly with the most flattering attentions. Her coquettish interest in men had begun, indeed, soon after her husband's death with the appearance of the curious Dr. Bébé. Then the councillor K. F. A. Conta became her "soul friend," attending her at her house and abroad with intimate services and constant devotion. No, she could not help telling her son of the remarkable fidelity of this adorer who came and went and breathed only for her sake.

Of all Johanna's admirers, Fernow had been the worthiest and most distinguished, but he was old and very ill, she wrote her son. He need have no fear on that score. When Fernow's sickness grew alarmingly worse, Johanna took him into her own home and cared for him there. When he died she wrote his biography, which was the beginning of her literary career. She had, indeed, profited much from her association with this gifted man. He had educated her, formed her taste, introduced her to the treasures of Italian art and taught her to write, but he, for her dear friendship, had been endlessly grateful. Their relationship actually did seem to have been as ideal and beautiful as those described in Johanna's novels. It was a regrettable circumstance, how-

ever, that during this friendship, Fernow was estranged from his beautiful young Italian wife who died shortly before him, lonely and neglected.

At Fernow's burial Johanna became acquainted with his friend, the painter, Gerhard von Kügelgen, whom she visited various times in Dresden and always praised inordinately. Then came other acquaintances. An offer of marriage from a rich Frankfurt merchant, another from a nobleman. But her freedom was too dear to her, she wrote her son, to be sacrificed on any account, though there was no lack of suitors. She preferred the homage of great men, however condescending, the literary tittle-tattle and story-telling, the brush of interesting souls, and she adored the bland coquetry of spiritual friendships. She continued flirtatious, in fact, even as an old woman. No wonder her son did not understand her. To her diversions he was a stranger fundamentally and sincerely skeptical of those disinterested friendships between the sexes which were the very food his poor mother lived on. For him all such parleyings were but the standard preparation for the purposes of nature.

But it was Gerstenberg who really brought matters to a head and prompted the life-long separation of mother and son. Up to the fall of 1814, Arthur had borne his mother's vanity, extravagance, and womanly susceptibility, with anger and sarcasm, to be sure, but quite mildly for him. Now he flew to arms. She must choose between them, for it was obvious that both could not live under one roof. Thus the lively widow was forced to a very embarrassing

decision. On the one hand was the handsome stately young councillor, a most agreeable companion, a decided aid to her in her literary career — a devoted friend who depended upon her most gratifyingly for inspiration and required just those delicate consolations and soul excursions of which she was a master. On the other hand was a cross-grained, tyrannical young man, opposed to her wishes and contemptuous of her life among beautiful souls, her own flesh and blood, of course, but determined and gloomy, and desperately hard to get on with. Gerstenberg could tell the most delightful stories (he was the author of the poems which appeared in Johanna's novel *Gabriele* and *The Kaledonean Tales*), and often added a moral thereto which made his performances a profit as well as a pleasure. Arthur meanwhile would sit by fiendishly waiting, as his mother could tell, darting cynicism with his sharp blue eyes into the midst of romance and smug morality and he made from time to time the most ominous and disconcerting comments. It is needless to say this spoiled it all for Johanna.

Another constant source of rancor in these days was Arthur's spiteful attitude toward the war, his contempt for the soldiers who had volunteered for one reason or another to serve their country, and his ridicule of the strident patriotism about him. For Johanna, swept along in the full current of national feeling, all this was highly offensive. She could not bear to hear his ridicule and his savage contempt, nor could Gerstenberg, though he himself did not feel it necessary to enlist. Johanna did not go so far as to accuse her son of cowardice, though this would have been a natural

step for the patriot. She accused his friend Gans who agreed with Arthur, thus suggesting the other thought which she perhaps lacked courage to express.

This young friend had come with Arthur to Weimar, where he lived entirely at his expense in his mother's house, and being present on all occasions, interfered so much with the freedom of the lively widow, that she decided at all costs to get rid of him. But when she complained to her son of these household arrangements and of the burden of housing the young Jew, Gans, Arthur's only reply was an offer to pay more for his pension. This was not at all what Johanna wanted. It was a pity, she explained in her lengthy letter, that she could not follow her desire and board them for nothing. With tears she had begged him to come to stay with her because she thought it was for his good to live in a family again. Even now in spite of all the misery and vexation he has brought upon her, she does "not mean to show him the door." She merely states it as her opinion that "it is not good for mother and her grown-up independent son to live in *one* establishment" and concludes with the remark: "When you have determined upon your departure, tell me, still there is no hurry, I do not need to know it long in advance." In spite of the decisive character of these lines, she assures her "dear Arthur" that she will not choose between him and Gerstenberg. She will have him leave the house but live in Weimar where, perhaps, he can call on her from time to time. She stands prepared, she says, with counsel and help at all times.

Thus Johanna sacrificed her son for Gerstenberg, a man

who never achieved distinction of any kind but lived to torture her and her daughter with his caprice and selfishness. In his stateliness, beauty, and promise, there proved to be little that was true and much pretension, while her son turned out to be, in his own way, altogether sterling and solid. For years Johanna suffered the vicissitudes of a most exacting friendship from which she finally attempted to extricate herself by marrying her friend to her daughter, Adele. That was as good a way of getting rid of him as another. But there she met with the unexpected and unprecedented opposition of Adele herself, who refused in the course of many waverings of feeling to marry a man whom she could not love.

Schopenhauer has often been censured for an unfilial attitude toward his mother, but there is little question but that she was largely to blame for the discord and infelicities which arose. Indeed her failure as a mother is much more striking than his, as a son. No doubt her own literary friendships and ambitions often blinded her to the great purposes and promise of her son, and no doubt, too, his gloomy and irascible temper made her forget how much he needed the mother's more undiscriminating and spontaneous love. Yet had she been a mother of the kind she admired so much in her own novels, she would have risen above these circumstances with that finer immediate glow of duty and irrefragable love, and she would have fought for her son's distinction like the well-known lioness, with as little thought of herself. The truth, however, is sadly reversed. Not only did she fail to recognize his genius, she failed to see his charm or to allow for his weaknesses and she scarcely bore with his

character at all. Her manner toward him was aloof, critical, superior, such as sometimes suggested the horror of a maiden aunt, to whose wisdom one is deeply indebted and whose advice must be accepted in return for her many services.

Johanna, of course, had her charming and gracious moments. She was a mother of sorts. Yet she fell far short of her own ideal. According to the standard to which her heroines conform, Johanna was certainly culpable, for these delicate long-suffering creatures put *duty* before any consideration of love, happiness, or convenience. When Gabriele feels it her duty to marry a man that she does not love (and who is rather worthless besides) and sacrifice her beloved, she does not hesitate but suffers silently and sweetly the blackest fate. But the woman who was responsible for the vogue of the novel of self-sacrifice in early nineteenth-century Germany was not remarkable for this quality herself. Rather she seemed to have prized her spiritual adventures and her quiet pursuit of superficial culture quite above her maternal duty. So much so, indeed, that never did she take the trouble to read her son's works, which she rated far below her lightest novel, and though she had many opportunities to advertise his writings and bring them to the attention of important people, it is doubtful if she ever bestirred herself in his behalf. That her relations with Gerstenberg, on the other hand, were morally improper, as Arthur thought, is very questionable, for there is ample evidence, heavens knows, that she was a woman who could be only too satisfied by the soul-quizzing, the probing and deep exchange, which precede a downright passion.

Perhaps the most unfortunate consequence of Arthur's

break with his mother was that he was thereby separated from his sister to whom he had always been very much attached. Adele, though unquestionably ugly with her protruding blue eyes and aggressive teeth, was nevertheless a girl of rather remarkable gifts. She could cut silhouettes, draw, and paint, and was particularly successful with water colors and delicate effects. She proved, moreover, an almost indispensable aid to the poet, Gerstenberg, for she alone seemed to understand him and to prompt his invention. Her talents, in fact, were such that even Goethe showed the greatest interest in her endeavors and her company, so that despite her ugliness she belongs in the illustrious list of his favorites. Unfortunately, however, she suffered all her life by the force and wavering vivacity of her feelings. Now she was madly but hopelessly in love with one man, now with another, and sometimes with several at the same time. At one period she and her bosom friend, Ottilie von Goethe, were in love with the same man, hopelessly, of course, and then despair and sorrow rises in shrieks from their correspondence. Alas, Adele did not have her mother's ability of moderating her emotions to nicely fit the occasion, nor her brother's power of suppressing them occasionally by force of intellect. Having much of her brother's violent passion she could neither conquer nor gratify it and was doomed to a sad and futile life; cursed by her mother's tyranny and her own unfortunate appearance, she throbbed through the years most dismally. For her, as for Arthur, it would have been a consolation had they been able to correspond, but Johanna forbade Adele to communicate or receive any letters from her

brother, and no doubt knew how to present him in the sorriest light.

But while Arthur was losing mother, sister, and home he had formed a friendship with a man whom he respected more than any of his contemporaries. It may be said, in fact, that of all the famous men who attended his mother's salon it was Goethe alone who inspired him with any respect. In all Weimar there was only one other person whom Schopenhauer sincerely admired. This was, oddly enough, the actress Karoline Jägermann (the favorite of the Duke, Karl August) and the relentless and powerful enemy of Goethe. His passion for this beautiful young person was extreme. "I would take her home," he told his mother, "though I found her breaking stones in the street." For the young ladies, his sister's friends, Arthur seemed to have formed no particular attachment but rather frightened them away with his bizarre and violent manner. But if Arthur had few devotions in Weimar, his passion for Goethe was compensatory. "The ornament of our century and of the German nation, the great Goethe whose name will be on the lips of all time," as he later wrote, "held me worthy of his friendship and his association." Goethe had first been attracted to Arthur by *The Fourfold Root of the Principle of Sufficient Reason* and particularly the sections which dealt with the development of Geometry out of "Intuition," and which criticized the awkward and misleading deductive proofs in Euclid. The propositions of Geometry, Schopenhauer had maintained, are much more easily and conclusively established (transcendentally) by perception than by the tedious formal proofs of

the mathematicians. Goethe who stressed *vision* so much (though he hardly understood the Kantian Intuition) was immensely pleased and, rising from his chair in the midst of a large company at the Schopenhauer salon, complimented the young man heartily on his work. Seeing in young Schopenhauer a supporter in his conflict with orthodox and crabbed scientists, Goethe undertook to interest him in his theory of colors and color vision. He accordingly sent him the materials and apparatus of his color theory and explained the complicated experiments by which it was established.

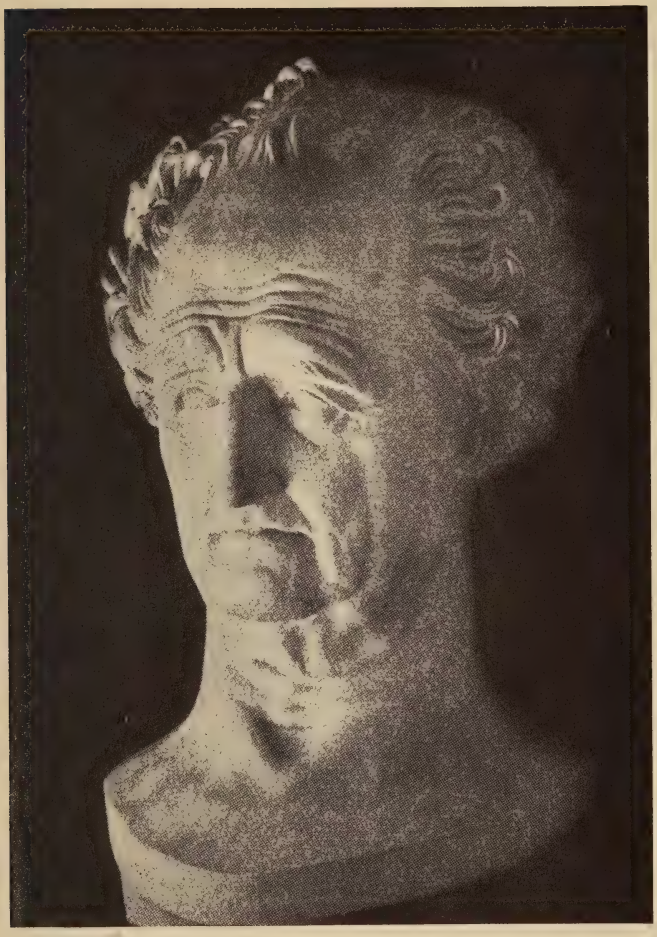
The main point of controversy was the composition of white light, Goethe maintaining against Newton that it is not complex but simple. For if white light contained all the colors, why is not a spectrum seen when one looks through a prism toward a white wall? Here Goethe forgot that in such a simple experiment various spectra may be superimposed upon another, thus producing white again. But Arthur was convinced. Though the rest of the civilized world agreed with Newton against Goethe, Schopenhauer always stood fast by his side and became in a short time his most ardent supporter. Oddly enough, Hegel, who of all philosophers Schopenhauer hated most, was also a supporter of Goethe's unhappy doctrine. But the physicists, in spite of their respect for the great poet, were decidedly against it. Goethe certainly had something to say to artists but he could not lay down laws on physics.

But Schopenhauer was too self-willed and independent to submit to Goethe's doctrine passively without criticism. He saw clearly that it needed completion. Goethe had attempted

to explain too many of the color phenomena by the distorting and complex effects of a disturbing medium. Arthur, who regarded physiology as the foundation-stone of the sciences, and had, moreover, the precedent of Descartes and other philosophers before him, could not neglect the determining importance of the visual organs. He agreed with Goethe that color is produced by the blending in various proportions of light and darkness, but insisted that it is the retina of the eye, which by its qualitatively various and proportioned reactions produces all the color and all the shimmering surfaces of the world. "Colors are in the eye," he proclaimed as a final truth. The retina, according to his doctrine, reacts to light with a balanced activity. The highest activity results in the perception of white; the lowest, black; three quarters, orange; one quarter, blue; one half, red, etc. These fractions, of course, were quite arbitrary, resting, as Schopenhauer himself said, entirely on the insight of genius. Yet he was not less proud of them on that account and was angry as a lion when, years later, they were stolen from him and published without recognition. Also it must be said that there was no experimental proof for Schopenhauer's theory; for which, however, he can scarcely be blamed, for the nature of those structures in the retina which convert wave lengths into a display of color is still quite hypothetical, nor have the physiological theories of Hering and Ladd-Franklin, which Schopenhauer anticipated by a happy insight, succeeded in lifting the cloud of mystery.

But that color is entirely subjective, being dependent for its parade upon the functioning of the sense organs was

more than Goethe would admit. Objective and realistic in his poetry he remained so, naïvely and to Schopenhauer's despair, in philosophy, but while he gave some heed at times to criticisms of his poetry, his color theory had grown so dear to him through the years that he could scarcely bear the slightest disagreement. Partly perhaps this was due to the subject itself. William James has said that oddly enough no one seems able to study the localization of function in the brain without becoming rancorous and violent, and an old adage has it that while a bull goes mad when flouted with red, a philosopher raves at the very mention of color. At any rate, Goethe did not relish the work of his young supporter nor take kindly to his physiological addition, and when Schopenhauer sent him his article concerning *Vision and Colors* with a request that he subscribe to it and sign his name for joint publication, Goethe refused. He was too old, he complained, to learn another man's system and found it difficult, nay impossible, either to hear or to resolve a contradiction. The subjectivity of color was indeed too much for him. "What," Goethe exclaimed staring at the young man with his 'Jupiter eyes,' "the light is only there in so far as you see it? No. You would not be there if the light did not see you." Schopenhauer was silent. This was half the truth, as he was later to prove. The world is independent of the subject. This Goethe had taught him. But the world is also dependent upon the subject in a certain sense. This he had learned from Kant. Thus arose *The World as Will and Idea,* embodying both truths, and profoundly quickened by the spirit of his two great masters.



Goethe, a bust by David d'Angers
in the Weimar Library

Though there was little evidence for Schopenhauer's theory, he was not long in becoming inordinately certain of it. There was no doubt in his mind that it was the first true and final doctrine, he wrote to Goethe. In time it would be taught to children in the schools and no doubt it would bring him great renown unless it unhappily should be stolen. Nevertheless every word he has written on the subject of color vision is inspired by Goethe's theory, which, he says, may be compared to a vast pyramid of which his own physiological addendum is the indispensable apex, without which it would not be a pyramid at all. Goethe, who thought he had completed his own pyramid, was not at all pleased or grateful, which was undoubtedly *his* mistake, for Schopenhauer proved himself in the eyes of many a most capable defender of Goethe's doctrine. Here was a meeting of two great egotists. Schopenhauer, who never bowed his head to any man except Goethe and Goethe who never really bowed to any, perhaps, but Napoleon. Despite the disappointment of not securing Goethe's assent, Schopenhauer continued to venerate him all his life and while he regarded himself as the model philosopher, he allowed Goethe the same distinction in poetry. Thus in a quaint passage he tells us that the poet has characteristically a high forehead (Goethe's forehead was unusually high) while the philosopher, and here he thought of himself, has a low, broad forehead.

Though Goethe failed to accept Schopenhauer's theory, he was quick in his praise and watched Arthur's growing estrangement from his mother with sad concern. "The young Schopenhauer," he wrote, "has shown himself a remarkable

and interesting man. . . . He is occupied with a certain sharp-sighted obstinacy in bringing a Paroli and Sixleva into the card-play of our new philosophy. One must wait to see if he passes with the gentlemen of profession in their guild; I find him ingenious and spirited and the rest I leave to be determined." During the winter of 1814 Goethe called him to his house many times where they conversed for hours together, not only of colors and color vision but of many things besides, and no doubt Schopenhauer had many opportunities to air his philosophical views and his sturdy pessimism before the intellectual prince of Germany. The old god watched this young man, "so difficult to understand," half perplexed and repelled, half admiring. Once at a party while Schopenhauer stood ruminating by the window in a dour mood, the young girls, finding his manner strange, began to titter. Goethe admonished them to be quiet. "That young man is growing heads beyond us all," he said. This was truer perhaps than Goethe realized. Schopenhauer was already thinking in a manner which was beyond his period, in which he was consequently a stranger, and he was formulating a system which was to express the distinctive quality of the nineteenth century. Caught up in its triumphant pageant he turned his back to the eighteenth century. While his mother taunted and the girls tittered, he faced his Scylla and Charybdis with an epic courage. Goethe could not understand, but with his poet's divination he saw that something unusual was happening.

Later Goethe wrote: "Dr. Schopenhauer came to my side as a well-meaning friend. We concerned ourselves with

many things in agreement, still at last a certain division was not to be avoided; just as when two friends, who have heretofore gone hand in hand, the one now desires to turn north, the other south — they soon lose sight of each other." Yet he would have shuddered quite literally had he known that the *Erdgeist* which barely appears in the first scene of *Faust,* was to become the principal, ghastly theme of the philosopher Schopenhauer. The sixty-four-year-old poet looked at this strange young philosopher with uneasy scrutiny. He did not dream that this same incomprehensible man would be recognized in later times as the very embodiment of his own great Faust, with all his conflict of sage and sensualist and with all his high, dangerous striving. Yet a vague sense of this lurid destiny must have been intimated in the manner and speech of Schopenhauer, and it was this which made the disquieting difference. It is significant that, although there was a difference of forty years between them, Goethe never exhibited that pontifical superiority which he later showed toward Eckermann.

He continued to follow with interest the exploits of his young friend, while Schopenhauer remembered the great man with something of the sense of a triumph of all humanity achieved, and never ceased to venerate him second only to Shakespeare among the princes of literature. His hours with Goethe he rated as the happiest and most fortunate he had ever spent. When in May 1814 Schopenhauer left for Dresden, being attracted by the advantages, cultural and otherwise, of a large city and moved by a desire to be his own master, he paid Goethe a parting call. The master

then wrote a few lines in his album which Arthur valued so highly that throughout his life no other mortal was allowed to make an entry.

If you will enjoy your own worth
The world must bestow it on you.
In sequel to and remembrance of
Many intimate conversations.
Goethe

Although Schopenhauer prized these lines above everything, they embodied a thoroughgoing criticism of his disposition and outlook which he may well have noticed. Goethe had no doubt noticed that, though contemptuous of the world, his young admirer was most eager for its praise.

Once in Dresden, a correspondence ensued between the two men which proved most revealing of their characters and differences. Goethe, preoccupied with his Rhein journey and his many other diversions and duties, has little time to give to color vision or to Schopenhauer's essay on the subject, while the author himself can think of nothing else. His writings, he assures the great man, are so far from being a mere incident in his life that they are rather his principal concern and more important than anything that could ever happen to him as an individual. When Goethe commends his essay and praises his "candour and faithfulness," he is delighted that Goethe has divined those precise qualities which distinguish his present work and all, he adds, that he may write in the future. It is his nature, he explains, to remain restless and dissatisfied so long as a fragment of an

object under his consideration does not show in pure clear contour.

Nor could Schopenhauer remain content with Goethe's generous but undiscriminating praise. He craved a circumstantial criticism, an active participation, and he hoped that the poet would set aside their differences as of little account, recognizing in his essay the completion and final vindication of the one true theory. Two years later in bitter disappointment, he wrote a concluding letter in which his resentment struggles vainly with his overwhelming respect for Goethe. After picturing his growing despair at Goethe's cool reception of his work, he quickly adds that he is far from venturing a reproof, for Goethe has accomplished so much, not only for his contemporaries but for all men who are to come, that every single individual has become his debtor, and no one has a right to make the slightest claim against him. "Yet it has come hard to me to give up this fondest hope." It would have been gratifying indeed to have secured the approval of one of the great men scattered through time and space among the millions, for he knows how the mob will bellow against his essay, in the rostrum and the periodicals. Still he has made such progress in his hatred of mankind since he sent Goethe his work that he is now in a great mood to pay no heed to them whatever.

Schopenhauer's last meeting with Goethe occurred years later in 1819. He had hurried back from Italy on hearing of a great disaster affecting the family fortunes, and now in Weimar made haste to pay his respects to the old poet. In the latter's notebook an entry appears concerning

Schopenhauer's call. " A visit of Dr. Schopenhauer, a meritorious young man commonly misjudged, yet also difficult to understand, stirred me up and prompted to a mutual instruction." When Schopenhauer arrived, Goethe, who was in the garden speaking to some gentleman, received him with cold surprise, rose up in his immaculate black suit with the one famous bright star on his breast, and faced him with that awful dignity for which he was noted. And he seemed quite annoyed that the young man whom he believed in Italy should suddenly make his appearance in Weimar. He told him to return in an hour as he was occupied at the moment. This intervening hour must have been a very painful one for Schopenhauer, for when he returned he was still unable to throw off the depression occasioned by this unexpected rebuff. But Goethe, when he saw how deeply his young admirer was affected, and got a measure of his reverence and attachment, laid aside the Olympian robes, and took him in his arms.

V

THE BIRTH OF WESTERN PESSIMISM

DRESDEN, 1814–1818

SCHOPENHAUER did not choose to live in Jena where he might have consorted with other philosophers with the greatest profit. At the age of twenty-six his mind was already settling in its own channel, obeying its own deep currents and commanding its way in the face of the world. Other philosophers could have little to tell him now. Like Berkeley, Hume, and other philosophical prodigies at their high time, he had passed beyond the need of any tutelage. Already the green earth swirled in its star-swung space, the plants sought the sun, the ravening animals sought one another and men groaned and fought and gazed in a manner which exactly fitted his formula. In short, the world which had baffled him so long with its mysteries and cruelties and which he had despaired of ever understanding, had suddenly succumbed and lay before him in its vast blind majesty, unriddled. In his exuberance he could not contain himself. He gloated upon the world; he celebrated himself; and he called upon God whom he seldom mentioned on other occasions. "I am blest with fruit," he cried, "like a mother with child and, like her, have no idea of the manner in which it grows

and matures within me." Certainly every painting or melody, every argument, novel, metaphysical or learned work, indeed, every fragment of his experience in this period contributed to the nourishment of the coming child. And through it all rang the shrill horns of appeasing triumph, brazen, skin-freezing, cachinnating music, throwing heart and brain and muscles into the utmost activity and sweeping away every old grievance and infelicity which haunted the past. The four years in which Schopenhauer conceived and formulated his great pessimistic system was the blessed joyous time of his life.

The scene of this remarkable activity was the beautiful city of Dresden, the art centre of Germany, and it was while walking upon the banks of the gracious Elbe that he conceived some of his finest thoughts. These he wrote down in crisp aphoristic style in a notebook, stopping short for a moment in his rapid stride, and when he paused his dog paused too, considerately. The dazzling chromatic roofs, the sun and the water were an endless inspiration to him and like J. J. Rousseau his best thoughts came to him on the wing. On the other hand, the company in which he found himself in Dresden was hardly one to please a young philosopher so intolerant and exacting. It was a city of dilettantes and light literati, lively, clever, shallow spirits, with a sprinkling of first-rate artists. Among Schopenhauer's closest friends, for example, were three of the most popular writers of Germany. One, Karl Heun, who introduced the sentimental, slippery novel into German, sold his sweet stories everywhere. Another, Friedrich August Schulze, wrote as

many as two hundred frivolous volumes which were soon forgotten, while Gustav Schilling, who composed many casual stories picturing the miseries of the people in an alternating style of humor and pity, won Schopenhauer's admiration particularly and was a great favorite with him.

Among the philosopher's friends at this time were also many trivial scribblers of the day, critics, journalists, men of the kind for whom he never ceased to express a frank abhorrence. Even at this time he openly taunted them, yet somehow was often found at those very cafés at which they were accustomed to amuse themselves. On these occasions a violent scene would often ensue, Schopenhauer playing the villain's part, nailing them down with his logic and good sense, worrying them with his biting sarcasm, quoting all Shakespeare's and Goethe's abuse with immediate application to his companions, who sat for hours with their legs crossed under the whist table ordering beer after beer in a vain effort to compose themselves. For these gentlemen who were producing the literature of the day, Schopenhauer was an *enfant terrible,* a bogey, a scourge, but few of them were daring enough to cross swords with him. With scholars, art-critics, painters, and actors he also consorted at this time. In their company he nourished those deep sympathies and enthusiasms which were soon to blossom forth into one of the most famous aesthetic theories in history. Yet if he had chafed and cursed at his mother's artistic and literary friends, how could he have lived on any terms with these? Schopenhauer, it so developed, could put on the man of the world if he chose and enjoy the most diversified things. The absence

of his mother was also a beneficent influence, while the sense of his system elaborating itself with such quiet beauty no doubt raised his mood and enabled him to endure the days in such company.

His pessimism, moreover, was not of the sort which delights in silence or insists on loneliness. In a convivial life he could give it the airing and exercise it needed and no doubt it took great nourishment in the usual number of his present associates. They were not his equals. Of this he was painfully conscious. Yet, try as he would, he could make few allowances but held them all up to the same high mark that he set for himself. They consequently endured much of his ill temper and rudeness, and were constantly exposed to his satire and brilliant abuse. Over their friendly beer he watched his companions with a bright, shrewd eye, in which the fanatical gleam of the lover of truth could scarcely be distinguished from the glint of malice and irony. Courtesy, he once said, is only a mask to egoism. It was not for him to mince matters or play the hypocrite. If his friends erred against sense, or his own good judgment, they were in for it irremediably and the volley that followed left them gasping, it would appear, between pain and admiration. As they looked over the table at this little man with his stiff back, his blond head and blue eyes, with his violent gestures and his shrill voice, proclaiming and denouncing, his appearance took on a wrathful and menacing aspect that set them all on edge and there were few who did not fear his desolating judgment. It came very often. At twenty-seven Schopenhauer's opinions on all artistic and scientific subjects seemed

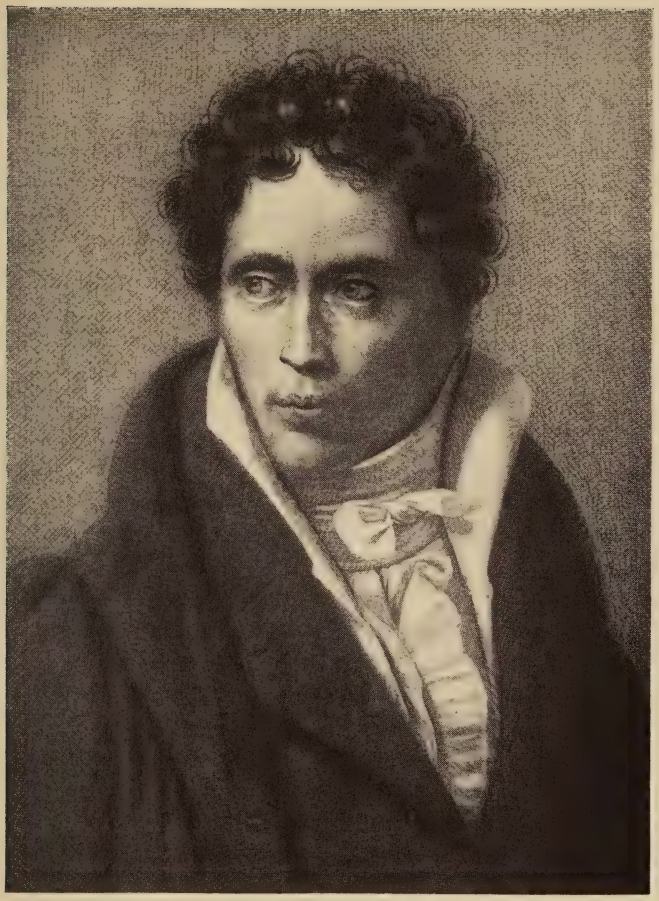
already fixed and unalterable and here he would bear no contradiction. In his circle at Dresden he therefore acquired the nickname "Jupiter tonans" (thundering Jupiter).

Yet he had a more amiable side, too, which was especially apparent during his long swift walks along the Elbe. On such occasions his mood rose to a splendid peak of geniality while he spoke of the theatre, drama, and many other matters, so that those who accompanied him were well repaid. In general his friends seem to have put up with him remarkably well, for despite his rudeness and vicious sallies he became a great favorite and was held in high respect by most of those who suffered his moods. Indeed, his rough brutal humor had much appeal, even to his victims, while his energy and enthusiasm, so bold and unwearied, was too childlike and irresistible not to delight them. His honest passion for the truth, so evident on all occasions, was also a winning quality as was his sympathy for the natural weaknesses and the unpretentious sufferings of his fellows. His Dresden friends never forgot him.

Years later Schulze wrote a most sympathetic account of Schopenhauer's character and understanding and declared that his acquaintance with the brilliant unknown young man was among the happiest events of his life. When Schopenhauer read this publication he wrote to another of his Dresden friends, the art historian Quandt, to thank the good, old, beloved, faithful Schulze from his heart. Quandt, a dilettante in philosophy, was naturally a splendid target for Schopenhauer's sarcasm, yet bore his cross in the best of humor. He relates how Schopenhauer had thought so little

of his judgment that whenever he expressed a clever idea, the latter would turn to him with the question: "Where did you read that?"—as if he gathered all his thoughts from the sweepings of the daily literature. Yet Quandt remained faithful to Schopenhauer all his life. His relations to Heun, a man of wide experience and travels, nearly twenty years his senior, were also very amicable, though in argument this journalist and representative of all that Schopenhauer hated in literature could show himself at times quite capable. In his quiet study in the garden house on the Ostra Allee, Schopenhauer received his friend and also the young painter, Ludwig Sigismund Ruhl, who became an ardent admirer and pupil and painted at this time one of his finest portraits. Here Schopenhauer is represented in the full glory of his triumphant time. Behind him is a wide landscape and a steel-blue sky and the whole scene is electrified by the immanence of some fateful storm. The face itself is full of concentrated, menacing power, the eyes particularly shine with a wonderful lucidity, while the small mouth and full sensuous lips suggest the other aspect of his demonic nature. Schopenhauer could not help but admire the workmanship in this portrait but it left him strangely uneasy. "Too wild, too wild," wrote his bright sister, Adele. Too wild, echoed Schopenhauer and shrank before his soul as his friend had seen it.

One of Ruhl's last paintings, *The Ascetic,* pictured an emaciated woman with her eyes turned toward heaven, with other figures about her symbolizing the illusions of life. Underneath, Schopenhauer's motto is seen: "Resignation in this world, the turning of all hopes to a better one, is the



Schopenhauer as he appeared to his friend Ruhl in 1818 just after finishing *The World as Will and Idea*

essence of Christianity." More than sixty years after his acquaintance with Schopenhauer, in 1882, Ruhl composed a sketch in praise and remembrance of his old friend. ". . . my memory leads me back rather to the still vastly hopeful young Doctor Schopenhauer just as he was when I met him again quite unexpectedly in Dresden, behind the Church of the Cross, where we were inseparable companions from then on in spite of our daily disputes and quarrels. . . .

"I see you still in spirit among all the figures on the Brühl'chen Terrasse, every trace of whose earthly existence time and forgetfulness have already blown away. You stand before me again with the blond aspiring Phoebus lock upon your forehead, with your Socrates nose, with your piercing, dilating pupils directing shattering bolts of lightning against . . . the contemporary poet celebrities who held the top of the road in Dresden. I was all ears at your disputes, which both delighted and instructed me. Your knowledge forced me often to take the long walk out of the Pirnaischen suburb over the Elbe bridge to the black gate and back again. Then we sat in your room while you lectured me concerning this and that, concerning your expectations of the success of your philosophy, concerning *The Fourfold Root of the Principle of Sufficient Reason* with regard to which your mother spitefully asked whether it was a directory for apothecaries. . . . You aided me much in my brooding over the three questions: Who am I? Why am I? And would it not be better if I were not at all? . . ."

These were the eternal questions that Schopenhauer himself was pondering beside the bright Elbe with its broad

promenade in one of the most dazzling and colorful cities of Europe. Nor did he approach them in the conventional, pedantic manner of the university professors. Tradition, scholarship, or methodic proof were useful enough, but only to embellish an insight already established by his own sharp divination. As the trees rustled or the white birds skimmed the glimmering surface of the water, moving in their calm blind purpose, or a woman turned on the path before him revealing unconsciously the lines of her figure, or a broken feverish conversation reached his ears, his mind clipped and sprang like a trap and the notebook was a frequent resource. Before his consciousness these images rose as fateful changeless pictures of the one majestic Will of nature in its tireless myriad envisagements. In these vivid fragments of calm, relentless life he saw the world tableau with all the earth-forms and faces streaming with sad fixed significance. In the pageantry of its occasional forms, nature betrayed her secret to the shrewd suspicious eye of young Schopenhauer, for as Goethe has been called an occasional poet, he may be regarded as an occasional philosopher, seizing his inspiration not so much from rational momentum or from the learned works of others as from the chance phrase or perspective of the moment. This is why he had much to learn from actors, art critics, painters and popular writers in Dresden, and they from him. This is why he quarrelled and declaimed among men with whom most *professional* philosophers would scarcely have found a contact. His doctrines he advanced with few of the technicalities and stage-conventions of the University, but straightforwardly in a lan-

guage they could understand. When *The World as Will and Idea* appeared it developed that it had been written not for professional philosophers particularly, but rather for any earnest, intelligent man aware of those inescapable problems of a mysterious and painful life.

Unfortunately Schopenhauer's actual conversations at this time, which contributed undoubtedly to the formation of his system, are nowhere reported. Possibly his listeners, like those of Burke at a memorable Parliamentary address, were so amazed at the brilliance of what they heard, that they quite forgot what it was. In any case many passages in his writings show us the power of his repartee and the stinging violence of his offensive. We may imagine one of Dresden's dilettante philosophers defending on some occasion Spinoza's doctrine of Substance or God according to the first definition of the *Ethica*. "What, you mean that God is the cause of Himself?" Schopenhauer would ask, his eyes gleaming at the sight of his prey so beautifully and hopelessly caught. "But you have admitted that the cause precedes the effect. It follows therefore that God precedes Himself and so must exist before He exists." But not content with reducing his writhing opponent to self-contradiction our philosopher, now quite gleeful, would add the finishing touches. "Had you known anything of Kant, my dear sir, instead of drawing your whole stock of information from the wretched, apish scribblers of the daily journals, you would never have been betrayed into such an absurdity, from which, indeed, a child's intelligence would have preserved you. For that God is the cause of Himself is

undoubtedly the greatest absurdity that ever entered the human mind. It is like Baron von Münchhausen who would have pulled himself out of the pond by his pig-tail, or the man who, not being able to reach the high plume on his hat, stepped on a chair to adjust it. In short there is no greater folly on earth than the doctrine you have just advanced."

"Then you have no respect for Spinoza?"

"On the contrary," Schopenhauer would reply, "I have the greatest respect for him. He is a true philosopher who spoke his mind fearlessly against both Christian and Jew. Besides Hume and Kant, there is scarcely a modern philosopher who deserves so much credit, for he is worth a thousand of such wretched charlatans, such contemptible windbags as Fichte and Hegel. To criticize a single doctrine of a philosopher is not to repudiate him altogether, and certainly in this case Spinoza himself would have approved since, for him, the truth was always higher than any other consideration."

"Then your system, Herr Doctor, is not opposed to Spinoza's?"

"Not at all. It is rather supplementary, mine being related to his as the New Testament to the Old." So the twenty-nine-year-old philosopher would have concluded to the amazement of all.

Though Schopenhauer acquired a great reputation for conviviality and possessed many friends at this time, he was also a notorious recluse — a double reputation which indicates the extent of his splendid energies. He was seen at the café, at the theatre, the opera, the museum. He walked

every day, performed scientific experiments, and read prodigiously in almost every field of literature and science, though all the while he had more than enough to do, it would seem, with the preparation of his life work. But warmed by the sweep of his great ideas Schopenhauer was tireless and manifold. If he withdrew for considerable periods to work in solitude it was not that he was pressed for time. It was rather due to a vague loneliness and disappointment which afflicted him now, and never failed to overtake him after any close association with his fellows. "Throughout my whole life," he wrote, "I have felt frightfully lonely and always sighed deeply 'Now give me a man!' In vain! I have remained solitary. But I can truthfully say it has not been my fault: I have thrust no one away from me nor fled from any one who in intellect and heart was a man; nothing but miserable wretches of narrow brains, bad hearts, inferior minds have I found; Goethe, Fernow, possibly F. A. Wolf and a few others excepted, all of whom were twenty-five to forty years older than I was. Gradually therefore my indignation toward individuals gave place to a quiet contempt for mankind. Early I became conscious of the difference between me and other men; but I had thought: learn to know a hundred and you will already have your man; then: but among a thousand you will succeed; then: at last he must still come if only among many thousands. Finally I have come to the view that Nature is still more endlessly niggardly, and I must bear the solitude of kings with dignity and patience."

In calm solitude, where alone true masterpieces are born,

Schopenhauer now began the final composition of *The World as Will and Idea,* for at twenty-nine his system had already opened before him "like a beautiful landscape through the morning mists." For years before he had written down his thoughts without knowing precisely whither they were tending. The accumulated result comprised several huge notebooks, a painfully ordered chaos of facts and arguments which the philosopher guarded with lock and key, with dagger and firearms, against the jealousy of the thievish world. They were precious to him beyond reckoning, for nothing that could happen to *him,* he wrote to Goethe, no private sorrow or success, could have any value in comparison with that of his writings. Gradually he noticed that things were going incredibly well with him. Every problem he set his mind to, every fact or circumstance, seemed to fit into a picture as if by pre-established harmony, and to lead him back inevitably to one central truth, the pivot of the world, the Will to Life and its infinite manifestations. As he worked he observed that ideas of the most various colors and expectations arranged themselves, as if by a magical formula, while the most stubborn facts fell into order he knew not how, radiating all from the dark vortex of the Will. "All roads lead to Rome, the mistress of the World." He saw it clearly now and beneath the great wings of this empirical truth he sailed fast and famously, with the sun at his back and the bright stars overhead.

Sometimes, immersed in his momentous thoughts, he scarcely gave heed to his surroundings and made strange

answers to simple folk. Once on returning home from the orange-house which was then in full bloom, his landlady observing a blossom on his coat exclaimed, "You blossom, Herr Doctor!" Whereupon the doctor, surprised in his own thoughts, replied: "Indeed, if the trees do not blossom, how shall they bear fruit?" Another time as he bent his back to study the physiognomy of plants at the Botanical Gardens, he was observed to speak to himself quite heatedly and to make the most lively gestures. But when the observer asked him who he was, he was scarcely reassured: "If you could tell me that, who I am," replied the philosopher, "I should be very grateful to you." Not long after this he had his bewildering answer. If a man were to climb to the top of a mountain and survey the scene below him, he might truly say: "The vast world with its colors and sounds is but *my* idea and would cease to exist if I closed my eyes," but in a more sombre mood he may also say, with still more truth: "I am an unmentionably small worm in the endless empyrean of space, a speck of misery, caught for a moment on the warm edge of a racing planet amid the nightmare vastness of stars and clashing matter, and so fragile and insignificant, that let there be the slightest change in my environment I would no longer exist." Schopenhauer was not long in finding another solution of the problem of the self in relation to the world. If the man on the mountain-top should look into himself, he would find there a Will to life and gratification, so relentless and individual, that it would stop at nothing to gain its ends, but sacrifice the lives and happiness of others, or even the world for some momentary

advantage, or to continue its life of lonely craving. Yet this same individual will, so grasping and wicked, which anyone can find by looking within himself, is really identical with the great Will of nature, includes all matter and energy and constitutes, in short, the sum total of reality. This last doctrine of the self, of course, is mystical, with much of the flavor of Sankara or Plotinus, while the first two are respectively Idealistic and Materialistic answers to the same baffling question: What am I? Though these three answers were too numerous by far, contradictory and incapable of standing together, Schopenhauer could never see it. They were all true, as his intuition had established, and hence could *not* be incompatible, and apart from his absolute amazement at the bewildering variety of his own genius, he suffered no disturbing thoughts. While Fichte and Hegel struggled with their dialectic to overcome such world contradictions and to settle the claims of such opposing systems, Schopenhauer, it would seem, never saw the problem, and scoffed at their efforts viciously. Once he had settled it that the World Will and the individual Will are one there could be no question of contradiction. A natural enemy to the dialectic by reason of his horse-sense and empirical outlook, he scorned to make use of resolutions, and could but proclaim his proud paradoxes with all the energy and eloquence at his command, and persuade by the power of genius.

Of this power, however, he was profoundly confident. "I admit," he once wrote, "that my system could never have arisen until the Upanishads, Plato and Kant had thrown their beams at the same time upon a single human mind.

Though, to be sure, there stand, as Diderot says, many pillars there, and the sun shines on all: still only Memmon's column sounded." All of his life he refused to give any credit to the obvious influence of such contemporaries as Schelling and Fichte though from them and from the poets of Weimar, including Goethe himself, he undoubtedly derived much of his doctrine of the Will. When his volume was published it was first greeted, unhappily, as a mere rehash of Fichte. But such criticism neglected the main originality of Schopenhauer's work. The turning point of his whole philosophy, as he himself says, is the radical severance of the Will and the Intellect, for the ramifications and various influences of this analysis proved epochal. Another doctrine which proved quite as important in the fields of aesthetics and theory of history was the brilliant differentiation of intuition and intellect and his praise of the former as the more trustworthy faculty. Closely related to his partiality to intuition is his doctrine that philosophy is an art, not a science, not a train of specious proofs, but a sweeping harmonious world-vision conceived with an eye to both Beauty and Truth. Vividness and breadth of intuition is indeed quite indispensable to the philosopher according to Schopenhauer: philosophers who merely juggle with concepts, like Fichte and Hegel, produce nothing but trash. He himself accounted his capacity to retain the full color and vividness of intuition during a seizure of the coldest, most abstract reflection as the proof of his artistic power and a principal reason for his success.

Schopenhauer was immensely conscious of his own genius

and grew more so as time went by. The more it was cruelly neglected the more staggering grew his own fine acknowledgment. While other philosophers, such as Kant and Spinoza, (to whom he liked to compare himself), apparently never thought of themselves as geniuses, nor thought of themselves much at all, as they pursued in calm absorption an immutable truth, Schopenhauer could not detach himself from his own philosophy. His system, unlike theirs, did not pretend to be a science. Rather it pretended to much more. It was an intensely personal vision, a cluster of bright intuitions, proceeding from his own strong heart, and it depicted a world in which all his own sorrows and conflicts were mirrored on a macrocosmic scale. Like the other romantics of his period, most of whom he sincerely hated, Schopenhauer's world-picture showed all the *Sturm und Drang* and all the deeper conflicts of the Faustian soul. His remark that his philosophy expressed his nature more truly than did his life had a significance perhaps that was not intended and shows us the romantic's splendid escape from private inadequacy. In any case he could as little forget himself in his philosophy as a man who contemplates his own reflection, and though his philosophy taught that the only blessedness on earth is the forgetfulness, or escape from self, his philosophy itself made this escape impossible. If he admired his philosophy he admired himself; if he enjoyed it, he enjoyed himself, sometimes aesthetically, sometimes not. Behind his creation was always his own self, the microcosm, the model, from which all had arisen. If the sense of all this ever weakened it was perhaps on finishing the fourth book

of *The World as Will and Idea,* which astonished him so much, as he later said, that it was as if another man had written it. Yet, indeed, what other man could?

His consciousness of his own originality rose quickly to such an intensity that any doubt of it came to him as almost a sacrilege and his admirers soon learned that their own sense of this must not fall short of the master's. They could defer to the Upanishads, Plato and Kant, as precursors of the one true philosophy — none others. And even here Schopenhauer always insisted that his own doctrines were far in advance. Thus, while all the beautiful wisdom of the Upanishads was deducible from his own system, the converse, he assures us, is far from true. His dependence upon "the excellent Kant" he also warns us not to exaggerate, and qualifies in many passages his adherence to the Kantian philosophy. Of the three famous critiques he rejects all but the *Critique of Pure Reason,* and of this it is only the *Transcendental Aesthetic,* and part of the *Analytic,* 1st edition, the doctrine of Time, Space, and Causality, which in general met his full approval. For Kant's Ethics, Philosophy of Religion and Practical Philosophy, he has little patience, and shows perhaps even less. That a moral law should be imposed upon all rational beings is of little use, he seems to have thought, as long as the beings in question are not rational. Moreover, the obedience to this moral law is never motivated purely by a disinterested respect for this law but really depends upon a selfish reason. The moral law which comes to us like a command, like the voice of God, is obeyed for the same reason — from motives of fear or prudence. The "Categorical

Imperative," moreover, is a complete impossibility, for every imperative is only so because of some condition, from which it follows that an unconditional imperative is a contradiction. (Schopenhauer's ridicule of this conception has done much to undermine the Absolute Ought and has even discouraged the use of the word "ought" in many circles.)

Schopenhauer was likewise appalled that Kant should hold the foundations of legal law to be independent of Ethics, but on such points master and pupil were foredoomed to utter disagreement. Even where it concerned the *Critique of Pure Reason* Schopenhauer's adherence was only fragmentary. Time and Space are forms of "Intuition" and reality would cease to appear spread out in these dimensions if the mind failed to operate in its constitutive fashion. Causality is likewise subjective, being only a conception of the "Understanding" whereby it determines only the integration in its own experience. These were the great principles which he selected from out of the intricate mosaic of Kantian philosophy as the foundations of his own system, or rather of *The World as Idea.* Meanwhile the ultimate reality, the enduring substance behind the phantom world of space and time remained an acknowledged mystery in the Kantian philosophy. "The Thing-in-Itself," as this reality was called, was necessary, people said, in order to get into Kant's system but impossible to retain when one *was* in. What is this "Thing-in-Itself?" Schopenhauer's bold answer we have already considered. It is the individual Will which is one with the World Will, and wicked and calamitous throughout. This was the great step beyond Kant; this was

the high doctrine on which he congratulated himself so often.

Yet Schopenhauer was even more original than he thought. Had he understood Kant better than he did, he would have seen that even upon the points of his joyful acceptance, he was often quite far from his master's meaning. Kant had maintained with a great many rigorous arguments that space and time are transcendental forms of "Intuition" and made it fairly clear what he meant. Schopenhauer is only too happy to accept this doctrine. It is one of the greatest insights of genius, astonishingly anticipated by those wise sages of India. But when he comes to expand this doctrine we find that by "transcendental forms" he understands certain physiological conditions. When the light strikes the retina certain processes ensue with the result that the world of form and color appears with all its structure and manifold order. If the mind itself plays a part in this production it is only incidental. The sense organs and brain are the great weavers of appearances. Such was Kant's *Transcendental Aesthetic* in Schopenhauer's very original edition. He had made it into a doctrine not only entirely different from Kant's, but fundamentally opposed. Unfortunately it was also inconsistent with the other doctrines he derived from Kant. For if causality is a Category of the Understanding applying *only* to phenomena, how in the world could the light rays stimulate the retina? In general, how could a physical object *cause* an effect in the sense organ? Surely this was quite impossible. Schopenhauer had shown himself more of a naturalist, more of a physiologist, and was far

more in tune with the Darwinian and biological emphasis of the new age, than with those fine-spun scholastic analyses of Kant which he affected so to admire. The influence of his particular brand of physiological Idealism has been overwhelming. Idealism, soon threatened in Darwinian times, received a new lease on life. Scientists, Positivists, Pragmatists seized upon it with fervor. In Karl Pearson, for instance, we find one of its most complete exponents. Unfortunately it was a view doomed in its usual form to failure. For if nothing can exist unless the sense organs are first stimulated, the sense organs themselves cannot exist and so nothing exists. Yet in spite of the impossibility of this view, it has recently made its appearance again as an incident in Bertrand Russell's *The Analysis of Mind,* and perhaps will never die.

Schopenhauer's understanding of Indian philosophy was even more imperfect than his understanding of Kant. In 1830, of course, this was to be expected. Sanscrit and Pali scholarship had made at that time only the most elementary beginnings. Schopenhauer had access to a garbled Latin translation of the Upanishads and a second-hand rendering of Buddhism but he acquired no precise knowledge, even of the popular Indian literature, not to speak of the extensive technical systems of Indian philosophy of which he could have had only the dimmest notion. His appreciation of it shows accordingly many misconceptions and, like most of the early German interpretations of Indian philosophy, the Kantian bias was very evident. Yet so ardent and heaven-flung was Schopenhauer's praise of these ancient stores of wisdom newly discovered to Europe, so deep and sincere

was his sympathy, that it was the robust old pessimist, more than anyone else, who gave them their vogue in Germany, and encouraged the Sanscrit scholarship.

It was chiefly the pessimism of Indian philosophy which struck Schopenhauer as divine and beautiful. It was the lofty turning away from the snares and catches of an evil life. Having come to the same conclusion on his own lonely path he now found a nation, almost a continent, to agree with him. Naturally he was pleased. Before he had stood almost alone against the blatant optimism of Europe, and watched the vain flurry of aspiring nations with bitter regret. Now he had an ally in India, the cradle of the human race, the home of the original man with his sharp fresh divinations, a land almost as populous as Europe. Pessimism, which formed the dark pivot of his own system, could now no longer be regarded as the idle nightmare of a crank. It was the settled conviction of millions of his own contemporaries. Unfortunately the Indian philosophers gave no proofs of the evil of the world, regarding it, indeed, as too obvious for any doubt, and it was left to Schopenhauer to array his arguments unassisted. This he did, however, with a brilliance and persuasiveness which has seldom been equalled in philosophic exposition.

Like Fichte, Schopenhauer was deeply impressed with the infinity of man's desires, but unlike Fichte, quite unfavorably. If man's desires are infinite no finite satisfaction can ever satisfy. Many desires will arise in the place of one that is satisfied, as new limbs spring out when a bough is cut. Unsatisfied desire, however, is pain and to this we are therefore doomed.

The stronger the intellect, the livelier the imagination, the more objects are presented to the will, the more unhappy one becomes. But even should our desires be satisfied temporarily, no good results. For if desire unsatisfied is pain, desire satisfied is ennui. There is no escape. The whole world therefore swings disconsolately between these vicious poles of pain and ennui. When the pain of desires becomes too great we crave that full satisfaction which leaves us bored and empty, and so miserable in all, that we are soon glad to exchange that state for a new pain of hopeless longing. If our momentary satisfactions were real it would be, indeed, some compensation. Unfortunately they are hollow and deceptive and last only for the moment. All pleasure, moreover, is merely negative, a mere absence of pain; the slightest pain being more intense than the greatest pleasure. Yet so guileful is nature, so skillful her lures, that a sensible man will run his head into a thousand pains to secure one shadowy pleasure. He will labor for years, with trials and privations, to reach some distant goal, which, having won, he enjoys only for a moment before the inevitable disillusionment or ennui sweeps it away or some new will-o'-the-wisp beckons in the distance. Thus the world proves itself a regular waxworks of horrors, a raree-show of agonized human beings smiling through their wretchedness out of pride or shame or for the sake of appearances. Should anyone doubt this sad portrayal, a consideration of art, "that true mirror of life and the world," will soon convince him. In novels, poetry, and tragic drama in particular, he will find proof enough. Thus every novelist worries his hero with all the vexations and sufferings he

can conceive and continues his miseries to the last chapter. Why? In order that he shall stand out as real and convincing. Would it not be far more entertaining if the hero were allowed to live a life of pleasure with an early gratification of his desires? No, for pleasure is shallow, illusory, the mere absence of pain. Novels laid in a happy garden of Epicurus, and there have been some, are consequently hollow and incredible, and horribly wearisome. Tragedies and poetry are under the same sad compulsion. Suffering is the theme and it is this which holds us. Only in lighter, shorter pieces can the sense of pleasure be sustained and even here it is difficult. Dante in the *Paradiso,* taking refuge in mystical and therefore unintelligible pleasures, managed, in a manner, to keep it up, but its force was far less than that of the *Inferno.*

But if art throws the clearest mirror on the miseries of life it also enables us to escape from them. Aesthetic enjoyment is by its very nature a momentary relief from the clutch of egoism and hot desire. It is an absorption in an object for its own sake, a detachment from all the cares and questions which vex us at other times. In the moment of contemplation all questions of why? and wherefore? or to what purpose? come to an end and we pause in our lifetime of weary futile pain, as if enchanted. This is the first way of salvation. For though Schopenhauer regarded this world as the worst of all possible worlds, so bad, in fact, that were it any worse we should all take to suicide (thus defeating Nature's more sinister purpose), like all pessimistic philosophers and religious leaders, he taught the way of deliverance and in his

case, generously enough, it is a threefold path: aesthetic, ethical, and metaphysical. The ethical release from the evil of the world is more enduring than the aesthetic, but perhaps more difficult, due to the inherent wickedness of most men and the unalterability of character. Pity in Schopenhauer's system becomes the one virtue, courage, justice, wisdom, even genius showing to little worth in comparison to the precious goodness of heart. In all these other virtues there is also the taint of egoism and advantage, while pity alone is disinterested and good. Pity has also a great metaphysical significance.

It is a realization that the Ego of others, which shows itself in so many menacing and derisive aspects, is really identical with our own lonely, tortured, unappeasable self; that Will is everywhere the same throughout the whole human species. Pity, metaphysically speaking, is this knowledge that the barriers between one self and another are really illusory, the distinction between mine and thine quite superficial and the principle of individuation only valid for the world of appearances. It is thus a real insight, a realization that ruthless desires of other men, which ride them through the bleak night-time of life, are not different after all from one's own wretched craving and consequently that their suffering and their need is the same as ours. It is by this knowledge that we learn to feel the sufferings of other men and serve their need as we do our own and it is in this way that we escape from the wickedness of our own nature (i. e., selfishness), and the piercing relevance of our personal sufferings. This is the ethical release.

The metaphysical deliverance from wickedness and suffering is a further step in the same direction. Once we are convinced of the vanity and suffering of life, the notable and inevitable deficiency of the world, we are in a position to turn away from the restless striving which has tormented us so long (with its insistence and futility), and live henceforth without self-love or craving. It is the Intellect, of course, which rescues us. Though developed in the evolutionary process (like a claw or a fang) to serve the purposes of the Will of Nature, the Intellect has developed needs of its own which it increasingly serves in neglect of its master. For the Intellect in its higher reaches proves a most dangerous experiment and rather like a two-edged sword or a claw that rends both ways. As an instrument for the preservation and multiplication of the species it becomes, in special cases, too wise and curious and ends a faithless servant. Once it has discovered the wicked secret of the Will, there is an end to its service. It turns away from that hopeless, painful striving and seeks to live for itself. When this state is reached it will resemble the Arahatship of the Buddhist saint. And though Schopenhauer never himself attained to anything like this perfection, there is no doubt that many sages in India, by means of their meditations, contemplations, trances, breathing and postural exercises, etc., have gone very far in this direction. Schopenhauer, unfortunately, was too complex a nature to succeed in such a course of self-discipline, or even, perhaps, to want to. But this he knew as well as anybody. "I have taught what sainthood is," he once said, a bit slyly and a bit wistfully, "but I myself am no saint."

The actual writing of *The World as Will and Idea* occupied him exactly one year, from March 1817 to March 1818, and the work sped along smoothly and beautifully enough under the guidance of his dominating ideas. The result, apart from all philosophical worth, was a wonder of craftsmanship. No philosopher, indeed, has achieved such style and artistic arrangement in an extensive systematic work. Its four books are related complementarily and each plays its dramatic part in relation to the others. The first book, *The World as Idea,* at first sight seems to be contradicted by the second book, *The World as Will,* but the conflict of standpoints enhances the plot. In time we come to see that the second book is the deeper truth which really fulfills the first. Then we proceed to new books with new predicaments and solutions, new themes of misery and deliverance which despite their surprising color and diversity fall together nevertheless into the organic unity of one system. In many respects, indeed, *The World as Will and Idea* may be compared to a symphony according to Schopenhauer's own account of the metaphysics of music. In the first book, *The World as Idea,* the theme is a light and measured, a graceful melody developed with many variations, and is carried in the high register by strings and flute. Here the mood is mostly happy and sometimes positively gay, yet throughout there is a sense of frailty and deceptiveness which is never long suppressed. *The World as Idea* is mostly, after all, illusion and the Intellect in its clearest moments knows it. The note of easy triumph thus changes from time to time to a more considered despair. Irony and dis-

cord then rule the melody, the major falters and the minor continues in its tragic voice, while the deep bass, with growing insistence, measures the danger ahead. At the close of this book the bass theme of woe and the irrational Will already appears, and enjoys a brief but definite fling. But this only smooths the way for the second book in which it flourishes more elaborately in all its moods and variations, for, wonderfully enough, Nature here sings her deep chant of ruthless strength with such effect that the high voice of the Intellect, dominant throughout the first book, is now almost silenced.

In the third book, *The Platonic Idea: The Object of Art,* it makes a brave return and all the bright melodies break forth in acknowledgment of the wonder and resourcefulness of the human mind. For the most part the dark voice of the Will to Life has now ceased to thunder and menace. It moves in a broad and stately balance and comes to us calm and mitigated as from a safer distance. The Intellect has not silenced the terrible Will but tamed and quite transformed it. In the fourth book, *The Assertion and Denial of the Will,* however, the bass theme rises with a great swell of power, and the Will of Nature which had but slumbered in the previous book breaks loose in all its splendor and resistless cruelty. But the voice of the Intellect is also clear and emphatic and the conflict rises to the highest dramatic pitch. Sometimes the Intellect follows the lead of the Will, echoing in canon form the powerful melody of the bass, which then becomes proportionately stronger and more vindictive, while at other times the high soprano melody rising with a sudden resolve carries

its point against the bass, opposing it, or scorning it, and seeking to make its escape. Still the bass theme of the mighty Will is mainly triumphant. A counter melody, here and there, a sudden soaring of a rebellious voice are only minor incidents in her vast and dubious march. In the end most voices toe the mark, confining themselves to variations of that ponderous theme which never wearies, or are silenced forever under its dark swells.

A principal objection to this analogy is that music according to Schopenhauer's own theory never expresses anything but "the woe and weal of the Will" in all its innumerable degrees while *The World as Will and Idea* expressed much more. Still, considering its historical significance in the light of its influence, its theme of sorrow and joy, of bondage and escape may, after all, be the principal one. The most important division of religions, said Schopenhauer, is that between optimistic and pessimistic ones, and the same would be true of those broad philosophical systems which, like his, treated of the human predicament and destiny, of sin and holiness. *The World as Will and Idea* was an artistic portrayal of a world elaborately disappointing. When Schopenhauer considered it as a work of art, which was often, he could see its great merit precisely in this clear portrayal of the preponderate pain and the little pleasure of life.

When Schopenhauer was well along in the writing of this work, his friend Biedenfeld wrote to the publisher Brockhaus in Leipzig on his behalf.

"Schopenhauer, this extremely interesting thinker who in mental power, earnest determination, and depth of study

is not surpassed by any living man, has now also a great comprehensive work in preparation which will be ready for delivery in July. As yet he has not sought a publisher, makes no claim to great royalties, since he has means of his own, and desires a big firm as publisher."

Brockhaus, it seems, was only too pleased to be considered in this light. He had already heard of young Schopenhauer as a distinguished intellect from various friends and, as it is sometimes said, from Madame Schopenhauer herself. That this report is true, however, seems very doubtful. That the outraged son should not have admitted it would appear natural enough, but that the complacent mother should have bestirred herself for him, or having done so refrained from boasting of it, is difficult to believe.

Schopenhauer wrote Brockhaus that he had a work in preparation, indeed a work of the most astounding importance. In the first place it is entirely new, presenting thoughts which have never entered a human mind before. It is one of those rare productions which endure for ages and become the source of hundreds of others. It is far removed, Brockhaus need have no fear, from the pompous, empty, meaningless flood of words so characteristic of the new philosophical school; on the contrary it is clear, concise, and, as he will not deny, quite beautiful. But since this work, as the fruit of his whole life, is infinitely precious to him, Brockhaus must not mind if he insists on rigorous conditions and expects him to live up to them faithfully. Never perhaps had a big publisher received such a bold self-confident letter from an unknown young writer. Schopenhauer gives him to

understand that he holds all the daily literature in great contempt and must not be treated like those wretched scribblers who write for money. He must promise on his word as a man of honor not to betray the contents of his book, or even the title, before publication. Eight hundred copies must be ready by Michaelmas, printed on good paper with handsome characters and broad margins with no more than thirty lines to the page, etc. He for his part will turn in sections at times which he stipulates, not before. Brockhaus, oddly enough, found these conditions quite easy and declared himself delighted to undertake the work. He wrote back his assurances but Schopenhauer demanded a contract. Everything must be put down in black and white for safety's sake, he insisted.

Deep in his consciousness was the fear of jealous men, swift his suspicion of fraud and theft. The more intense his fine wonder at the work he had written, the greater grew his anxiety, and gaunt fears stalked through his mind day and night, once he had sent his first manuscript away. For this uncommon skepticism Schopenhauer is often criticized, yet the events which followed show that he was largely justified. The printing of the book proceeded much more slowly than Schopenhauer expected or the contract called for. The young philosopher who had labored, as he said, like a hungry dog, to finish his installments on time, was not long in losing his patience, his temper, and his dignity. In August 1818 he could no longer contain himself. "You have not held to the contract," he let Brockhaus have it plainly. "You know how important the appearance of my

work is to me and can conclude what my feeling is toward you."

What made the delay especially vexatious was that Schopenhauer had long planned to leave for Italy as soon as the publication should be finished. Naturally as the months dragged by he grew increasingly restless and indignant. "There is nothing more frightful for me," he wrote, "than to have to do with people whose word cannot be trusted." Brockhaus must in any case send him his honorarium at once, not that he needs it or that it is worth a tenth of the value involved, but merely as an assurance of good faith, just as one requires a dollar from a coachman in order to be certain that he will really drive. The tone of Schopenhauer's letter was, in short, so disrespectful and even insulting that Brockhaus, who up to now had suffered in silence, could restrain his anger no longer. Schopenhauer's abuse he now returns with fervor. Schopenhauer, he says, has talked of "honor" and "word of honor" but experience has taught him that only windbags use such expressions. He will receive his advance on the delivery of the remainder of the manuscript but he must be permitted to say that unless Schopenhauer turns over their affairs to some writer, with whom he can conduct the rest of the business, he cannot hold him to be an honorable man. The philosopher therefore sent the rest of his manuscript to Dr. Wieland in Leipzig, who carried on the correspondence with Brockhaus thereafter. On September 18, 1818, he accordingly received his full advance and a few days later wrote his last letter to the publisher, explaining that if his work were published in two volumes,

they must certainly appear together, his system being an indivisible unity. After that though Brockhaus, now quite ill, threatened and thundered, Schopenhauer maintained an ominous silence. On September 24 Brockhaus wrote his last letter. He had been dumbfounded that Schopenhauer's concluding letter had contained no retraction of his abusive expressions. Now he applies them all to Schopenhauer. He is not an honorable man and to have dealings with him is more like treating with a coachman than with a philosopher, etc. "I only hope," he adds, "that my fear in regard to your work, of printing mere trash, will not be justified."

VI

LOVE, ART, AND BANKRUPTCY

VENICE, 1818–1820

"The main feature of the Italian national character is complete shamelessness: one part of the population considers itself too good to do anything bad, and therefore is overbearing and arrogant; the other part considers itself too bad to do anything good, and therefore is depraved. Those who feel shame are too weak for some things, for others too proud. The Italians are neither the one nor the other, but always either fearful or proud according to the occasion." — *Schopenhauer.*

WHEN *The World as Will and Idea* was about to appear and Schopenhauer was convinced that his publisher would not bring it out in two volumes, or alter the text, or cut his throat in any of the thousand other ways that his suspicions suggested, he turned his face to the south, and journeyed toward Italy to enjoy at last those balanced noble splendors, to which his sympathies had so long inclined. It was no doubt the art critic, Fernow, who had first turned his mind in this direction, but Dante, Petrarch, and other classical writers soon deepened his fondness into a positive yearning. That Italy had proved the sanctuary of such great men as Goethe added a special propriety to his own projected trip,

while the art treasures in the galleries at Berlin and Dresden quite clinched the matter as they signed him back to the source of these wonders in Italy. Schopenhauer travelled toward the south behind the flying horses and came to the majestic Alps, towering above the foothills with all the bold self-glory with which his own philosophy transcended the contemporary systems, and was no doubt much struck with the simile. The Alps were thick with memories but there was a richer glamour ahead. Schopenhauer travelled into the past. Time, so noted for its grim irreversible progress, had relented its law in Italy and left eternal pictures of its former glories for the wondering eyes of men of a different age. In the dead majesty of the past there was rich matter for pessimism but there was a pleasure, too, in contemplating how little time had mattered, leaving beauty and moral worth untouched in its steady work of annihilation. Schopenhauer was eager to be in Rome but paused for some months in the magic city of Venice.

There he gazed upon a city which had been an empire, where tyrants had reigned and an emperor had sued. He saw the towers and minarets and the winged lions of the city which had once bound the east and the west, dominating their exchange with rapacious hands, menacing its neighbors in the pride and lustre of its dangerous success and laying the blue sea itself in toll with its wealth and many oarsmen. A cruel, hard, glittering city glowing now with its memories of ages of treason, enterprise, and uneasy power. Beside the festive Byzantine with its flourish of Eastern indulgence were the graver monuments of the Greeks and Romans.

There was St. Mark's, the Gothic palaces along the Grand Canal, the Rialto and the bright gondolas, and there was the famous insane asylum right in the centre of all this splendor. Mixed with the mad-cap spell of love and adventure, tuned to moonlight, muffled oars, and the songs of the gondoliers, was a sombre sense of all those hushed centuries which had crept by ghostlike one upon the other, and through it all was the hint of vanity and mortality, and the dread of the insidious fever. Shortly before Schopenhauer arrived, Byron had written much in the great pessimist's mood:

> "In Venice Tasso's echoes are no more,
> And silent rows the songless gondolier;
> Her palaces are crumbling to the shore,
> And music meets not always now the ear;
> Those days are gone, but Beauty still is here;
> States fall, arts fade, but Nature does not die,
> Nor yet forget how Venice once was dear,
> The pleasant place of all festivity,
> The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy!"

Schopenhauer's first impression of this strange new city was mostly surprise and anxiety. It was, he said, as if he had suddenly been thrown into cold water and knew not how to breathe or be at ease. His adjustment fortunately was very rapid and he was not long in feeling, as he wrote, quite extraordinarily fine. The language, which had given him some difficulty at first and contributed to his sense of strangeness and alienation, was soon mastered, dialect and idiom. His special linguistic ability enabled him, in fact, to talk almost like a native, whereby he won his way to the

hearts of the good Venetians and was admitted to some of their more favored company. Here the proud, straight-backed young pessimist could be genial enough when he chose and his incisive mind could clip off such sharp and satiric comments, or such gay and daring ones, that his companions were uncommonly charmed. It was a pleasure to him to speak Italian, to speak it with ease and command. He found himself thinking in that language, thinking thoughts which only Petrarch and Dante had ever conceived, thoughts which were inextricably connected with the words which expressed them. He found himself drifting, delightfully enough, into a new world, from which the heavy German sounds and his old grievances at home were alike excluded.

He was in a land of sunshine and masquerade, a play world, where the dark-eyed women are so deep in their passions, and the climate so naturally, so miraculously propitious (as he later wrote) that loss of virtue is scarcely a sin. Among this new race of women, so different from the cold, prudish ones of the North, he felt his youth as a priceless possession, and determined, like Byron, to enjoy it, though not in *his* spendthrift manner, to the last drop it yielded. Never a pedant, Schopenhauer now felt himself more and more a man of the world and conducted himself not at all like a German scholar or philosopher. Before him he had the precedent of Goethe who had delighted in the novelty of the dark-eyed maidens of the south and wrote of them to his friend and prince, Karl August. The latter had advised him to make the best use of his life, and whatever came

of it, to enjoy to the full that rich variety of bright brief occasions. In this matter, as in others, Goethe had obeyed his prince. In the early years as young men they had been inseparable companions. Karl August had been bold and adventurous and Goethe, not less so. They had frolicked together with the maidens at country dances. They had gone, as Goethe wrote (and his women friends were only too quick to believe), quite mad. The chief poet of Europe and one of its most brilliant dukes. In each of them the demonic strain of wildness had been strong and seemingly inexhaustible. The duchess lamented and Frau von Stein shook her head, but it was so. Schopenhauer remembered also the many loves and attachments of Goethe, the illustrious women whom he had caught up in the momentum of his greater destiny, and he recalled how much the great poet had sacrificed for his love of a pretty flower girl. Love had led Goethe into strange ways, but Schopenhauer saw that it scarcely mattered. His life had been a fate which was not to be judged by ordinary standards and his greatness was itself a full atonement. Schopenhauer's sense of kinship with Goethe made him sympathize, and his reverence for him made imitation a natural course. In his mind the poet had become the model of all excellence and his life a proper pattern for a great philosopher.

Byron, however, furnished a much more immediate model for an amorous and adventurous life. He was thirty years old, the same age as Schopenhauer, and was living a most colorful existence in Venice in 1818, at the very time that the philosopher arrived. Courted by Venetian society and by

strangers alike, the unwilling ornament of the city, he was obliged to go about incognito to escape his burdensome fame. In all of Europe perhaps there was not a writer who aroused such universal interest at this time. Byronism had become the vogue and Byron himself a colossal figure, almost the devil, in fact. When he entered a drawing-room a thousand enchantments, a thousand tender, dangerous fancies followed. He had become a great magician of hearts and wielded a power which even a tyrant might envy. Napoleon, so long the sensation of Europe, had now four years been vanquished. He was scarcely missed. A new hero, a new tradition, had arisen, and new eagles advanced upon Europe. Byron had become the Napoleon of sentiment. A great poet, a strange decisive personality, a monster with an aura of unusual sins, an invincible charmer — nor could it be forgotten that he was a peer of England and one of the richest men in Italy. Schopenhauer admired him, named him the greatest English poet next to Shakespeare and perhaps, too, he envied him a little — Byron alone among his contemporaries. In any case, the course of Schopenhauer's amours followed the pattern of the English poet's and partook of the same vicissitudes and variety. There was a love affair and there were briefer liaisons and dreamlike nights along the Grand Canal. Unfortunately we possess no circumstantial knowledge of this aspect of Schopenhauer's life. Indeed he did his best to suppress whatever might be supposed to detract from the dignity and lustre of a great philosopher, but that his life in Italy was one of license and enjoyment is indubitable in the light of his letters and other writings.

Yet in the bright career of another romantic pessimist of equal age and similar propensities we can see him figured none the less. We can catch a glimpse of Schopenhauer in the Venetian days of Byron, reflected, as it were, in a brighter mirror.

In the few months that preceded and followed Schopenhauer's arrival in Venice, Byron ran through all his phases, both literary and amorous. He finished *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* and commenced *Don Juan*. He wrote ballads and satirical pieces and composed in many moods. Now he was tender and lyrical, now cynical and bitter, shifting from high romance to utter disillusionment. His amorous life, of course, showed the same vicissitudes. In the carnival season of Venice (1817) he wandered through the festive moonlit streets with his mistress, Marianna Segati, listening to the whispering masks. Then the fever had taken him and put an end to these wanderings in the night. He wrote:

> So, we'll go no more a-roving
> So late into the night,
> Though the heart be still as loving,
> And the moon be still as bright.

But though Marianna's charms persisted, so did her greed and importunity. She was finally replaced in Byron's affections by Margarita Cogni, the wife of a baker, a mixture of Juno, Faustina, and pythoness, as he described her. So violent was her love and jealousy that Byron was obliged to meet his other enamoratas, some nine in number as the story goes, away from his villa, in a secret place. At this period, indeed, he knew no restraint and no excess which did not

have its charm. Hobhouse, who customarily restrained him in a quiet way, had returned to England and if Shelley and Mary Godwin arrived, it was perhaps only too fine a temptation to shock them. Thus he lived in great state with his python mistress and his illegitimate daughter and continued so for some time until, his mood changing, he met the countess, Teresa Guiccioli, to whom he promptly lost his heart, and his liberty.

It must not be supposed that Schopenhauer's career in Venice had all the fine glamour of Byron's, or that he played the same high hand. Like Byron, he had already accomplished a great work and was full of the proud felicity which such an early flowering inspires, yet in his case unfortunately no one at all was aware of it. Thus while Byron had thousands to sing his praises, Schopenhauer had only himself. He walked alone through the streets unrecognized, without the heraldry of song or greeting, or even a hint of the fluttering pennons and high acclaim, which he deeply suspected must be his due. Into the midst of the triumphant German culture built upon a fresh confidence in reason and the good, with its Faustian aspiration, its western love of action, its faiths and hopes, dominated by such men as Kant and Fichte, Goethe and Schiller, Schopenhauer had launched a system of the most radical opposition, and brought back Buddha, Brahma, nihilism, quietism, many old gods and new, and so delivered Europe to its old enemies long banished. He had thrown a deadly bomb into one of the most confident ideaologies in history. Unfortunately it had not exploded and would not do so (if he had known it) for

thirty-four years to come. Byron, too, had thrown his bombs but with an immediate effect, for nearly all had burst and still burned with a lurid flame.

Yet the young philosopher made the best of his obscurity and forgave a thoughtless city which could scarcely have heard of him yet, after all. He walked alone and dreamed of how his great work would be received in Germany and he carried himself in the proud aristocratic manner his father had taught him. He had finished his life work at thirty. Surely it was time to rest for a period on his wide-flung oars. After the protracted strain of composing a complete philosophical system his taut nerves relaxed and his sharp blue eyes began to focus on objects which for a long time he had scarcely noticed. Across his visual field (which, by the way, he had exhaustively analyzed in Dresden, reducing all its contents to mere appearance), haunting adorable forms appeared and hurried away on incomprehensible errands, leaving him bitter and lonely behind. Struck with the force and vivacity of these fleeting impressions he paused to consider. It was the veil of Maya, no doubt, the most treacherous of Nature's illusions. Nature was luring him to the act of propagation in order to renew its anguished teeming life and a powerful instinct within him was driving him on to "the betrayal of the species." But before he submitted, he would consider it again. He returned his attention to the structural beauty of an ancient palace. What was the secret of its nice articulation? Schopenhauer remembered that Goethe (he insisted it was Goethe) had once spoken of architecture as frozen music and lost himself now in the

rich consequence of this metaphor. Then another gay elusive form floated before the frozen painted rhythm he had been searching, beckoning and fleeing, and he knew that the spell of Nature was upon him again. Goethe had, after all, said many things about Gretchen as well, about the Gretchen of great men weary with their toil and brooding. So Schopenhauer would stand with his mind divided. In his broad forehead and his bright clear incisive eyes the intellect reigned. In his small mouth with its full lips the Will of Nature was figured no less clearly. I have taught what sainthood is, the philosopher once said, but I myself am no saint.

No philosopher has emphasized the power of love as much as Schopenhauer and since Lucretius, indeed, no one has emphasized it at all. *De Rerum Natura* opened with a hymn of praise to the power of Venus while in Schopenhauer's system this same goddess becomes the villain of the piece which closes with a curse at her malevolent and insidious influence. Rochefoucauld imagines that it is the same with passionate love as with ghosts, of which every one speaks but no one has seen, but Schopenhauer knows better. The force of love in ordinary life is almost without comparison. It breaks in upon the most important matters, interrupts business and affairs of state; it drains the best energies of youth and one fifth of the normal life-time is spent in its pursuit. No, love is no ghost; rather it appears as the principal concern of life and one of the chief subjects of human discourse. In the unsatisfied craving for the beloved it shows to the full its tumultuous power. Murder, crime, suicide, madness are the natural outcome and the records for each

new year increase the appalling list of these disasters. In poetry, drama, and the novel it declares its power again, for the main subject is always the amorous craving for an unobtainable object. When the ending is happy and our hero finds his Gretchen, the Genius of the Species is satisfied with the prospect of the new life which will be born, and we hear his chuckles as the curtain falls. The individuals have been sacrificed — but what matter? A much more important issue has been determined, the Will of Nature fulfilled and the dramatis personae fixed for the next generation. In tragedies, on the contrary, though the hero is delivered by death, or escapes, at least, from the clutches of his beloved, the Genius of the Species is defeated, and we hear him groan quite unpleasantly within us. We return home in wistful sadness mixed with an uneasy sense of triumph, for the Will of Nature is strong in us and speaks against all reason. What it desires we also deeply crave, for we ourselves are only this Will in a particular individualization. Thus the object of love is not a union of minds, nor a harmony of souls, neither the inflated feelings of this or that swain or the soap-bubble dreams of his sweetheart. It is the serious business of producing a new individual with the definite qualities demanded by the Genius of the Species. "For all love," he later wrote, "however ethereally it may bear itself, is rooted in the sexual impulse alone." — "That in every case of falling in love, however objective and sublime the admiration may appear, what is looked to is the production of an individual of a definite nature, is primarily confirmed by the fact that the essential matter is not the reciprocation of love, but the

possession, i.e., the physical enjoyment. The certainty of the former can therefore by no means console us for the want of the latter; on the contrary, in such a situation many a man has shot himself."

Schopenhauer, we may add, did not shoot himself and as he walked through Venice it was mainly the variety and charm of the various individualizations of the dreadful Will to Life which caught his eye and stopped his breath. He saw tall women and short plump ones, brunettes and blondes with every modification of figure and carriage and every inflection of grace and appeal. In essence, of course, he knew quite well that there was no great difference between them, that one would satisfy him, in the end, as well as another. For him as an individual the result would be the same in any case. But for the Will of Nature — that was a different matter. He knew that the Will within him was aiming at the production of an individual conforming to the norm of the species and that accordingly this whole parade of uniqueness and variety was a barefaced deception of Nature, intent upon its own sly ends. "The profound seriousness with which we consider and ponder each bodily part of the woman," he later wrote, "and she on her part does the same, the critical scrupulosity with which we inspect a woman who begins to please us, the capriciousness of our choice, the keen attention with which the bridegroom observes his betrothed, his carefulness not to be deceived in any part, and the great value which he attaches to every excess or defect in the essential parts, all this is quite in keeping with the importance of the end. . . . This investigating and examination is *the medi-*

tation of the Genius of the Species on the individual which is possible through these two and the combination of its qualities." The individual must therefore sacrifice his own convenience, which would be satisfied with one woman as well as another, and fall in love with only those women which Nature selects.

Schopenhauer submitted. The Will of Nature was too strong for him at times and though he saw through all its snares and despised them, he continued to be deceived much more than most men. No one accordingly has insisted more on the need of variety in the amorous life and no one has been nicer in his choice of suitable objects. For if the value of love is an illusion, the first maddening moments of a liaison must be the greatest illusion and the greatest value. Indeed the illusion is only needed to effect Nature's purpose, but once that is accomplished it soon disappears. "Has not one observed, he once said, how *illico post coitum cachinnus auditur Diaboli?*" Love was a brief fire of illusion demanding ever new fuel, thought Schopenhauer, but at times he was scarcely saddened by this. Perhaps he thought in this connection of what Goethe's Stella had said: "A thousand years of tears and pains could not counterpoise the happiness of the first glance, the trembling, the stammering, the approach and the withdrawal, the self-forgetfulness, the first fugitive ardent kiss, and the first softly breathing embrace."

In any case he lived in Venice, as Byron had, his days of brief delights. But while in Byron's case we have some idea of the women involved, in Schopenhauer's case we are almost entirely in the dark, both as regards Venice and other cities

in which he lived. Yet when we remember to what an extent our philosopher generalized, in amorous and other matters, from his own particular case, we are led to a clue and a very probable conjecture. Since all sexual selection, according to Schopenhauer's doctrine, has as its aim the propagation of the norm of the species, each pair of lovers will seek to neutralize each other, i.e., each individual will seek to find another who possesses just those qualities in which he himself is deficient. Accordingly the most manly man will instinctively seek the most womanly woman; a short stocky man will seek a tall slender woman; a blonde, a brunette; an ugly man, a beautiful woman; while, Schopenhauer adds (determined to follow the truth no matter to what absurdity it led him), "snub-nosed individuals have an inexpressible liking for hook-noses, parrot-faces; and it is the same with regard to the other parts," as also with temperamental differences. Thus a man with a gloomy and violent temper would prefer a woman gay and yielding. We are thus led to the strange conclusion that Schopenhauer went about Venice and other cities of Europe unconsciously bent on finding a tall, beautiful brunette, slim and graceful, sweet and shy, gay and yielding, faithful and quiet, not too clever perhaps or too original, yet charming in all, not too short of nose or of patience. Yet it would be even more strange to suppose that Schopenhauer could have put down this absurd doctrine in cold print without at least the verification of his own particular experience; and that he could have declared it openly when it contradicted a whole life of personal experience seems, on reflection, almost impossible.

In any case, the Genius of the Species soon picked out a woman with whom it was quite proper for Schopenhauer to fall in love, for like Byron he found an exclusive passion, a young woman, beautiful, distinguished and wealthy, whose name, like that of the Countess Guiccioli, was also Teresa. It was not long before he wrote of her to his sister Adele who was then just twenty. She answered, graciously, without her mother's permission. These letters of Schopenhauer's have unfortunately been lost but Adele's answers reveal something of his love and doubts, his pride and his deep mistrust of men at this time and they reflect rather enviously her brother's glowing picture of the enchantments of Venice. We learn, among other things, that the philosopher's love for his Venetian sweetheart was not entirely spiritual. "You write, you foolish man," says Adele, "that I am the only woman you could ever love without sensuality. I laughed very much over this: might I ask whether you could have loved me then if I hadn't been your sister? for after all there are plenty of women who stand higher than I. If therefore your regard attaches to my real nature and not merely to the name of sister, you could love others, almost — notice, I say *almost,* in the same way. [Incidentally this is a bit of feminine reasoning that the philosopher must have simply hated.] The girl you mention I pity very much, I hope to God you have not betrayed her; for you are *true* toward everybody, why not toward a poor weak creature like her? What petty demands you make of your future wife — yet it would be very easy to find a girl who would answer to most of your requirements — you will find ten women

before we find one man." "Domestic happiness," she adds, "is certainly the most beautiful which life affords, yet most people pass by silently and uncomplaining and do not have it and dare not seek it once. I do not have it"; and here poor Adele breaks into a lament at her unsatisfactory relations with Gerstenberg. A happy marriage seems for her a fond but vanishing dream and she urges her brother to seize his bright opportunity while it is within his grasp. Yet Schopenhauer hesitated and reflected much on the ruthlessness of Nature, who sacrifices the lives and happiness of her children for the good of the species. Perhaps a little incident which occurred in Venice at this time also put him on his guard against women, and made him doubtful of any lengthy happiness with his charming Teresa.

He had come to Italy with a letter from Goethe introducing him to Byron and it is needless to say that he valued it to the full measure of his respect for these two great men, and he determined to use it on the first good occasion. Yet, curiously enough, Goethe's letter was never used and Schopenhauer never met Byron. An unhappy accident intervened of which he himself has given an account. "With my sweetheart (Teresa) I went for a walk on the Lido when suddenly my dulcinea cried out in the greatest excitement 'Ecco il poeta inglese!' Byron swept by me on horseback and the donna could not escape from this impression the whole day. Then I decided not to deliver Goethe's letter. I was afraid of horns. How much I have regretted that since!"

What would have been the likely course of a friendship

between these brilliant young pessimists, of equal age, and similar propensities? Would they have "hit it off" or would their pride and differences have intervened? Would the great Byron have turned a cold shoulder to the unknown philosopher and snubbed him as he had so many celebrities at this time? This at least is very doubtful. Byron's reverence for Goethe would have assured to Schopenhauer at least a handsome welcome, while the surly honest humor, the pith and insight and pessimism, not to speak of the good English of the young German, might well have won him a great esteem. He would then have been introduced into the higher circles which Byron frequented and so weaned from his preference for the middle class. There he would have met people of great importance to him, both as regards his heart and his career as a writer, and in this way his whole course of life might well have been altered. His friend Quandt wrote to Adele about this time that the only way to save her brother, and draw him away from his much-prized solitude, was to find a magnet strong enough to conduct him irresistibly. But it is fairly obvious that only such a man as Byron could have succeeded. And how would *he* have profited? Perhaps even more. It will be remembered that Byron had written the fourth canto of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* under the influence of Hobhouse and the third with the inspiration of many long talks with Shelley. Though little of a philosopher Shelley had forced Byron into a serious attempt at ethics and theology of which *Manfred* was the result. How much more might he have derived from Schopenhauer if the latter's theories of the Will, and evolution — love, sin,

deliverance, etc., had penetrated and assumed in some manner a poetic form! Such a friendship would doubtless have been as precarious as that of Wagner and Nietzsche, yet while it lasted, their flames would have blended into a rival fire.

Schopenhauer did not meet Byron nor did he see Leopardi or Chateaubriande. At this time, as the philosopher later recalled, the world's greatest pessimists were gathered together in Italy: the Englishman, Lord Byron, the Italian, Leopardi, and the German, Schopenhauer (Chateaubriande would have added a fourth to the illustrious band of world-haters), but none sought out the others. Left to his own resources the philosopher devoted himself eagerly to Italian literature, read Petrarch for the wonder and the beauty of it, Boccaccio and Ariosto for amusement, but he looked askance at Dante whose dictatorial tone offended him. He likewise studied with great zeal the antique sculpture and architecture of Italy and here he had ample opportunity to verify his theory that the quality of the material and the opposition of rigidity and gravity (support and burden) constitute the whole aesthetic material of architecture. Like Goethe, he had little use for the Gothic, the Renaissance, or other hybrid types of structure. Only grave grand simple effects could please him and he passed by the Venetian Gothic along the Grand Canal almost untouched. There might indeed be a wild barbaric sort of beauty in these old monuments of faith and ignorance — it did not weigh against the simple dignity of the Greek and Roman.

He also attended the theatre and opera with fair regularity and oddly enough acquired an abiding taste for the

titillating music of Rossini. Indeed the pessimist was willing to rate these happy superficial melodies as high as you pleased and he ranked Rossini with Mozart as the greatest of composers. For companions he chose Italians of the middle class and Englishmen. He preferred Englishmen particularly because of their intelligence and downright common-sense. Though England could not have produced such geniuses as Kant and Goethe, he once wrote an Englishman, the general intelligence of Englishmen is well above the average in Germany. This preference of Schopenhauer's continued for many years and sometimes exerted such an influence over his life that he talked to himself in English, kept his notes and did his reading in that language, and surrounded himself with English conveniences. This association with visitors in Italy had, of course, a marked effect on his manner of living. Strangers in Italy are not given to quiet and habitual modes and Schopenhauer no doubt participated in their eccentricities and nervous celebrations as only a part of the day's work.

When November came, Schopenhauer tore himself away from his Teresa, and departed for Florence and then to Rome, where he remained for several months. Contrary to his expectations he was anything but happy here. The majestic ruins of Rome held him, and the classic architecture had its appeal — but not for long. He had none of that antiquarian and minute historical interest which requires months and years to gratify, and once he had secured his own narrow, brilliant perspective and answered his own particular questions, he was quite content to let the matter drop, and the same was true for sculpture. For painting he had

much less taste and judgment. He later wrote to his sister, and shocked her very much, by declaring that Rome was after all a bore. Indeed, this serious young woman could not refrain from a sententious account of her own pure and endless love of art and she reminded him that it was about the only thing she had to cling to. Schopenhauer was not happy in Rome. He had left his sweetheart behind and felt very keenly that he was neglected, not only by her, but by Germany and the world at large. The ridiculous colony of German romantics went their way of patriotism and fantastic exaltation as if nothing had happened and the philosophical world was still quite the same as a year before. Schopenhauer had no understanding nor respect for these "good spirits" with their German enthusiasm and dream-like vagueness. He was nevertheless a frequent visitor at their rendezvous, the Café Greco, where, with his rapier wit and his rugged good sense, he laid about him like any knight errant, and in a manner which frightfully upset these gentlemen. According to one of them Schopenhauer had long been a disturbing element with his "Mephistophelean wit" and one day when he had gone so far as to say that of all nations Germany was the most stupid, though it had achieved an advantage over the others by possessing no religion, the whole company broke into a storm of indignation and several angry voices had threatened to throw him out.

No, the German colony in Rome did not like Schopenhauer and he was just as well pleased that they didn't. He had "made enemies of nearly all of them with his paradoxes" — it didn't matter. He answered their hatred with

a broad contempt. His one defender seems to have been the child prodigy, Karl Witte, who had been Schopenhauer's fellow-student at Göttingen when only twelve years old. Seeing his old companion in such general disrepute, accused of atheism and impiety toward mother and state, Witte came to the rescue and managed to find many virtues (" not least of which was his love for the truth "), much wisdom, and very few faults in the philosopher.

In March 1819 Schopenhauer left Rome for Naples where he received the letter from Adele to which we have already referred. There he learned to his delight that Goethe had sat through a whole day reading *The World as Will and Idea,* reading it, so it seemed, from cover to cover, and that he had praised its organization and its splendid style. Also, with a different feeling, he learned that Adele and Ottilie von Goethe had tried their hand at reading his book, but had been greatly shocked by the insolence and egotism of the preface and much confused by the rest. Adele also includes a little criticism of her brother's style. Neither now nor later had she any proper recognition of his outstanding importance as a thinker.

On his return to Venice the next month he renewed with all his passionate intensity and all his deep caution his affair with Teresa. Evidently he was serious this time. No doubt he examined her, after his formula, from head to foot, seeking some fatal weakness in her composition and doubtless, too, he watched her narrowly for signs of flightiness, extravagance or malice. If she but looked at a well-built man on the street, Schopenhauer had made a mental note of it, and a

careful reckoning. If she glanced at the Italians how would she behave toward the German officers at home? This he had to consider, and many other things. Caught in the gay tingling rhythm of Venice he kept his head. Even a tarantella has its rules and circumspection. Would she make him a worthy wife? Indeed, would any woman? Should he bow his head to a petticoat yoke or live out his life in the grander solitude of Spinoza and Kant, the solitude, that is to say, of kings. Adele had meanwhile become quite interested in his love story and thanked him for his utter confidence in her — "might it end happily," she exclaimed, and yet she wondered and was quite amazed at his success. "Your sweetheart is rich, and of high rank as well, and still you mean that she might wish to follow you? Strange, yet that belongs to love! If you have really found it, you would do well to keep her — " (Adele, it may be remarked, had no appreciation of how desirable her brother could appear to women — nor had his mother. She thinks him very fortunate and wonders at his doubts and scruples.) "And you wish to be economic and have her love you for it? And *triste raison!* Will you call out and speak of troubled dreams? There are dreams which last forever, which have no ending."

Schopenhauer pondered this saying. It was strictly opposed to his philosophy, yet now that love, which he had so cruelly exposed, showed itself with such a tender winsome glow, that he wondered and doubted, and grew most unhappy. In the meantime he was a prey to other troubles. He writes his sister of unhappy relations with his tailor and of burdensome visits. His mood, it appears, is also darkened

with memories of Rome all blemished now with modern buildings. He is amused, it seems, by his fourteen English friends and by the rising flood of hate from the German colony, yet not enough apparently, for he writes to his sister with thoughts of death and testament.

Two days after Adele's last letter, another arrived announcing the bankruptcy of the Dantzig firm of A. L. Muhl and Company, in which Johanna had invested all her fortune and most of her daughter's and in which Schopenhauer had also sunk a good eight thousand dollars. The condition of the two women was now quite pitiful. Accustomed as they were to receive their guests in a beautiful house furnished with great taste and considerable expense, to travel when they chose, and to lay out money at their pleasure for objects of art and beauty, they were now reduced to meanness and poverty, and must sacrifice all those cultural interests and distinguished friendships which had been heretofore their chief delight. Johanna's literary work brought in some money, of course, and for a long time she tarried in her beloved Weimar, and in a measure kept up her state, deferring as long as possible her departure into loneliness and obscurity. For Adele the change was particularly tragic. "My way is rough and hard," she wrote her brother, "but my soul is clear and you may be certain, my friend, that I shall never be unhappy." And later she adds, "The loss of my means has crashed and ruined all nobler, more beautiful relations and botched my life." The worst of it was that without a fortune she was no longer able to think of marriage and yet must keep up appearances for her mother's sake and so

give the lie to her misery. Schopenhauer's first reaction to this general misfortune was to write to his sister that the little that remained to him he would certainly share with her and his mother. Strangely enough, no notice was taken of this generous offer and Schopenhauer did not repeat it.

He immediately determined upon an academic career and wrote to Heidelberg and then to Berlin, whither he planned to go as a *Privatdozent.* There he could begin the fight against his fatuous rivals in the philosophical world and perhaps in time recoup the family fortunes. After some correspondence with regard to the opportunities afforded at these universities, and the possible headway he could be expected to make, financial and philosophical, his choice fell to Berlin and he wrote to Professor Lichtenstein that his decision was made, that he would commence his lectures directly and undertake to create his own audience. For in this matter he relied on himself. As to the slender financial prospect he was not greatly concerned. If he could but retrieve what he had lost in a Dantzig bankruptcy he would be quite content. Of greater interest to him is the attainment of some official position, where he can penetrate to other minds and achieve a personal influence. The principal purpose of his life, however, he is quick to add, is already attained in his late work, *The World as Will and Idea.*

In the meantime Johanna and Adele hurried in fright and anxiety to Dantzig to see for themselves and make what terms they could with the desperate merchant. Their efforts, however, were unavailing and the various creditors who surrounded the shipwreck were assured but thirty per cent of

their capital invested. Of all the creditors Schopenhauer, it seems, was the only one to draw back from this settlement and, though the merchant moaned, and machinated, and made rosy promises, and Adele wrung her hands in supplication, Schopenhauer stood his ground on seventy per cent on the spot or his whole capital in time. His mother and sister could regard him in what light they pleased. They could think of him as a cruel and greedy man intent upon his own ends, and willing to sacrifice their few remaining dollars on the chance of securing *all* of his. The merchant Muhl could try all his tricks and dodges, Schopenhauer would not budge an inch.

"I am sorry with all my heart," he wrote the principal debtor, "that I must come down so heavily upon you. Also I can see that from your standpoint my procedure must seem hard and unjust. But that is a mere illusion, which disappears, as soon as you consider that what I want is merely what is mine by the greatest and most incontrovertible right, and on which, moreover, my whole happiness, my freedom, my cultivated leisure depends; a good fortune, that in this world is so seldom the lot of my kind, that it would be almost as unconscionable as weak, not to defend it to the last drop and hold it fast with the utmost power. . . . You say, perhaps, that if all your creditors thought in this way, it would also go bad with me. But if all men thought as I do, a great deal more would be thought, and then there would probably be neither bankruptcy nor war nor Faro table."

But the desperate merchant now begged Schopenhauer for a few years respite in order to realize the money on a flock

of true Merino sheep in his possession. The philosopher replied that he must take *him* for a sheep, worthy to graze among his flock, if he expected him to accept such an arrangement. "You speak of security but you show me none: I know no other security than good mortgages, but if you had these, you could easily obtain money, and so pay me off." Then Muhl implored the philosopher to regard his rather high life insurance as a security. To this the latter replied: "That you live and that you pay me are two quite different matters. How would your life insurance help me? I am not going to kill you in order to be paid." Besides, he adds, the merchant may have given other creditors the same security, in which case he might easily fall into conflict with them. As a last device Muhl now asked Schopenhauer to come to live in his own house in order to assure himself, at first hand, of the honesty of his intentions and the impossibility of raising money immediately. To this Schopenhauer answered: "Your courteous invitation to Uhlkau I must decline with thanks as long as you are my debtor; for otherwise, the better the reception you gave me, the more I would press my claims, like the merchant who visited Don Juan in the last act." Schopenhauer stood his ground and insisted upon a prompt payment. "From the payment of August 27 (1821) neither men nor gods can save you:" he wrote Muhl, "that is determined beyond recall." To be sure, he will always be glad to learn that things are going well with Muhl and his companions again, but "your fortune should not be built upon the ruins of mine. Your children will still live to ride by me here in brilliant equipages, while

I, as a worn-out University instructor, will pant in the street: Fortune and blessings to you, therefore, as soon as you are no longer my debtor."

Schopenhauer's clear, sound business sense carried him through this adventure with flying colors, for while his mother and sister lost a good two thirds of their capital, he recovered in time his whole amount. Throughout the affair he had conducted himself with a caution and coldness which they could never understand, nor forgive, and they despaired of that shrewdness by which he had saved his money. For a long time they had complained, as have many others then and since, of his doubt and deep mistrust of his fellows, yet it is instructive to notice how often he was justified. He had armed himself against thieves at Berlin, and had been robbed. He had insisted upon a rigid contract with a publisher who turned out to be dilatory and unreliable. He had been too cautious to invest much of his money in the firm of Muhl and Co. and that firm had gone bankrupt. Again, he had been very skeptical of his mother's financial ability and had refused to entrust his money to her. Subsequently she had invested all her capital, and most of her daughter's, in one firm which offered rather suspiciously high rates — with the result we have seen.

Often, of course, his mistrust went much too far. Thus when he suspected his mother of having some agreement with Muhl which made it to her special interest to force him to the thirty per cent arrangement, he undoubtedly wronged her. And when he questioned the motives of Adele on the same account he wounded her fatally and so lost the

best friend he had in his lonely world. Unfortunately Adele could not bear to be mistrusted. Indeed nothing short of her own passionate intensity could ever satisfy her, yet she had sought it in vain in her mother, her brother, and in marriageable men. Her only resource was thus Ottilie von Goethe and her other women friends, but to them she turned with redoubled fervor for that circumstantial and burning devotion which she missed in others. Yet, Schopenhauer, as Adele once admitted in a generous moment, had much of her nature. He, too, craved an endless and unquestioning devotion; but failed to find it. *His* resource had been his philosophy to which he had accordingly given up his soul. For a time in Venice another passion had conflicted. Adele had written that she had never supposed him capable of such a violent love. Yet the struggle had been a brief one and Teresa had lost. Adele, when she learned of this was as disappointed as any woman, and quite displeased with her brother's strangeness. He had shown her his gracious human aspect only to turn about the next moment and revert to his selfish cynical gloomy self. If she picked up his book to get a better measure of him, she was sure to hit upon some vicious slur on human nature or some bantering reference to religion. On such occasions, so she says, she was most particularly hurt. She would put down the volume with fright and horror, more amazed and hurt than ever to find, as she said, how her own brother's views could differ so from hers. Indeed, it was a puzzle to her and a misery which she hardly bore. Then Schopenhauer had refused to be guided by his mother in the affair of Muhl, had shown instead all

his morbid egotism, had gone so far as to mistrust his sister's motives. This was something, indeed, she had never had to bear before. "You feel my terrible position. Therefore do not blame me if I am no longer able to write you. . . . I beg you earnestly not to excite me now by your distrust." There follows a tragic concluding letter in which she reproves his many complaints. She is worse off than he is but would never think of throwing herself off a bridge for the lack of money. "Adio," she finished, "May it go better with you than with me." After this, though Schopenhauer wrote, his letter remained unanswered and for over ten years no word passed between them.

To make matters worse for Adele, she had now fallen out with her mother as well. Between the two women there were now too many ghosts which could not be talked about without a scene of rage and humiliation from which, of course, the colder, stronger mother could not but emerge victorious. It was no secret to either of them that Johanna had lost her daughter's fortune, prevented her marriage, and wasted her life, and this could not have improved the mother's disposition. Adele had discovered a coldness in her mother which she had hardly suspected before. She could look back on those brilliant years in Weimar and see her mother ever more concerned with her own enhancement, her literary career and her successive admirers than with a fair reciprocation of her daughter's tender boundless devotion. She could think of her mother's questionable relations with so many men since her father's death, and of Gerstenberg, who was to have been her husband by her mother's inscrutable plan.

And at times a deeper shadow passed: her brother's accusations, hinted persuasively, and elaborated in anger. Had her mother driven her father to suicide? Had her relation with Gerstenberg been an illicit one? Adele drove back these thoughts with horror and set her mind against her brother.

He was now isolated from both mother and sister. But though he knew it was his conduct of the bankruptcy case which had snapped the final knot of this precarious relation and cut him off from his only chance of a disinterested love, he seems never to have regretted it. Rather he appears to have prided himself on his steadfastness in remaining so clear and consequent and countering so skillfully the wily moves of the merchant. Had he not been like Socrates on trial seeking justice at any cost? Not quite, and yet the comparison would come to mind.

In retrospect the world has been a little amazed and indignant that a great writer or philosopher should have managed his affairs so shrewdly and so well. Certainly the case was rare enough. Yet perhaps there is even here a certain brotherhood. Shakespeare, whom Schopenhauer rated above all writers, also showed great talents at business, while David Hume, whom he admired so much, rose from poverty to great wealth by dint of his extraordinary shrewdness. Ibsen, another kindred mind, also showed himself adroit at business. Like these great writers Schopenhauer had proved himself no stranger in the world of other men. He had demonstrated, as he himself said, that a man can be a philosopher without being, in any sense, a fool.

VII

A PHILOSOPHER'S RAGE

BERLIN, 1820–1822

"I will not mention the numberless monstrous and mad compositions which were called forth by Kant's works as the sun, being a god, breeds maggots kissing carrion—but so much did by and by degenerate our German philosophy that we now see a mere swaggerer and charlatan, without a shadow of merit, I mean Hegel, with a compound of bombastical nonsense and positions bordering on madness, humbug about a part of the German public, though but the more silly and untaught part, to be sure, yet by personal means and connections he contrived to get a philosopher's name and fame."—*From a letter of Schopenhauer's written in English to a writer on the Foreign Review and Continental Miscellany in London 1829.*

HAVING bidden a firm farewell to his beautiful Teresa, to the dykes and spires of a dream-like Venice, and to the fourteen Englishmen there who amused him so much, Schopenhauer, now wearied with the idle aimless beauty of Italy, turned northward to the camp of the enemy in Berlin, being resolved to establish himself there and carry on his fight for recognition in a very spirited manner. Here where Fichte had taught and died so melodramatically and still dominated the scene like Caesar's ghost, where

Schleiermacher still held forth with vast practical influence as preacher, theologian and philosopher, where the great Hegel already reigned, as Schopenhauer could not help but think, like a mad colossus, where the post-Kantian philosophy had its stronghold and the main streams of executive thought in Germany, their confluence — here he had boldly decided to begin his attack. Nor had he any doubt of his success. He knew his delivery would be penetrating and colorful, persuasive, and popular in its appeal, and he half suspected it would prove quite irresistible, luring Hegel's hundreds into his own lectures, leaving that great man sad and deflowered. Had he not won converts in occasional discussions at Dresden, without so much as trying? Moreover he knew that in this contest Truth would be entirely on his side, and that it had a power all its own. He longed to hear his voice ringing clear with this distinction in a large and populous hall.

His own opinion of his powers is happily corroborated by his followers in later years. Evidently his occasional conversation was intensely rich and earnest, and his skillful employment of epigram and illustration, his rapid shifts to appropriate languages and allusions, his humor, solidity, and seriousness could work a surprising effect, while his sharp eyes, taking fire from his own discourse, could flash the mood into something quite grave and wonderful. He could tell a good story too, it seems, in a consequent and moving manner and hold his audience with drollery and pathos to the very end. Surely he was the man to succeed in his new profession.

The time he had chosen, moreover, was very favorable to his purpose. Although the post-Kantian Idealism which he

so much despised was reaching the summit of its power, dominating not only the university rostrum but also, in a measure, the real life of the nation, laying down its lofty principles to science and art, the church and the state — yet even in this fullness, there was the ripening of a great reaction. Scientific men who had never been favorable to Absolute Idealism were painfully surprised to find how the dialectical development of the Idea reduced their own principles to a mere subordinate stage and allowed them only a partial or "objective" truth, with religion and philosophy dominating from a higher level, and they viewed the *ex post facto* deduction of their patiently won empirical conclusions with a lack-lustre eye. It was only too clear to some of them that Hegel, in his lofty manner, could deduce whatever he pleased and could show the necessity of true and false principles alike once they were approved by other methods. The dissatisfaction with the Hegelian system of proof and with the heaven-flung optimism, the political conservatism and complacency of Absolute Idealism was beginning to show its head within the school itself. The great reaction to materialism and radicalism was already in preparation and if Schopenhauer had but played his cards skillfully, joined hands with the opposition while making certain harmless concessions to the ruling philosophers, he might easily have gained the recognition he so wonderfully craved in a few years of active work. As it was *The World as Will and Idea* remained almost unknown for thirty years to come while other anti-Hegelian systems made much advance.

But Schopenhauer's overwhelming confidence in his own powers and in the value of his work, nourished by his drastic

loneliness and the absence of other philosophers, made all compromise an impossibility. He clung to his system and to his own fine uniqueness with great asperity, refusing to contaminate either by concession or even friendliness, and right from the beginning this made a bad impression. Thus Schopenhauer's Latin petition to the faculty of the Berlin University for permission to lecture there was of such a bold assurance that Dean Boeckh could only write: "Aside from extreme presumption and extraordinary vanity of Herr Schopenhauer, which proceeds from every circumstance, I hold that in view of his qualifications nothing can be objected to his installation." Schopenhauer was now so eager to begin his academic career that he wrote for permission to be listed in the catalogue of the University before the traditional trial lecture could be held. Although the faculty were little inclined to make an exception in the case of this presumptuous young man, Hegel was favorable to it and a majority finally gave their consent. Indeed, they could hardly doubt that his trial lecture would prove satisfactory. Schopenhauer chose for his subject the four various kinds of causes and Hegel gave his approval with great eagerness. In March 1820, therefore, he gave his trial lecture and with more zeal than courtesy — indeed in a most graceless unprecedented fashion — began his attack on Hegel and other post-Kantians before the whole faculty including Hegel himself. Kant, he said, had struck up a sacred fire in philosophy, for which everyone must be grateful, but the master's doctrine had been corrupted by his pretended followers. "Sophists" had arisen who had wearied the times with their noise and bickering

and with their meshes of words, impossible to disentangle. Yes, they had frightened away good people from the study of philosophy and had brought it into great discredit. There was no doubt, however, that the queen of the sciences would find an avenger in time to restore what she had lost and retrieve her ancient dignity. That Schopenhauer thought of himself as this avenger of philosophy was quite clear from his discourse — as clear and barefaced as his indication of Hegel as his enemy — and the learned faculty, accustomed to the forms of academic courtesy, sat by in amazement.

This announcement of hostilities gives a special interest to a little clash between Hegel and Schopenhauer which followed, of which the philosopher himself has given an account. "In order to embarrass me Hegel asked me the question: When a horse lies down in the street, what is the motive? I answered: the ground which it finds under it, in connection with its weariness — an emotional state of the horse. If the horse stood on a precipice it would not lie down." Here Hegel interrupted, "Do you include the animal functions as motives? therefore the beat of the heart, the circulation of the blood, etc., follow as the result of motives? There Monsieur Know-nothing showed himself for what he was! I was obliged to teach him that one does not call *these* appearances animal functions, but rather the conscious movements of the animal body; and I referred to Haller's Physiology in substantiation. Hegel replied: 'Oh, that is not what one understands by animal functions.' Among the professors present was a medical man, a specialist, who now stood up and interrupted Hegel with the

words: 'Pardon me, Herr Kollege, if I intervene and in this case give my verdict in favor of Herr Dr. Schopenhauer: our science, of course, accounts the functions in question as the animal functions.'"

In spite of his self-assured and abusive language, and his success in this little argument, Schopenhauer was installed as *Privatdozent* and permitted to teach at the University. Hegel, in his wonderful urbanity, took no notice nor offense, and though our philosopher continued to attack him in the most outrageous style, indeed, in later years, using epithets and abuse such as almost never appear in philosophical literature, he remained deaf or superior to insult. Perhaps he undervalued his assailant and thought him beneath his notice. Certainly he had no idea that the time would come when the philosophy of this young upstart would supplant his own, and enjoy a far greater influence and popularity than his had ever had.

But that his enemy should ignore him in this lofty manner was more than Schopenhauer could bear. In this continued silence, he saw a plot to undo and quite suppress him. The university professors in their envy had hit upon the most deadly weapon: "a conspiracy of silence." Schopenhauer's hatred of university professors and especially of Hegel continued long after the latter's death, for it is not until 1840 and 1850 that his long-smouldering resentment finds at last its full expression. At this time Hegel is rated boldly as a "fool," a "charlatan," a "mountebank," a "windbag," etc., a man whose only interest in philosophy had been to earn his bread and to serve the state, the church, and the ruling powers, all

of which preoccupations were foreign, according to Schopenhauer, if not quite hostile, to the aim of true philosophy. In these later years Schopenhauer wrote down many of his thoughts about his great rival which he could scarcely have expressed as his colleague at Berlin, and there is no doubt at all that he was largely mistaken in his judgment of Hegel.

A review of that philosopher's life will show us nothing but seriousness and integrity and long years of laborious devotion to thought. His great influence over the Prussian ministry had, to be sure, something sinister in it. It tended to put fetters on the free development of philosophy, to coerce speculation by authority, and to suppress all materialistic and pessimistic systems opposed to the interests of the state. Moreover, in the opinion of some writers, the Hegelian political philosophy exerted a most regrettable influence on the Prussian government. Thus according to Hobhouse who wrote his *Metaphysical Theory of the State* during the intensities of the last war, it was responsible in a large part for the war itself. But even though these accusations were true in their full measure of wrath, we still could not doubt the nobility and sincerity of Hegel. He was a hard, cold, arid man with something of the fearful inflexibility of Calvin, yet quite free, it is clear, from vanity, envy, spitefulness and other such common failings in which Schopenhauer himself abounded. When reduced to beggary by the looting French troops in Jena he did not complain or bear resentment, but continued his work and followed the career of Napoleon with admiring eyes. When his landlady complained that he stayed in his room instead of going to church, he replied

very quietly: "The noblest worship of God is Thought," and withdrawing again left the woman to make what she could of it. All such trivial or disturbing events were for him but the necessary incidents of the rational world process, the cosmic stages in a vast logical unfolding of which he was happy to be a part, and hence were far more a subject of study than of narrow, insignificant emotion. With such a world view in his mind at all times he was capable of pride, but never of humbug or spite, and his most trivial actions seem to follow from lofty and disinterested motives. Thus when he ate his pork chops, he would first pause, it is said, to consider the matter, and call upon the pig to perform its rôle well, in that logical world-process of which they both were a part.

The intricate, cumbersome, almost unintelligible style of Hegel's writings, so different from his own beautiful straightforward manner, was especially repellent to Schopenhauer. He could not see that Hegel was developing a system of thought which transcended in its flight the orthodox laws of reason and that accordingly a new language was an absolute necessity. Indeed, in this matter of style, Schopenhauer showed himself much more sympathetic with the English ideal which requires that a philosopher, alone among specialists, must write in a language the layman can understand. For in Germany the tradition of obscure and tantalizing philosophers had long been established. Hegel, to be sure, had certainly advanced the tradition, for even German philosophers, such as Schopenhauer, were amazed and dumbfounded by his flow of words. Hegel came to the German

Hegel

people, like a tall man staggering under a great burden through the fog, bearing his gift of cosmic optimism evolved in one of the boldest, most intricate systems ever conceived. Schopenhauer when his time came walked into the new light of recognition like young Siegfried, all clear and brightly confident. Behind on a promontory, so to speak, was a radiant temple, while off scenes a tragic melody played and pierced the blue air with its sad lucidities. He brought to the world its lesson of mortality and shipwreck, with death for the old gods and values, and the end of hope.

To make his campaign against Hegel more effective he timed his lectures at the very hour (5 to 6) at which Hegel was wont to hold forth in his new and imposing hall. If people attended Hegel's lectures they couldn't hear his. That was all there was to it, and he clearly counted on a large detraction from Hegel. How he expected to succeed in such a rash design it is difficult to understand. Hegel was first professor in ordinary and strongly supported by the Prussian ministry. He had followers, he had influence, and his political doctrines had already spread through the universities of Germany to become a sort of state philosophy. Moreover the attendance of his lectures was really unavoidable for students who knew what an important part he would play later on at their examinations. But Schopenhauer, where his philosophy was concerned, scorned both compromise and common diplomacy. To have taken as the subject of lectures the works of some traditional, well tried philosopher would have been proper and modest in a young instructor. Schopenhauer chose instead *The Whole Realm of*

Philosophy, i.e., *The Doctrine of the Essence of the World and of the Human Mind,* and expounded accordingly his own system as it had appeared in *The World as Will and Idea.* Like a medieval knight he put caution and friends behind him and rode alone against a chief and his band. Thus at the same hour in which the famous fifty-year-old philosopher held forth with such lofty urbanity and such gravity and intricacy, the shrill voice of his thirty-two-year-old opponent could be heard in another lecture hall nearby, proclaiming with much vehemence and color and many alternations of mood, a doctrine which in form and principle was quite the reverse.

In the afternoons of the first semester (1820) Hegel and Schopenhauer both covered Logic and what Hegel said was something as follows:

"Thus then Logic certainly must be learnt, at first, as something of which one has indeed perception and understanding, but which seems at the beginning to lack scope, profundity and wider significance. It is only through a profounder acquaintance with other sciences that Logic discovers itself to subjective thought as not a mere abstract Universal, but as a Universal which comprises in itself the full wealth of particulars;—just as a proverb in the mind of a youth who understands it quite accurately, yet fails of the significance and scope which it has in the mind of a man of years and experience, for whom it expresses the full force of its content. From an immature and childish point of view, in other words, Logic is but a narrow science, strictly bounded by the Law of Contradiction and restricted, in fact, to the mere forms of rational knowledge. Yet from a higher standpoint it must be seen that Logic must transcend this law, extend its domain to all the other sciences, and take up all their content into itself."

At the same time Schopenhauer was expressing himself, from Hegel's point of view, much in the manner of this naïve youth.

"Reason is feminine in nature; it can only give after it has received. Of itself it has nothing but the empty forms of its operation. There is no absolutely pure rational knowledge except the four principles . . . of identity, contradiction, excluded middle, and sufficient reason of knowledge."

In these few words Schopenhauer had practically denied the possibility of Hegel's dialectic and all his elaborate system, for Hegel maintained that the form and content of reason cannot be separated without contradiction. But not until Hegel had settled down to develop his dialectical logic in good earnest would the contrast between the manner and substance of the two philosophers be fully apparent.

Hegel would say:

"In itself Ought contains Barrier; and Barrier, Ought. Their relation to each other is Finitude itself, which, in its Being-in-Self, contains them both. These moments of its determination are qualitatively opposite, Barrier being determined as the negation of Ought, and similarly Ought as the negation of Barrier. The Finite is thus self-contradictory; it cancels itself and passes away. But this result, namely, the negative in general, is its proper determination; for it is the negative of the negative. Thus the finite in perishing has not perished; so far it has only become another finite, which, however, in turn perishes in the sense of passing over into another finite and so on, perhaps *ad infinitum*."

But while Hegel developed this transition from The Finite to the Infinite, demonstrating how the one implies, and

passes over into, the other, Schopenhauer proceeded in his popular, aphoristic style with a subject matter which everyone could understand and take an interest in. Thus:

"Pedantry is a form of folly. It arises in this way: A man lacks confidence in his own understanding, and, therefore, does not wish to trust to it, to recognize what is right directly in the particular case. He therefore puts it entirely under the control of reason, and seeks to be guided by reason in everything; that is to say, he tries always to proceed from general concepts, rules, and maxims, and to confine himself strictly to them in life, in art, and even in moral conduct."

This passage, like many others in Schopenhauer, is a downright rejection of the Hegelian mood and method. It is the honest comment of common-sense upon the extravagant and pompous flight of Idealism. For Hegel, Reason is the guiding faculty in life, art, science, and morality — indeed, the whole world and all its affairs is but a manifestation of that principle. For Schopenhauer, intuition, as opposed to reason, is the potent agent in human thought and action, while the world is ruled by the primordial unreason of the Will. Again, the dialectical method, on which Hegel prided himself beyond the worth of all his conclusions, is condemned by Schopenhauer as the most pernicious nonsense, mere pompous tiddledy winks in fact, on which no sane man should waste a thought.

Though living in the midst of dialectical philosophy he seems to have had no idea of its theory or importance, or his own need for it. The dialectic, to be sure, had had an early beginning. Hegel finds its sources in early Greek philosophy,

in the Heracleitean " Becoming " and the Eleatic Paradoxes. Heracleitus wept, it will be remembered, to see how nothing is, or is not, but everything *becoming* what it is not, and will be. This furnished Hegel with the first triad of his system. Being cannot be distinguished from Non-Being. Both are negative and void of content, and since neither is true and each passes over into the other, the result will be Becoming-Being–Non-Being. And Becoming, which is thus the synthesis of these opposites, will be truer and more applicable to reality than either of the opposites. Yet Becoming also proves hollow and contradictory and in its turn contradicts its opposite and, therefore, must be transcended, and so on to the end of this mighty system. Hegel also found roots of his dialectic in " the divine Plato," as Schopenhauer called him; not in the dialogues which the latter adored, but in the later ones such as the *Philebus* and the *Parmenides.* Thus in the *Parmenides,* the Platonic Ideas themselves begin to flow and they flow into one another just as one particular thing becomes another. A blue thing ceases to be blue. The idea, Blue, becomes its opposite Non-Blue. Flux and chaos have us all, and to many it may appear that this is the end of reason. Yet Hegel was led to this conclusion just as Plato was, by the contemplation of the Ideas themselves.

The world is full of contradictions. History, science, art, and the principles of life all give evidence of sad contrariety and opposition in the very texture of the world. Attempts to solve these contradictions have been mostly unsuccessful and many good heads have spent their force in vain. Hegel, with

a boldness half-mad and half-sublime, cuts the fatal knot and proclaims a principle which brings a preliminary shudder to any man of logical sensibility. Contradiction, he says, and its solution in ever higher syntheses, is the very law of reality. Far from being the metaphysical scandals which they are commonly thought, these contradictions are the pulse of the world, its life-blood.

Since Hegel accordingly there have been two kinds of philosophers: those who *seek* contradictions in order to resolve them in syntheses and so advance the dialectical movement, and those who *seek to avoid* them by further analysis and distinction. The latter philosophers hold to the strict orthodox application of the Law of Contradiction, while the former transcend the contradictions at every stage, allowing some partial truth and reality to the contradictory opposites, and thus concede to this law but a partial validity. This is a distinction between philosophers far more important than that between Monists and Pluralists or Idealists and Materialists, for it will be seen that whenever philosophy becomes really technical and profound this great division will cut across these others and make enemies join hands — and this is the distinction between Hegel and Schopenhauer.

Unfortunately, though Schopenhauer accepted the Law of Contradiction strictly, he could not resolve his contradictions. He needed the dialectic sorely. His philosophy, as Herbart had said, was not a systematic one in the sense of an articulated science. It was a texture of bold intuitions jangling and discordant with one another, but welded together by the intensity and conviction of a strong personality. Its unity

was thus a matter of mood and feeling, an aesthetic unity, not a logical integration. Will and Intellect, to take the most crucial case of conflict in Schopenhauer's system, were terms only vaguely defined, and so loosely taken that their real contradiction is often overlooked. Yet a closer scrutiny of their interrelation in Schopenhauer's world will show a downright impossibility. Thus the Will is said to be evil, while the Intellect, in so far as it escapes from the Will, is good. Yet the Intellect is nothing but the Will itself, the Will to Know. Again, the principle of individuation is a principle of the Intellect, from which it follows that a plurality of individuals could only exist if determined by the Intellect. This implies in turn the impossibility of the evolutionary process before the appearance of Intellect, yet Schopenhauer, of course, affirms such a process. Schopenhauer also devotes a great many delightful pages to explaining the *aims* of Nature in the plant world, the Will to Propagation, to the preservation of the species, and the like, and here again the doctrine of the Will shows itself in contradiction with the doctrine of the Intellect, for without the Intellect there could be no diversity of plants. Moreover the Will could not have *aims* or *purposes* unless determined in the form of Intellect, but neither plants nor the Will of vegetable Nature have Intellect.

Besides these special contradictions peculiar to his own system, Schopenhauer inherited all those age-old difficulties inherent in Monism. Giordano Bruno had identified God with the absolutely infinite Universe, but also found him entirely present in each particular blade of grass. Similarly,

Schopenhauer identified the Will with the whole extent of Nature, yet found it completely present in every pang of desire. Such world-views are downright contradictions, from which there is no escape except through a revision of the ultimate principles of our logic. The Hegelian dialectic (or some other dialectic) is consequently the only solution of the absurdities of the traditional Monism, for neither the illusionism of Sankara and Schopenhauer, nor any other dodge or pretext will do. Schopenhauer, of course, could easily have "overcome" the contradictions in which his system so abounded by joining hands with Hegel and rising from what that philosopher would have called the lower reason to the higher. But he recoiled with horror from such a mad apostacy; he refused to give up his reason, so to speak, and so his contradictions remained in brazen innocence to glare at every trained philosopher. Schopenhauer was not apt to turn dialectician, or hierophant, or magician. He remained on his common-sense level and relied on the persistent force of his youthful insights. The true standard of a philosophical system was not, in his opinion, its logical rigor nor its scientific validity. It should be judged as a work of art, he insisted, and this no doubt is the measure we should take of his own system. Indeed, we should do well to look upon this bold sweeping manifold insight of Schopenhauer's as the reflection of an intense and relentless mood, and we can best understand its broad radiance in analogy to the light of the moon, which reflects the nature of its source as much as the objects here on earth. It should be remembered, moreover, that the truth of most philosophical systems is not to be

found in the broad promise of their main conclusions, but in the incidental developments along the way, and this we shall find is particularly the case with regard to the philosophy of Schopenhauer.

If we turn now to these special developments of his system, comparing them to the analogous sections of Hegel's philosophy, we shall understand better the radical opposition of these two great men and the reason for the neglect of Schopenhauer in his own day. The contrast of optimism and pessimism, which has already been cited, was naturally very crucial. According to Hegel human institutions are wiser than particular men, i.e., the integration of individuals into higher units such as the church and the state accumulates more wisdom through the generations than is possessed by the individual members. Thus the state is a higher court of appeal in moral and other matters than the individual, but the Spirit of World History is yet the final court, the last arbiter, the seat (Hegelians cannot really deny) of wisdom and goodness. All this, of course, was abomination to Schopenhauer. To be sure, Hegel had a most ingenious proof for the superiority of the state to the individuals which the Prussian ministry must have greatly appreciated. In so far as the will of individual men differs, it stands in contradiction and cannot be real, for what is contradictory cannot be *ultimately* real. The conflicting will of individuals is thus only the nominal will. It cancels out, leaving the will of the state which alone is real. But all this ingenuity was lost on Schopenhauer. For him the state, which has no reality, still looms above the canvas of individual lives like a black and

menacing phantom, asserting, in its untamed power, all the ravening wickedness and irrationality which men are afraid to show. It is no accident, he says, that nations choose as their emblems murderous birds and beasts of prey. It is only too fitting. History in which the state enjoys its life, and on which Hegel and his period laid so much stress, was also discredited by Schopenhauer. For him a good poem contains far more truth than could ever be found in the record of all the metaphysical accidents of the finest court in the world. In the philosophy of art our philosophers were likewise widely apart. Hegel saw in art the sensuous manifestation of The Idea, the work and enjoyment of reason, while Schopenhauer regarded it as the concern of intuition, in which reason could play but little part, and, indeed, appeared more often as an enemy both to creation and appreciation. In this way many violent disparities of doctrine could be listed. Of course, Hegel and Schopenhauer, like any two first-rate philosophers, also agreed on thousands of incidental points. Yet only their radical disagreements were noticed or thought important and thus during the thirty-year reign of Hegelian philosophy Schopenhauer's suffered an almost complete eclipse.

Still *The World as Will and Idea* did not suffer a complete neglect. Lengthy, and, for the most part, circumstantial and flattering reviews began to appear in German periodicals as early as 1819, the year after its publication. The chief among these was a long critical article by Herbart which appeared in *Hermes,* 1820, containing a great many sound and thorough criticisms, mostly from a Herbartian and Kantian

basis, to be sure, and a great deal of well-documented praise. Herbart who, like Schopenhauer, was full of opposition to the reigning idealism since Kant, was indeed quite pleased at the sharpness and vigor and good style of this young rebel in a hostile world of dialectical obscurity, but Schopenhauer, unfortunately, was not as pleased with his review, and it fell far short of his expectations. Like Hume, whose first youthful book received a very eulogistic criticism and was greeted, in fact, as a work of genius, Schopenhauer was bitterly disappointed. Hume continued to speak of his *Treatise* as having fallen still-born from the press, while Schopenhauer lamented throughout his life the nameless fate of *his* philosophy. He could not forgive the accusation that he had perverted the teachings of his master, Kant, while to be rated as more adroit and clear and entertaining than Schelling and Fichte was too mean a praise. The allegation that he had derived such doctrines as the necessary division of subject and object in knowing, and the identity of human will with the body, from " the windbag," Fichte, threw him quite into a rage. Herbart had been dumbfounded to find so much of the philosophy of Fichte in a book which professed such contempt and hatred for both his character and doctrines.

But as Schopenhauer read this review he reflected bitterly on those long winter afternoons in Berlin and remembered how this pompous little man with his sharp insistence had darkened the dim candle-lit room still more with his tangled meanings and robbed it of light and promise. To be sure, he had studied Fichte and he had made favorable comments here and there on the margins of his copy of the

Sittenlehre. Fichte had spoken the truth from time to time, yet always in such a web of falsity and perversion, that it was clear he must have dreamed on these occasions, Schopenhauer insisted, and taken to his pen without knowing what he was saying. Yes, he was glad he had given him no credit. Schopenhauer was not satisfied with Herbart's review nor with the others, yet it is hard to see what further praise and fine length of recognition a thirty-two-year-old philosopher could desire in those first years of breathless waiting. Perhaps he saw only the detractions. One critic after praising his book quite splendidly had had the temerity to add: "Schopenhauer's system of misery is thoroughly in accord with the truth, if one thinks of men who dedicate themselves merely to sensuality and seek to establish their blessedness merely by gain and by the enjoyment of earthly riches." And Jean Paul remarked: "Schopenhauer's *World as Will and Idea,* a work of philosophical genius, bold, universal, full of penetration and profundity; but with a disconsolate and bottomless depth — comparable to the melancholy lake in Norway, on which, because of its circular ring of steep rugged cliffs, the sun is never seen, but only the starry sky of day-time mirrored in its depth, and on which, too, no wave nor bird ever moves. Happily I can only praise this book, not subscribe to it."

Such judgments on a work which he regarded as the accomplishment of his whole lifetime, if not the last wonder of the world, were bad enough in their dispraise. They were nothing as compared to the two episodes which now took place, and struck his pride such a blow that throughout

his remaining life his mind was poisoned by rage and dreams of reprisal, and hardened against Berlin, women, and university professors forever. The first of these unhappy cases was that of the young philosopher, Beneke, an instructor at the University of Berlin like Schopenhauer, but ten years younger. In 1820 Beneke published a long review of *The World as Will and Idea,* full of false and distorted quotations from that book, and rough paraphrases in quotation marks, skillfully contrived to give force to his arguments and point to his ridicule. Schopenhauer was furious and wrote immediately a letter to Eichstädt, the editor of the journal in which the article had appeared, which was evidently so full of his mood that he made an enemy of that gentleman for life. He demanded that Beneke be reprimanded publicly but for three weeks received no definite answer. In his rising anger he therefore wrote again demanding to know once and for all whether "your noble editor-boy," as Schopenhauer called him, "would answer for himself or not." "You will do well," he adds, "not to make yourself the accomplice of the falsifier." So Schopenhauer threatened and the editor thundered back. Schopenhauer had never been reviewed in such a false and stupid fashion by such a hateful negligible man, and the editor, who was court councillor and a big man in his circle, had never been so addressed. He printed Schopenhauer's reply to Beneke, none the less, in February 1821 under the caption: *Necessary Censure for False Citation.* Here the philosopher explained that if the valiant gentlemen of the noble profession of reviewers wished to heap all their censure on his book, to

depreciate or damn it, or to declare it false, wicked, crazy, or absurd, he would not in the least object; but find this rather in the order of things and in keeping with the laws of nature, which determine that these gentlemen should, all of them, react with hate and opposition to anyone who is different from them. This indeed accords fully with his expectations nor can he view it without a certain satisfaction. But when a reviewer seeks to defame a reputable writer by lies and misrepresentation, the time has come when the silence of the injured party would itself be guilt. He thereupon lays bare the full treachery of Beneke, cites the true passages from his book and the false and distorted ones of the reviewer, and so, glowing with moral certainty and warmed by a quiet sardonic pleasure, he proceeds with a strong cruel hand.

Beneke's answer to this reprimand was pitiful and ineffective. The misquotations he attributes to the neglect of the compositor and seems quite hurt that Schopenhauer should have minded. He was but "refuting his errors from a higher standpoint" which was surely the custom in the best reviews.

Strangely enough Schopenhauer has often been blamed for his part in this affair while Beneke has carried off a great deal of sympathy. Even the editor, Eichstädt, who knew more than anyone else of the inner circumstances of the case, was strong in his favor, and years later when he was to be advanced to a professorship in Berlin, wrote a letter acknowledging his acquaintance with Beneke and praising that gentleman most particularly for his upright and justifiable stand in an old conflict with a certain Dr. Schopenhauer.

Beneke called twice on Schopenhauer to explain the matter verbally. On his second visit the philosopher gave orders that "he was at home but not to speak," whereupon the maid reported that the young man had turned very pale. Though he had written a malicious blundering article, a hateful parody (as Schopenhauer could call it in his rage), designed to undermine his whole philosophy, Beneke had attended the philosopher's lectures, read his book, and had a sincere admiration for him. In his review he had praised Schopenhauer's great philosophical penetration, his richness of ingenious ideas and his uncommon gift of clear and vivid presentation. This had not softened the heart of Schopenhauer, who remained unforgiving to the end, leaving the young man to the fate of his conscience. When, thirty-three years later, he died a suicide, the philosopher was still unappeased. Rather it pleased him exceedingly, as he said, to follow the career of this sinner, which he half hinted was one of the few instances of providence in this sorry world. Probably he had wished to imitate Empedocles and had thrown himself into God-knows-what-hole where the devil alone could find him. (Beneke had presumably thrown himself into a canal at Charlottenburg.) Schopenhauer inquired eagerly into the causes of this death and was not unhappy to learn at the same time of many suicides in Berlin. Indeed, forgetting for a moment the incurable evils of life and the many wise men who had sought this escape, he exclaimed, "I can believe it; it (Berlin) is physically and morally a damnable nest."

He soon had new occasion to hate Berlin. Hardly had the

disgraceful affair with Beneke blown over than a new horror was upon him. On August 21, 1821, an event occurred which aroused the philosopher to the utmost anger, and led him to an action which, however trivial and even ludicrous in itself, had the widest implications for his remaining life and reputation. Since this affair, which has become known as "the Case of Marquet," has done more than anything else to defame the character of Schopenhauer and even to detract from the worth of his philosophy, a careful review of the incidents attending the crime and its hearing in court will be quite indispensable. The facts are as follows: Schopenhauer had been living for over a year quite agreeably in his lodgings on Niederlag Street across from the University of Berlin, alternating very pleasantly from his study to his bedroom, when suddenly one day he was alarmed to see a number of strange "females" ensconced in his ante-chamber, apparently intent upon sewing and chattering, and satisfying their curiosity at his expense. Naturally he was vexed at this intrusion, for he hated women, as we know, especially old and unattractive ones, and guarded his privacy as young bachelors are wont to do. He complained accordingly to his landlady who assured him that the thing would not happen again. Yet a few days later the same scene was repeated. Schopenhauer found three women in his own ante-chamber apparently quite comfortable and fixed. He asked them to leave the place, but one of them, the forty-seven-year-old seamstress, Caroline Marquet, who rented a little back room in the same house, refused point-blank and settled herself more comfortably than ever. Schopenhauer

was all the more enraged at the malicious curiosity of the old maid, in that he expected a visit any moment which would fully gratify it. Yet he contented himself with saying that when he came out of his lodgings again he hoped not to find her there. In answer she moved her chair closer to his door and assured him spitefully that it was not at all her pleasure to obey his commands. Schopenhauer rang in vain for his landlady, who had apparently gone out and his anger and resentment increased beyond bounds. On coming out of his rooms again he found the same scornful menacing woman waiting at his door, as it seemed, to defame him. Did he then strike her with his fist and beat her with a stick? Did he throw her on the floor and trample her under foot? And had he torn off her cap? These were the charges she made before the court, and she swore that lameness, paralysis, internal injuries, and nameless ills had resulted. The following, however, is Schopenhauer's account of the affair and sworn to be true:

"After a time I came out again. And here I must reprimand the malicious insinuation of the complainant, that I came out with a stick. It was only my walking cane, which I held in my hand before when I came into my room . . . similarly I had my hat on my head on both occasions. I now invited the complainant repeatedly to leave the place, and offered her my arm to lead her out, as the witness will testify. Yet she persisted in her desire to remain. Finally I threatened to throw her out, and since she offered me resistance, this is what happened, yet not in such a manner, that I seized her with both hands about the neck, which is

unthinkable. Rather I seized her as my purpose required, around the whole body and so dragged her outside, although she resisted with all her strength. Once outside she cried out that she would accuse me, and she screamed also for her things, which I quickly threw out to her: but since a piece of cloth remained behind, which I had not seen, this must serve her as a pretext, and she had the audacity to return to the entrance-way once more: and once more I threw her out although she resisted with great violence and screamed with all her might, in order, if possible to alarm the whole house. When I evicted her the second time, she fell down, I believe, intentionally. For it is the way of such people when they see that active resistance does not profit them, to change at once to the passive rôle, in order to suffer as much as they can and have as much to complain of as possible, and that she wished to bring suit against me when she cried out before is only too obvious.

"But now I declare the assertion that I tore off the complainant's cap, that she fell into a faint, and that I trampled her under foot, and struck her with my fist, entirely false and fabricated. Not a word of it is true, and whoever knows me in the least, will understand *a priori* that such a brutal roughness is quite inconceivable in one of my character, position, and education. I am prepared to testify to the falsity of this accusation on oath."

For the most part the philosopher kept within bounds and prosecuted his defense with great vigor and persuasiveness. Yet at one point his indignation at the staggering duplicity of this malicious woman got the better of him and he

allowed a lurid invective to escape him which almost lost him his case. The Marquet, who was quick to take advantage of this inadvertence, now brought forth her charge of insult as well as physical assault. She also found a physician to testify that tell-tale blue flecks were to be seen on her arms, that a wart had been eliminated from her neck, and she persisted in her claim that the assault had resulted in grave internal injuries. To make matters worse for Schopenhauer, his witnesses turned against him *en masse*. His landlady, for he had now left her house, turned dead against him and testified for her seamstress tenant, and so did the other two intruding women; they stood by their friend, the Marquet, till it seemed that Schopenhauer's affairs were in a hopeless state. Happily the court gave a decision in the defendant's favor and laid all the costs on the complainant, whose accusations had been manifestly false. Schopenhauer was delighted and, for the time being, quite reconciled to earthly justice.

The Marquet, who proved herself a most determined and resourceful woman, now appealed to a higher court and gathered her forces for a new battle. New charges were now brought forth and the old ones repeated. The landlady was now prepared to testify that she had given the Marquet the privilege of loitering in Schopenhauer's ante-room and to explain her former assertion to the contrary as a "jest." To give force to this evidence the Marquet challenged the assertion that the landlady was weak-minded, maintaining that, on the contrary, she was clever, lively, and bright as could be.

But Schopenhauer was now weary of this disgraceful

affair and weary of Berlin, the air of which seemed to wither and stifle him. He longed again for the sumptuous sun of Italy where the struggle for existence had not been so cruel and exacting, where gracious beauty still lived without loss of careless charm and glorious waste, and he longed again to see those plants and animals and men, all unravaged by northern rigors, bright and lively, more nearly as nature had made them. He therefore wrote to his lawyer a definitive answer to the old charges and the new pretexts and instructed him to proceed with all force and circumspection against this dangerous and malicious woman. Then feeling he had left his case in good hands, he departed for the Alps and Italy. Unfortunately he had misplaced his confidence. The lawyer, though capable and well-intentioned, was too busy, it seems, to give the affair more than a passing attention (and thus Schopenhauer fell a victim once more, his detractors cannot deny it, to an unfounded confidence in his fellows). Due principally to his lawyer's negligence the higher court reversed the decision of the lower court on April 25, 1822, and Schopenhauer, found guilty of assault and battery with minor injuries resulting, was required to pay the plaintive $20. The Marquet immediately prosecuted the case in the civil court complaining of lameness in her right side and a tremor in her hand which prevented her from earning her living. Schopenhauer, it now seemed, had crushed her against a chest of drawers in his wild assault, but the court was soon convinced of the absurdity of this charge. Yet in spite of this her cause prospered again and she received an increase in her allowance.

When Schopenhauer (in Venice) learned of these unhappy reverses he instructed his representative to proceed with force and expedition against this "sly wicked person." Yet when the case was carried to the supreme court in 1826, the negligence of this advocate again lost him his case, and he was obliged to pay expenses and arrears of the Marquet's allowance to the sum of $300, in addition to a life annuity of $60 a year. Schopenhauer raged and tore his hair to the full value of this ghastly indignity, for his strong sense of justice was hurt as much as his purse. He appealed to the Prussian Minister of Justice and did what he could; but nothing was to be gained in this way or another, and so he submitted gloomily with the worst of grace and he paid the Marquet woman her allowance for twenty years until her death, at which, however, he rejoiced uncommonly.

That such an outrage could happen in Berlin seemed to Schopenhauer to constitute a stain on that city which nothing could wash clean. All of his experience went to prove that it was a most hateful city for people to live in. Indeed, he said, "One lives there as on a ship: everything is rare, expensive, hard to get, the food stuffs dried up and hard. . . ."

Schopenhauer's mood had darkened and his heart had turned against Berlin, however, mainly in consequence of his blighted career at the University. He had not expected much money at the beginning, for he knew that as long as he remained a mere *Privatdozent* he would get nothing from the University and little enough from the students. But he *had* counted on students and disciples, and allies against Hegel. Instead of this contemplated success he had met only

misfortune. A young upstart (Beneke) had defamed his philosophy. He had been forbidden to teach his doctrine of morality in the fourth book of *The World as Will and Idea,* and for the rest, had been quite systematically ignored. During one semester only three medical men attended his lectures, and through all his career at the University his audiences remained sparse, heterogeneous and uninspiring. Now a dentist would drop in, now a captain, equerry, or broker, and Schopenhauer soon found that such audiences were too dismal, even for lessons in pessimism. He gradually therefore discontinued his lectures, though his courses were still announced in the catalogue, and, resigning himself to his academic failure, found the occasion and the fine mood to speak many sad truths about the university professors and make many a bold jest at their expense. Yet here he was not wasting his time. These brilliant sayings about his hateful rivals were destined, when the reaction set in, to turn many fine minds to Schopenhauer in sympathy and confidence, and make his name famous throughout Europe.

VIII

ASPECTS OF EROS

FLORENCE, MUNICH, DRESDEN, BERLIN, 1822–1831

WITH poisoned memories of his defeats and humiliations in Berlin, the young pessimist set out again for Italy in quest of forgetfulness and pleasure and any fine thing the times might bring. Again he climbed upon the drastic faces of the Alps and saw how they waited and watched through centuries, silent and white and seemingly mad, staring eternally through the shifting mists, and once more he reflected how their mood resembled his, and that of every great genius, so dire and grandiose in their wide-flung tragedy. He thought, too, of Hannibal and of Caesar and reviewed their world adventures with fellow sympathy, for their great journeys struck him now as a pleasant parallel, and a suitable allegory to his own significant ascent. They had conquered the earth; he had understood it and pierced all its shadows with his sharp discernments. They had faced the ardors and mysteries of the Alps; he had seen through them, discovered their secrets and made them his own. It was thus with a sense of friendly proprietorship that he looked out on the vast stones around him. They were *his* when it came to that and he knew it. Yet on descending

again Schopenhauer may well have grown sad, as sad as those great heaps behind him. Why did they wait there and brood so theatrically in the gloom? They were the weary earth gods with Saturn in their midst, bereft and disenchanted, and he saw that they were worthy of respect and even pity. Schopenhauer had cried as a child when approaching the Alps and begged his mother that he might remain behind and now as a philosopher of thirty-four he was still mindful of the old terror and pity with which they had first inspired him.

Once in Florence, however, his happiness knew no bounds and he wrote to his friend, Professor Osann, in a manner which shows all his fine grasp of the delectable. Florence is more to his mind, it would seem, than even Venice had been.

"Now again the Great Bear hangs low on the horizon,—again the dark green leaves stand fixed in the moveless air sharply silhouetted against the dark blue sky, earnest and melancholy—again olives, vines, pine trees, and cypresses make up the landscape which seems to swim with countless tiny villas,—once more I am in a city the pavement of which is a kind of mosaic: in the main square stand three enormous, marble, bright-polished jewels, the Dome, Campanile and Baptistry, which, washed clean by the rain, shimmer in the sun: and so I go daily into the magnificent square thronged with its many statues . . . once more I live in the ill-famed nation so notorious for its beautiful faces and its bad inclinations: most striking to me is the endless serenity and gladness of all countenances: this comes from their

health and that from the climate: on this account also they look very intellectual as if there were something behind their show: they are fine and crafty and even know how to appear upright and honorable, and yet are so faithless, dishonorable and shameless, that we forget our anger in astonishment. Their voices are very terrible: if in Berlin one man on the street howled and echoed as sharply as here thousands do, the whole city would be in a riot: but at the theatre they trill most excellently."

Schopenhauer continues his praise and his high enthusiasm. He finds everything quite as delightful as three years before. Rather his "second entrance into Italy is still more enjoyable than the first; with what rejoicing I greet every Italian idiosyncrasy! That which is strange and unusual to us does not arouse anxiety the second time, as the first: even the burdensome, the adverse, and the uncomfortable will be greeted as old acquaintances: the good things one understands how to fix upon and to enjoy. I find everything here, heaven, earth, plants, trees, animals, and human faces, just as if they had proceeded fresh from the hands of nature, just as they ought to be."

The robust young pessimist now began to enjoy his life in good earnest and he seized upon Italy with ardor. That all its sumptuous beauty was a mere illusion, a phantasm of the intellect, an objectification of the sinister Will to Life, he himself had established by fateful arguments, yet this great truth made little difference now. He clung to his bright parade and he embraced his illusion with something of that strange infatuation which draws a man to a mistress who

has deceived him often and will certainly do so (yet how eloquently she protests!) repeatedly in the future. Did the Buddhists never frolic beside their temples of sorrow after the evil sun of India had sunk and forget for a moment, or grow weary of, their four-fold path to virtue and deliverance? Not long after the Buddha's death a strict program of self-control and self-perfection was laid down for every monk and every hour of the day was accounted for. Schopenhauer knew no such régime of self-disillusionment and followed no such rules of renunciation. He did not govern his fancies by meditating on "a bloated corpse," "a rotting corpse," "a mangled corpse," etc., nor did he seek indifference to his mistress by reflecting how, in the last analysis, she was nothing but "a sack of skin, stuffed with tissues and blood" and other nauseous unclean things. He walked under the eternal orange trees with joy in his heart and found no deciduous things in that sumptuous, noble land where even ruinous decay had its majesty and grace.

As he waited for a gay *petite amie* he walked the length of his spacious apartment and saw that the ceiling was high and noble with heavy timbers and the floor beneath him of stone. Indeed there was something august about the scene, so that he began at once to recite some of his most eloquent lines about the misery and vanity of life (for these *were* his most eloquent) and, thus, intoning them sonorously, he was struck again with their force and beauty and their fine resonance in that spacious place. How excellent was his cigar! (It was one he had brought from Germany.) How graceful and prophetic his coils of ascending smoke! Yet now he noted

that this cigar was half finished, and, taking a last puff of the delicious thing, threw it away without a moment's hesitation. For the last half of a cigar, he had always perceived, was like the last half of marriage or an affair of love, bitter and disenchanting. He looked to see whether the cigar was really out. One must be careful of fires. One must be shrewd and circumspect and reasonable in all things, and the world is not such a bad place to live in. That is to say, not bad for him. For the others, for the world at large, sin, stupidity, suffering must go on forever. This he had proved once and for all, yet a proper wisdom in one's affairs, he now reflected, might, in certain cases, prove a charm against the Law of Karma itself. He clung to the mercy of this thought as he waited. An image grew up in his mind of countless doomed men, gray-faced and anguished, bearing each his load of sins. But the picture did not hold him except as a spectacle. He was too happy for tears and put off his world-pity for another, more suitable occasion. Rather, he turned to his flute and now played many a bright melody and so continued with trills and warbles, with dainty joyful aspirations, and sad or cautious descents for thirty minutes by his watch. No more and no less. Thirty minutes was the proper time. But next it became evident to him that the chimes of the Campanile had stolen into his mind. Outside on the street were beautiful people, smiling and conversing, young women and wise old men, with the tell-tale faces that Leonardo had loved. They smiled intimately, and, drenched with the beauty of the distant chimes, they blended with the noble scene about them. Everywhere was the strange sweetness

and flutter of life amid that stately cadence of old civilizations, and the greatest pessimist of history held this image with infinite tenderness and stood motionless, for it had spoken to him like a benediction.

Such impressions, it must have been, which changed his mood so remarkably. In Berlin he had been all rancor and hate. Here he was fine and sociable as never before and all his taut and vicious humor seemed to melt in Florence. Its noise and discomfort he bore with tolerance and its rich and variegated life delighted him. "With Italy," he wrote, "one lives as with a sweetheart, today in violent altercation, and tomorrow in adoration:—with Germany as with a housewife, without great anger and without great love."

In his present gracious mood Schopenhauer kept many friends: Italians, strangers, and especially Englishmen, and he could be splendid, it seemed, to everybody. Thus he laughed to himself one day to find himself walking in the Boboli in the company of a white Dominican and sighing, as much as his companion, at the sad decline of the monastery, or paying court to an English lady in the candle-lit ancestral hall of a near-by villa. In his wide circle of acquaintances Schopenhauer quite properly played the sage and even, at times, the wizard. Thus in Milan, whither he had gone en route to Florence, a very typical incident occurred. One evening around a joyous round table the young pessimist turned his sharp eyes on his pretty young hostess, and using telepathic insight alone, guessed in a trice two of the numbers she had turned in at the lottery. In naming the third number, however, a little mistake occurred, his

thoughts being disturbed, as he said, by his noisy companions around the table. Schopenhauer laughed and was not at all displeased. He sighed and courtesied in Italian, he jested in English, and he made love in French. When he would be learned and retrospective he used Latin and Greek, but German he seldom spoke, his mind was so high. In a gay casual gathering he was, of course, a most striking figure. When his mood changed so did his language and his alternations were simply astounding. He was not wasting his time in Italy as most philosophers might suppose. "Seeing and experiencing," he wrote, "are as useful as reading and learning. The Florentine works of art I have studied very thoroughly with Musse and the Italian people have given me much matter for observation."

Schopenhauer had been enjoying this luxurious life in Florence eight months with nothing to vex him but the slow spiteful unwinding of the affair of the seamstress, Marquet, when suddenly a disaster overtook him so horrible and unexpected that the shimmering earth turned black again and all his pessimism seemed verified. In May 1823 we find him hurrying toward Munich, stricken and deathly ill. For months in that city he lay in bed, racked by a long concatenation of ills. At last he could crawl to his chair by the window and slumber in the sun and even hold a book with his palsied hands. He looked in a mirror and saw that he was strange and old, and he reviewed his past career with its frustrations and endless striving, thinking with angry spite of the ways of the mighty Will. Of all the humiliations and maddening reverses which had followed him across his

fateful canvas, this was certainly the worst. Paralysis, spells of faintness, endless numbing pain which made sleep a utopian state. His hand was already incapable of writing. His nerves were weak and fluttering and his mind had lost its finer grasp. Was the poison mounting to his brain? Would the deadly advance of this ancient disease rob him at last of his one real treasure, his intellect, so uniquely and truly *his?* Schopenhauer shuddered at this real probability of losing his precious identity in this humiliating fashion.

Fichte had begun his philosophy with the proposition: "I am," but growing doubtful immediately, had posited a not-self as the necessary presupposition of the Ego's existence. Schopenhauer was seldom restrained by such scruples. "I am" rings clear throughout his whole philosophy and the implied proposition, that, therefore, "I ought *not* to be," sounded thin to him now, and unconvincing, as he lay in his bed or glimmered in the sun. His existence and distinction he had always felt to be absolute, his Ethics and Metaphysics notwithstanding. At least I am myself, he had thought, throughout all his defeats and disappointments.

It was thus that he might look upon his present illness as the greatest of all disasters. Memories of the shame and abomination which attached to this disease would naturally have deepened his sense of horror and apprehension, while the recollection of the dazzling pleasures of Florence must have effected a yet blacker difference. Schopenhauer's illness has been diagnosed by Iwan Bloch as syphilis and the medical prescriptions found among his posthumous papers render this view extremely probable. For a whole year he remained

in his room, but gradually recovered, though he remained deaf in one ear the rest of his life. He was cheered and attended during this interval by his old Göttingen friend, Friedrich Thiersch, and his wife, and also a doctor of Munich named Grossi. And thus he improved and returned to life with a secret wistful joy. During Schopenhauer's illness, 1823–24, Byron had gone to Greece to waste his health and fortune and to fight quite professionally for freedom. Schopenhauer heard of his death, which occurred in 1824, and admired and envied his fellow-pessimist and romantic all the more, yet he had no mind to emulate his beautiful and prodigal climax, but guarded his health and enjoyed his life more carefully than ever. Yet the experience had left its imprint, had deepened the reality of many things he had only conjectured before and given fresh turns to his thought. In the succeeding years he devoted much attention to sexual and marital phenomena, and founded, it is not too much to say, the new science of sexual life, so much prized and developed since.

In 1823, the same year in which Schopenhauer fell ill, he wrote down in a fragmentary form his own solution of the frightful maladjustments in the sexual and marital relations in the modern world.

"Inasmuch as Nature makes the number of women nearly identical with that of men, whilst women retain only about half as long as men their capacity for procreation and their suitability for masculine gratification, the human sexual relationship is disordered at the very outset. By the equal numbers of the respective sexes, Nature appears to point to monogamy; on the other hand, a man has one wife for the satisfaction of his procreative capacity

only for half the time for which that capacity endures; he must, then, take a second wife when the first begins to wither; but for each man only one woman is available. The tendency exhibited by woman in respect of the duration of her sexual capacity is compensated, on the other hand, by the quantity of that capacity; she is capable of gratifying two or three vigorous men simultaneously, without suffering in any way. In monogamy, woman employs only half of her sexual capacity, and satisfies only half of her desires.

"If, now, this relationship were arranged in accordance with purely physical considerations (and we are concerned here with a physical, extremely urgent need, the satisfaction of which is the aim of marriage, alike among the Jews and among the Christians), if matters were to be equalized as completely as possible, it would be necessary for two men always to have one wife in common: let them take her when they are both young. After she has become faded, let them take another young woman, who will then suffice for their needs until both the men are old. Both women are cared for, and each man is responsible for the care of one only.

"In the monogamic state, the man has for a single occasion too much, and for a permanency too little; with the woman it is the other way about.

"If the proposed institution were adopted in youth, a man, at the time when his income is usually smallest, would have to provide only for half a wife, and for few children, and those young. Later, when he is richer, he would have to provide for one or two wives and for numerous children.

"Since this institution has not been adopted — for half their life men are whoremongers, and for the other half cuckolds; and women must be correspondingly classified as betrayed and betrayers — he who marries young is tied later to an elderly wife; he who marries late in youth acquires venereal disease, and in age has to wear the horns. Woman must either sacrifice the bloom

of her youth to a man already withered; or else must discover that to a still vigorous man she is no longer an object of desire. The institution we propose would cure all these troubles; the human race would lead happier lives. The objections are the following:

"1. That a man would not know his own children. Answer: This could, as a rule, be determined by likeness and other considerations; in existing conditions it is not always a matter of certainty.

"2. Such a *ménage à trois* would give rise to brawls and jealousy. Answer: Such things are already universal; people must learn to behave themselves.

"3. What is to be done as regards property? Answer: This will have to be otherwise arranged; absolute *communio bonorum* will not occur. As we have already said, Nature has arranged the affair badly. It will, therefore, be impossible to overcome all disadvantages.

"As matters are at present, Duty and Nature are continually in conflict. For the man it is impossible from the beginning to the end of his career to satisfy his sexual impulse in a legal manner. Imagine his condition if he is widowed quite young. For the woman, to be limited to a single man during the short period of her full bloom and sexual capacity, is an unnatural condition. She has to preserve for the use of one individual what he is unable to utilize, and what many others eagerly desire from her; and she herself, in thus refusing, must curb her own desires. Just think of it!

"More especially we have to remember that always the number of men competent for sexual intercourse is double the number of functionally capable women, for which reason every woman must continually repel advances; she prepares for defence immediately a man comes near her." (This fragment of Schopenhauer's was published for the first time in Iwan Bloch's *The Sexual Life of Our Time*.)

The theory of Tetragamy, which, since its first announcement by Frauenstädt, has excited so much adverse criticism of Schopenhauer, is wild enough to have occasioned quite another reaction. Though keen and searching in his negative criticism of the hypocrisy and the various evils arising from conventional monogamy, Schopenhauer seems to have proceeded in his positive construction more from reason than from sagacity and insight, and thus to have forgotten his own advice. (See p. 198.) Indeed, the scheme for marital relations presented here has much resemblance to that of Socrates' in *The Republic,* for though both are adaptable enough to "human nature," the former being partly in force in many savage and tyrannical communities, the latter (approximately) in ancient Sparta, neither would be possible in any modern European society. Both plans are inspired by reason and general principles, but neither takes into account the intricate irrationality of life in Christian countries, or answers to such leading emotions as jealousy, tenderness and exclusive love. But while Socrates' theory of the ideal love in *The Republic* has never reflected discredit on his character, Schopenhauer's theory of Tetragamy has called forth quite a spirited detraction of his. Frauenstädt, "the Trombone," in his long book on Schopenhauer undertakes his defense, and argues his cause so hotly and at such length that the reader ends by growing doubtful both of Schopenhauer's virtue and of Frauenstädt's disinterestedness. Still, much that he says is true. Schopenhauer did not advance his Tetragamy or argue for an official recognition of polygamy in order to release the flesh for freedom and the devil. And no doubt,

too, he pities the millions of superfluous women in the world, women, that is, who can find no husbands, and who must accordingly idle away a lifetime in foolish gossip if they belong to the upper class, or labor and drudge in misery and hopelessness, if they don't. Particularly he seems to have pitied the unfortunate lot of prostitutes, of which, so he says, there are more than 80,000 in London alone. "What are these women," he exclaims, "but human sacrifices on the altar of monogamy — sacrifices rendered inevitable by the very nature of the monogamic institution?" The ladies of Europe, of course, hate these unfortunate sisters to the death and recoil from the very mention of polygamy, yet this institution is really to *their* interest as well. Thus if a man's wife becomes chronically ill or sterile, why should he not be permitted to take another one? If a man can support several women and secretly enjoys them anyway, why should he not be required to take them all as wives? Again, if two young men cannot afford to support two wives, why should they not have one between them? Only by this means, says Schopenhauer, can the number of those miserable, disinherited women be reduced, and the vice, hypocrisy, and injustice, inseparable from the monogamic institution, come to a benevolent end.

"Concerning polygamy," he writes, "there can be no dispute, for it must be looked upon as a fact universally present, and the only question is in regard to its proper regulation. Where are the actual monogamists? We all live, at least for a certain time, but most of us continually, in a state of polygamy. Since, accordingly, every man makes

use of many wives, nothing could be more just than to leave him free, and even require him, to provide for many wives. In this way the wife would be brought back to her natural position as a subordinate being, and the lady, that monstrosity of European civilization and Christian-German stupidity, with her laughable claims to respect and veneration, would drop out of the world, and then there would be only women, but none of the unfortunate women in which Europe now so abounds — The Mormons are right."

This critique of society, it is quite clear from Schopenhauer's other writings, is frankly advanced from a lower standpoint. Like his Hindu models, he recognized, though less clearly, a level of practical illusion and one of higher esoteric truth. The higher view is that neither monogamy nor polygamy is justified, that purity alone is the path to blessedness. Yet Schopenhauer could hardly have proposed the hard road and the hair shirt to all the old maids in the world, however much he usually disliked them. He himself found the bitter path of denial far too grievously difficult. With all his insight and self-discipline he had fallen quite short of ascetic and saint, being guided in practical life by the sagacity of the lower level almost exclusively. What could he expect of the single ladies of Europe, or the working girls, or the prostitutes, if he himself had failed?

But the sincerity of a writer is measured closely by his conduct in practical life and Providence, resentful of such boldness and certainty in a field which she does her best to keep dark, has a way of challenging the most notable theories of ethics and government by contrary cases, con-

fronting their authors with the most tempting contradictions. Thus Schopenhauer's Tetragamy and hatred of monogamy were soon to be put to a decided test by the appearance of a very winsome and marriageable actress. Would he hold his ground against her and the rest of the irrational Will? The radical, Godwin, had maintained the most harrowing views of marital and family ties. The eighteenth century had held its skirts high in horror of such a monster, had sighed in its piety, and stormed and abused him. But once he had met his future wife and enjoyed the felicity of faithful love, his views fell away one by one, and England returned to her comfortable ways unchallenged. Schopenhauer was about to undergo a similar temptation. He was on the verge of a last crucial struggle between the claims of philosophic truth and the sweeping demands of a private enchanting love.

During his great illness in the lonely room in Munich, Schopenhauer was most miserable and neglected, and Adele, with that uncanny sense for trouble often attributed to women, began to grow fond and suspicious. How was her poor mad brother doing so far away in those quiet ominous days? What was his health, mood, and location? She wrote to Professor Osann, who was also a friend of hers, entreating him to inquire how it went with Arthur, for though she still blamed him for his conduct in the affair of Muhl, she likewise cherished him still as a sister should. And, in short, could remain silent no longer.

Osann, therefore, wrote to Schopenhauer in January 1824, recommending his sister to his generous attention and suggesting that a letter from him at this time would please her

uncommonly. He has visited Adele repeatedly, he declares, and found her fine as can be, uniting all those virtues and peculiarities of her sex which arouse a man's delight and respect. Concerning their differences and misunderstandings he can only say that Schopenhauer should forget them at once, for a man, he puts it squarely, "could never have anything to forgive a woman." This letter which arrived in the midst of Schopenhauer's illness must have affected him very unpleasantly as he lay in his painful bed wracked with poisonous memories of women, of his mother's contempt, of Adele's reproachful silence, of the proud ladies of Germany and the gorgeous, gay, dangerous ones of Italy. In any case, it was quite impossible for him to write an answer, his hand trembled so violently and his nerves were so unstrung. He could only lie quietly in the numb menacing silence, feeling the wide pulse of that ghastly Will of the World he himself had discovered. He learned at this time also that his mother was ill with cramps, stiffness of the joints, and oppressed with a nameless anxiety, but could think of the once gay lively widow with little tenderness now and made no reference to her in his reply to Osann. In this letter, written after an ominous delay of four months, Schopenhauer seems much more anxious to avoid an unexpected encounter with the two women so close to him, and requests his friend to write him instantly of their intended movements. Concerning his relations with his sister, Schopenhauer adds, they themselves know best what they have to expect from one another; a third person could help very little. Thus repulsed in his kindly offices as mediator

between brother and sister, Osann ceased to write to Adele and the next year formed a new attachment. Adele, in her loneliness, saw him vanish like the others. For a time, immersed in a mutual concern for Arthur, they had forgotten "the monster" between them and their old friendship had revived with a warmer color. Osann had agreed with Adele that the only way to save the philosopher from his dreadful loneliness and unheard-of egotism, and wean him from his contempt and mistrust of his fellows, was to draw him back all humble to the protection of the family hearth, to the arms, or at least the feet, of the best of women. Adele had made him see this and Osann was happy, after his Italian days of levity and relaxation, to find a woman he could reverence so completely.

Schopenhauer no doubt resented his intrusion but was still, it seems, quite fond of Adele. In August he wrote her a letter which pleased her so immensely that she could only write Goethe: "A great and indescribable joy came to me yesterday, and to you, dear, benevolent father I must speak of it, for here as everywhere my inner and outer life is divided and no one sees the quicker heart-beats. My brother is completely restored . . . and has written to arrange a meeting between us in Frankfurt. I have heard words from him so terrible that they will sound throughout my whole life and never die away. You will remember what you said when I spoke of this possibility: 'You will then work upon him in a soothing fashion and bring back again a certain mildness into his troubled existence.' I hope in God's name it may be so!" Adele is delighted with the prospect of influencing so

benevolently another soul and is changing her plans in order to meet her brother. She has felt so useless heretofore. Now, she will spread joy in a bright world in which she herself is actually but a "half-shadow." Unfortunately for her, her plan did not succeed, her correspondence with her brother lapsed, and the meeting in Frankfurt never took place. Again Schopenhauer had lost a *chance* of that warm, indulgent, disinterested love which only the closest ties can guarantee.

In August 1824 he left for Dresden, the bright city where *The World as Will and Idea* had arisen, and presently fell into the company of the great romantic, Ludwig Tieck. Schopenhauer was delighted. He had read the tales and poems of Tieck as a youth and now renewed the fascination of those inspired and pleasant effusions. Everything went well until one day as the subject of their discussion turned to religious matters, and Tieck spoke of God as a rather solid indisputable fact, Schopenhauer recoiled "as if stung by a tarantula," and springing up, cried: "What, you need a God? !" With this he stormed out of the room and this was the end of his friendship with Tieck.

Dresden, it seems, had lost much of its color and charm for him and many things there were changed. Mortified by the neglect or ill-success of his philosophy, Schopenhauer now decided to return to Berlin, that most wretched of all his residences, and make another great effort to secure for his system its deserved esteem. He therefore announced his lectures at the same hour as Hegel's, and again held forth to his straggling audience, with the success we have already

related, but his name continued to figure in the catalogue of Berlin University until the year 1831–32. In the meantime he could not but wish that things were more propitious at Berlin, nor to suspect that at other universities which were free from the Hegelian influence, they were sure to be. With a growing despair of Berlin, he therefore made overtures to the faculties of Würzburg and Heidelberg. Might he not lecture at these universities? Would they not furnish a suitable field for his influence? Unfortunately Schopenhauer received no favorable reply from either faculty. What name he had was apparently a bad one, and what acquaintances, enemies. In the secret state archives of Bavaria a report was discovered answering certain questions about Dr. Schopenhauer in connection with his petition to the Würzburg faculty, which expresses, no doubt, the general neglect and discredit he suffered at this time in Germany. The Count of Luxburg had written from Berlin that: "The independent scholar, Dr. Schopenhauer, whose father was a burgomaster and erstwhile very rich banker of Dantzig, and whose mother is the well-known writer of this name in Weimar, has no reputation of any kind, either as writer or teacher. He is said to have been involved here in a disagreeable lawsuit (with the seamstress Luise Marquet 1821–27) which is no doubt the basis of his desire to transplant himself. I will content myself in general with the humble remark, that the said Schopenhauer, who formerly went about a few years in Dresden and whose unattractive exterior is well known to me, could not be a great gain for the University of Würzburg."

This interesting letter, written in 1828, exactly ten years after the publication of *The World as Will and Idea,* a book of majestic sweep and epochal significance, may serve as a warning to those who would be great and original in contempt of their age. Such an official warning, of course, got no position for Schopenhauer and he cast his eyes about again in search of some employment for his restless energies. Naturally he would think of drawing some advantage from his remarkable linguistic ability. He was very proud of his capacity in modern languages, four of which he spoke with great fluency, and as early as 1824 had conceived the idea of making a whole list of translations. The first of these projects was a translation of Hume's popular writings on religion, but here he was soon disappointed. Though, as he said, there was more to be learned "from a single page of Hume, than from the complete works of Hegel, Herbart, and Schleiermacher put together," the publisher soon convinced him that such translations would never find readers in Germany.

Thus Schopenhauer gave up Hume, though the plan of pitting the pith and common-sense of the great Englishman against the pompous effusions of the contemporary Germans had been dear to his heart. Instead, he offered to do a whole series of translations of English prose writings — not only philosophical works, but scientific, historical, political, and literary ones. He was prepared, moreover, to put Giordano Bruno's *De la causa, principio et Uno* into German with an accompanying Latin translation, and it was not long before he had conceived a great many projects of

the kind. In 1825 he began the study of Spanish in order to read Calderon's plays and *Don Quixote* in the original, and he made such rapid progress with this new language that he had soon prepared his own translation of the *Oraculo manual, y arte Prudencia* of Balthazar Gracian, a seventeenth-century writer in whom he found much of his own practical wisdom prefigured. Having finished the manuscript, he sent it off proudly to the Brockhaus firm, announcing the first true translation of Gracian. But the publisher would not take it. He sent it to another in Frankfurt but waited years for an answer. Finally at the end of seven years he requested the manuscript to be returned and then, sadly, gave up all thoughts of publication. Yet when this work was published posthumously, "truly and carefully translated by Arthur Schopenhauer," it had a surprising success and ran through three editions in fifteen years.

His next serious undertaking was the translation of Kant's *Prologomena* and *Critique of Pure Reason* into English. In 1829 an article appeared in the *Foreign Review and Continental Miscellany* expressing a hope that an English translation of Kant's main works would soon appear. Schopenhauer answered immediately in an unutterably long letter in English, setting forth his claims (which were mostly well founded) of being the best possible man for the task, submitting an example of his skill as a translator, and laying down his conditions with great care and circumstance. He will translate the *Prologomena* in three months but for the *Critique* he requires a year. "The whole substance of Kant's philosophy is contained in three works," he assures his

English correspondent, and then names those sections of the *Critique of Pure Reason,* the *Prologomena* and *The Critique of Judgment* on which he had built his own system. It is clear from Schopenhauer's letter that his translation of Kant would certainly have a Schopenhauerian tinge, and would not only introduce Kant to England, but also his devoted disciple. It is often complained of the two great translators of Kant, that Meiklejohn knew too little German, and Max Müller too little philosophy, but neither of these complaints is applicable to Schopenhauer. He knew German and he knew the philosophy of Kant, but above all, he knew Schopenhauer. Undoubtedly, had he arranged for this translation, all of his misconceptions and unconscious developments of the Kantian philosophy would have been transplanted to England. But in this undertaking he met with a fresh disappointment. It developed that his English correspondent had only desired Schopenhauer's help in making his own translation. Naturally the philosopher withdrew with disgust from any such collaboration with an English nobody.

These were years full of crosses and tribulations for Schopenhauer and everything he touched seemed to turn to bitterness and dross. In 1826 he lost a good part of the capital he had saved from the bankruptcy of Muhl and Company. An unfortunate investment, to which he had been urged by the Baron von Lowtzow, a boon companion at his inn, the Russian Court, had been responsible for this reversal. But though his resources were critically reduced through the advice of the Baron, Schopenhauer seems never to have borne him any resentment. Years later when the Baron died

the philosopher was shocked and grieved. "He was the truest, sincerest, the best friend I have ever had," he wrote.

In the midst of his ills and vexations, and his disappointment with the actual world, Schopenhauer now retreated with a fine sense of a secret, illicit power to the realm of the supernatural. He fell at once into a deep and canny study of the séance, and watched the spirits and spooks, the moving tables and the impalpable ghosts with a shrewd, keen eye. With all his sense of reality on guard, and all his skepticism, he could not but believe. Such wonders were not only evident to the eye, but also quite in accord with his doctrine of the illimitable power of the Will. Schopenhauer was convinced and later developed a metaphysical theory of these supernatural phenomena which remains today altogether unique.

He consorted at this time also with the famous mesmerist, Christian Wolfart, who gave him an opportunity to observe somnambulists from odd corners of their bedrooms, and to make a close study of hypnotics. The same philosopher who had watched beside the weird faces of idiots and madmen at the Charity Hospital, seeking the secret of the mind in these distorted types, now glared through the dark at the gliding forms of sleep-walkers or beheld with a quickening pulse how one man, through the exertion of his stronger will alone, could reduce another to his absolute slave. He took a lively interest, too, in animal magnetism; and in "thought transference" made many convincing experiments. Retrospective and prophetic dreams he also found common and indisputable. He had had them himself and

verified their hints and prophecies. "On New Year's Eve between 1830 and 1831," said the philosopher, "I had a dream which pointed to my death the following year." In that year, as it happened, an epidemic of cholera broke out in Berlin and Schopenhauer fled from that city forever, avoiding, by this means, the death which overtook his great enemy, Hegel.

Schopenhauer's seven-year-stay in Berlin (1824–31) was barren enough of felicity or achievement, yet it included a fateful conflict which may well be regarded as one of the most dramatic scenes in his life. The underlying causes of this conflict were manifold and urgent and they had accumulated force through the years of bachelor loneliness. Uncertainty, disease, persistent dread of innumerable ills, coldness and rancor, had been his lot, and he had been cast upon the public, to live in restaurants and inns, and take what wretched food and what worse companionship the chance afforded. All this was highly repulsive to him. He had had his freedom but little privacy had been included. And security, indiscriminating love! That warm unquestioning devotion of a woman born to serve her master in joy and peace, if not eternally, at least for a respectable time! He had had little of that, and nothing to satisfy that romantic craving which was current everywhere in the German period to which he belonged, and stirred deep in his own rebellious heart. Who could be trusted? Servants? Strangers? Friends? He hung his firearms beside his bed and locked his doors, hid away his precious papers, and he comported himself with great distrust and caution against the envy of the thievish

world. He had been robbed, snubbed, outraged, neglected without occasion, and betrayed and wounded in his tenderest sensibilities, and the worst of it was, he had been alone, with no one to share the brunt of adversity with that gracious and feminine fidelity which all men desire. Schopenhauer abjured this feeling as unworthy of a philosopher, yet he clung to its merciful and tender worth. His mother had failed him. Her moral smugness and superiority had even affected his sister, Adele. She, too, had turned cold and reproachful. The fair Teresa of Venice had also proved dangerous and uncertain and all her allurement had shown itself but an illusion of the scheming Will, or *māyā* as the Buddhists say. It had been almost ten years since he had bidden goodbye to his Teresa and returned, somewhat wistfully and somewhat brutally, to Germany. Now he was almost forty. At times he felt as old and weary as Byron had at thirty. "At that season when my mind was at its culmination," he wrote, "my eyes could fix upon any object whatever — it spoke to me like a revelation. Now that I am old (today I am 38) — can it be that I can stand before Raphael's Madonna and she tells me nothing!" Schopenhauer, according to his own report, had lost that abstract and divine enthusiasm which characterizes youth, that high noon of the intellect, as the most beneficent period of life.

He needed a warmer, more personal allurement than the eternal ideas could ever pretend to be. And like Byron, who felt old age coming over him at thirty-four, he dreamed of retiring with a wife to some quiet country abode to live out his remaining years in peace, far from his frantic troubled youth.

In Schopenhauer's case, there were special reasons. His notorious quarrel with his mother, his disgraceful law suit with the seamstress Marquet, and his rather scandalous life as a bachelor had made his academic life a very doubtful matter, while his recent financial loss and the great temptation of buying books in Berlin, both recommended a retreat to some more frugal plan of life.

Schopenhauer felt himself old and weary at this time, but like Byron in Italy, not too old and weary. He still struck fire at the instance of a pair of bright blue eyes and a supple figure, and went to the theatre often with anticipatory images of the kind, mixed with other motives at the back of his mind. On one such occasion his eyes fell upon a young actress, Fräulein Medon, who, it seemed to his critical gaze, was altogether lovelier than the rest. He followed her movements closely and returned night after night to watch her enchanting shifts of costume, character, and scene, and he found to his delight that she rather gained, than not, by this necessity she was under of producing so many characters. Here is a woman, he may have thought, of parts enough to satisfy the greatest polygamist alive. Sometimes he observed that hundreds of others were gazing in the same direction that he was, and could only regret that circumstance. How does a philosopher behave when he is in love with an actress? Schopenhauer could only have behaved like other men, that is, like other men of the world. He went to the stage door and waited, and handed his card and the correct amount to the door man, conducting himself throughout very discreetly and patiently, being gay if the

occasion required, or sad or sage or significant. He could be fatherly, too, and sincerely kind and thoughtful, but above all, patient and opportune. The result of his suit was most favorable, it seemed, for Fräulein Medon returned his feeling as much as he could wish, and made him happy, yes, far too happy for his peace of mind, and so their love flourished for a long time quite adequately, so it appeared to the great pessimist, who now began to think of marriage more seriously than ever before.

Schopenhauer had done more than any other philosopher to show love as a web of deceit and suffering which every wise man will do well to avoid. But the bright god he had so maligned has a power of vengeance which even the ancients feared. He found himself caught in that very net he had foreseen with such horror and penetration, striking vainly against its silky meshes, and try as he would, he could not escape. Like other men, he had been guided in the selection of the beloved by those more or less unconscious, instinctive considerations by which the Will of the Species makes choice of the next generation.

The first of these considerations is youth, "for every woman loses attraction for us in proportion as she is removed from the fittest period for conceiving." The second consideration is health, and the third, is the skeleton, "because it is the basis of the type of the species." Any deviation from the normal structure is the proper subject of ridicule, not of love. "On the other hand, a strikingly beautiful figure can make up for all defects: it enchants us." Small feet and excellent teeth are also important for the same

hereditary reasons. The fourth motive which determines our choice is "a certain fullness of flesh . . . because this furnishes abundant nourishment for the foetus. . . . A full female bosom exerts an exceptional charm upon the male sex; because, standing in direct connection with the female functions of propagation, it promises abundant nourishment to the newborn child. . . . The last consideration of all is the beauty of the face. Here also before everything else the bones are considered; therefore we look principally for a beautiful nose, and a short turned-up nose spoils everything. A slight inclination of the nose downwards or upwards has decided the fate of innumerable maidens, and rightly so, for it concerns the type of the species."

Schopenhauer observed Fräulein Medon with great care and, as his custom was when it was a question of an object very important to him, went over each point of her person in cold calculation. For it was a peculiarity of his, as he once wrote to Goethe, that he found it impossible to rest content with an object under his consideration as long as its nature was not clear and penetrated. On the whole, his review of Fräulein Medon would seem to have been quite satisfactory. His doubts, when he had them, were rather of a philosophical nature. Schopenhauer, it must be remembered, was not merely a man in love, but also a philosopher, and the only one in history to rate this emotion as a lie and a swindle.

It was clear to him, in the first place, that women are, by their very nature, far more concerned with the propagation of the species than with the comfort and happiness of their husbands, and are always willing to sacrifice individuals,

even themselves, and resort to the deepest trickery and deceit, so the Will of Nature be done. Unconsciously they enact the fatal rôle which the ruthless Will has assigned them, and fight tooth and nail for their offspring and suffer patiently and sublimely to bring forth the next generation, and thus to renew the tragedy of the world. It is a dim sense of this metaphysical destiny which explains their unscrupulousness, their self-righteousness and cunning. As servants of the Will they are irresistible, and feel themselves somehow deeply justified, no matter what they do. For deceit, indeed, they are especially gifted. Men have been provided in the course of evolution with dense whiskers to conceal their emotions from enemies! But such a protection is unnecessary to women, all of them being, by nature, born deceivers.

Schopenhauer had to consider these facts and weigh them against his new infatuation. He pitied women their slavery to the womb, but not too much. Like Shaw's hero, Tanner, he also feared them mortally, and was constantly on guard against their unconscious tricks and dodges. Indeed, to pity a woman, it came to him at times quite forcibly, was apt to end like the unhappy case of the keeper who sympathized with the hungry lioness defending her cubs. He resolved to consider the matter closely. The Buddha, he remembered, had sacrificed himself to such a hungry lioness in one of his many incarnations in gracious pity for her sufferings, but this recollection did not please him now, and seemed, indeed, quite irrelevant. The Buddha had made this sacrifice on the path to deliverance. He had been right. But

Schopenhauer was bent upon a marriage in the practical world of other men, which was quite a different matter. The Buddha had been the greatest of saints. This was no reason why *he* should become the fondest of fools. There were two levels after all, saintly concern and practical wisdom, and Schopenhauer could make this distinction better than most philosophers, and more easily, in fact, than he should.

There were times when he could cite the piety of his hero, Gracian, as the greatest wisdom. "In one word, be a holy man, and therewith, everything is said. Virtue is the common thread of all perfections and the crux of all blessedness. . . . Nothing is more estimable than virtue and nothing abhorrent but vice. . . . The greatness of the great shall be measured by their virtue, and not by the advantages of fortune. This alone is enough by itself: this makes a man worthy of love in life, and memorable in death." In his lonely hours of exaltation Schopenhauer could rise to this elevation, swing himself free from the sultry earth and its passions, up to the thoughtful, throbbing stars. There in the coolness and wonder he could count his moments of calm delight, and it seemed to him then that his long pilgrimage of sin and suffering was over. At other times his brutal sensuous nature was equally dominant. He spoke of women, women of different nationalities, cities, sizes, ages, qualities, and conditions, with great familiarity and freedom, marking the omissions in his narrative with the shrug of the shoulders or the sly smile indicative of the man who has been about in the world, and, indeed, is nobody's fool. On one such private occasion he assured his disciple, Frauen-

städt, that: "A genuine philosopher must be active — not only with his head."

Schopenhauer was concerned as to what his sweetheart would do once they were married. He could not take her along on his flights to the stars or to the devil, and what would she do while he was wrapped, which was usually the case, in his books and reflections? Being a woman, her life aim would be entirely the reverse of his. Like her sisters she would be serving the Will of the Species, without a thought, or a serious thought, for the calm, immutable truths. Schopenhauer remembered that the greatest modern philosophers, Descartes, Malebranche, Spinoza, and Kant, never married, nor did he scruple to add Leibnitz to the list, though he never admits him to this distinction in other contexts.

The great poets, unlike the great philosophers, have all married, wrote Schopenhauer, but all unhappily, and Shakespeare twice wore horns. Matrimony (he wrote in English for the effect of alliteration) is war and want. He quotes from Shakespeare and Bacon, and he quotes from Petrarch, the poet of love, to the same effect. Matrimony is strife and ceaseless labor, and he sees clearly that the rewards are only rancor and misery. However tender and felicitous the first days of early love, the hidden consequences develop in time with measured vengeance: endless care of children, and great expenditure, obstinacy, capriciousness of the beloved, quarrels and hysterical fits, the growing old and ugly so quickly, with furtive lovers, hell and the devil. For this reason, he says, marriage may be regarded as a debt

contracted in youth to be paid for in age. The young man, swollen with ignorance and desire, agrees to become his mistress's camel, her pack animal, or whatever she pleases, as long as she allows him "possession." In a few years unhappily, his back begins to crook, his gait halts, his hair turns gray, his mind falters in its quests and curiosities. He has grown old overnight, as if by some strange slip, he had drunk from the spring of age. What a prospect for a philosopher, born to serve mankind on the high path of direst revelation, to walk free and firm under the noonday sun, untrammeled by tenderness and the narrow partiality of purpose and inclination! What a betrayal of the sacred trust imposed in him! Most men, said Schopenhauer, fall blindly in love with a pretty face but find themselves bound for life to a hateful stranger, alternating endlessly between a workshop and a witches-kitchen. Not the philosopher. He sees Nature's trap and avoids it, and walks alone through the forest of life, speaking to men and wives, and trees and serpents impartially. He is the light-bringer, the savior. Schopenhauer enjoyed this rôle and knew that he had an advantage which was rare and beyond all comparison. For, unlike most men of genius, he had been endowed with a private income sufficient for a life of various enjoyment and free contemplation, and sufficient for all his single needs. Should he sacrifice this unique advantage, interrupt his leisured, tranquil studies, and pay out half his precious means for mid-wives and dressmakers? Schopenhauer's doubt was decisive, and once more he had fought down the lure and soft entreaty of romantic love.

It is often complained that Schopenhauer's life did not conform to his philosophy, that his conduct was as mean as his principles were high, and that he spoke one thing and hid another in his heart, and much more of the kind, yet here is a crucial instance to the contrary. It was precisely his courage and sincerity which kept him from marriage, and it was clearly the force of his philosophical convictions which barred him from the solace of an ineffable and constant devotion he so deeply craved. At heart, when it came to that, he was a romantic like most of his great compatriots. Yet his reason, ever at war with his heart, had obliged him to reject the illusions and irrationality in the world about him; it had led him far away in space and time — to India, Athens, and Rome — to embrace old sympathies and ideals, mostly quite different from those which had been natal and indigenous. He had not had Goethe's genius for compromise, nor Hegel's gifts as a dialectician. He had not been able to harmonize the ancient ideals with those of nineteenth century Germany, nor to reconcile Christianity with Truth. He had always been a hard thinker, and remained so now in love. He felt himself caught up now in the hush of a great emotion, waiting in wonder and joy upon a single woman, and suffering more apprehension, and weaving more sympathy and tenderness and esteem than the case required. The hours, the days, rustled by like a benediction, and he was happy as never before. Yet when reason awoke, he saw that it was all a deep illusion. He remembered the sinister purpose of Nature and he remembered his own account of the metaphysics of love. These days of happiness

were but decoy birds by which Nature would lure him to her trap. Like other men Schopenhauer felt the sacredness and mystery of love, and experienced tenderness toward the woman. He quotes from Byron:

> The very first
> Of human life must spring from woman's breast,
> Your first small words are taught you from her lips,
> Your first tears quenched by her, and your last sighs
> Too often breathed out in a woman's hearing
> When men have shrunk from the ignoble care
> Of watching the last hour of him who led them.

But Schopenhauer's philosophy of Nature and love forbade him to rest in these sentiments. Spinoza had rejected the Christian virtues of faith and hope as but wavering states of the mind. Schopenhauer rejected the sense of the sacredness and mystery of love and the implied tenderness toward the beloved, as instinctive, irrational and destructive of the individual, and rationally, no doubt, he was right. These emotions which Christianity and the age of chivalry have done so much to sharply emphasize are not to be understood in this way. They are mystical emotions, scarcely recognized by the ancients, beyond the purview of their reason, or perhaps on a higher plane of rationality.

Schopenhauer would not allow Nature to seduce him into these emotions. He would not let Nature trick him and thereby he tricked himself. In almost every community, whether savage, barbarian or civilized, the emotion of sacredness is to be traced, and the sacredness of love in one aspect or other is commemorated by rite or institution, by

song or ceremony everywhere. In Christian countries, of course, married love becomes a sacrament, an instance of heavenly grace. Schopenhauer set himself firmly against this human insight, but he accepted the sacredness of love in its negative aspect. He felt keenly the "abomination" and taboo element which clings to many of the facts of sexual relationship in both savage and civilized societies. Indeed the only part of the Old Testament which struck Schopenhauer as true and important was the doctrine of original sin. The sin of Adam and Eve, which according to his interpretation is sexual, is the deep, primordial sin, which has infected all mankind.

Schopenhauer's writings afford many instances of his horror and abomination of the circumstances of sexual life, and his recognition of the taboo element, or negative sacredness, is only too apparent. For the positive sacredness of love, on the other hand, he has little to say, except in repudiation, and it becomes quite obvious that his naturalism, misogyny, and atheism had blinded him to this cosmic phase of hope and wonder.

It is the absence of this element in Schopenhauer's philosophy which gives it its peculiar salt and sharpness. It is this which marks both man and work with a certain pagan emphasis, always apparent. Thus the tired Christian centuries, weary at last of their old ideals, will always be glad to turn away from their Cathedral spires and find solace in the acid reason and disillusionment of Schopenhauer.

Schopenhauer had started out a Christian and a romantic, but he had travelled a long way, now, and it is clear he

would never be contented again in Germany nor in any other Christian country. Thus expatriated from Europe, we can imagine him living quite happily among the pagan philosophers in the golden luxury of ancient Alexandria. We can see him there, richly groomed and furbished, discoursing with skeptics and gnostics and philosophers of many hues and kinds, in the company of the brilliant courtesans of the city, or walking in company with a wild gaunt saint toward his pillar of misery and ecstasy, far in the desert wastes of the Thebiad, holding him company a way on his journey of pain and renunciation, but only a way. Here the philosopher could have been at home.

IX

THE OLD EPICUREAN

FRANKFURT, 1831–1860

IN 1831 an epidemic of cholera broke out in Berlin and appeared with dreadful suddenness in many other cities of Germany. In Weimar, Johanna and Adele Schopenhauer were greatly alarmed and departed hastily without their possessions. Through the streets of Berlin the fatal pestilence spread with a pathetic toll of life. People called it the "Asiatic hyena" and hid themselves in their houses and scarcely breathed for fear of the insidious infection which seemed to be spreading everywhere. Hegel, one of the greatest philosophers in history, in the midst of this calamity, remained at his post as the Spirit of World History required. At the peak of his great development he was struck down like any other, but died with great composure. Schopenhauer, on the other hand, had already left for Frankfurt and no doubt there was something hasty and undignified in this sudden retreat. He watched the smooth backs of the flying horses as they carried him to safety and he blessed them. He remembered the wisdom of Hobbes and reflected: "It's safer to trust to fear than faith." Later he heard of Hegel's death and was caught between quite contradictory emotions. Did the world-pity

of the philosopher predominate on this occasion or the private satisfaction of the man? Death, it seemed, could not appease his anger and he hated Hegel beyond the grave much more than ever before.

It was the fear of cholera which drove the philosopher from Berlin and from an active, influential life in the world. It was the physiology of age which consecrated this retirement and made him a hermit the rest of his life.

After forty, said Goethe, the chief interest in a man's life is his works and Schopenhauer after a long life-time was of the same opinion. In youth, he says, we live in an Arcadia of enticing forms and surfaces, bound with delight to their novelty and promise, never dreaming but that the inner side of such a smiling world must be more beautiful still, and never once suspecting " the tale of horror " which the future will unfold. But further experience in the world is a drama of gradual disenchantment; illusions fade, hope, youth, and innocence depart. " So it may be said that in childhood life looks like the scenery in a theatre, as you view it from the distance; while in old age it is like the same scenery when you come up quite close to it."

Thus, when the winter season of decay sets in and heart and brain, every faculty and organ has commenced its slow decline, a man begins to consider and to reflect upon the past. His mind has already lost its grasp of the glamour and shimmering differences in the world. Behind him the despairs and disappointments of his youth form a monstrous heap, irreconcilable with hope or pride. At first he had attributed his misfortunes to special adversities or his own mis-

takes and striven all the more to overcome them; then gradually he had come to see that in this world the dice were loaded against him incurably, that the pursuit of pleasure must end in misery and disillusion and all his tender ambitions and savage struggles cease. The earth, he concludes, is like the moon — glorious to behold, but frightful in reality. And with this recognition comes a sense of peace and resignation, and then the shadow of an old appeasement falls upon his troubled life with its restless dreams and weary striving. Vanity, Vanity. All is Vanity. This is the wisdom of old men.

In the meantime his friends and contemporaries are dying, one by one, while a new generation with bright and fatuous faces is running the same mad course he has already finished, fighting for pleasure, cherishing illusion, and courting the great despair which comes mid-life to every man. Vexed by the blustering and confidence of youth, the old man now seeks out his former friends. Alas, they have diverged in their development as much as he, and neither knows the other, or else, each knows the other all too well. Each turns away sadly down his own pale road. For at this time of life all knavery or ignorance have been discovered, every deceit or pettiness unearthed, the masks are off, as at the end of a long masquerade, and each sees into the other's heart. Each is thus forced back upon his own mind and to what resources he finds within himself. The common man finds an uncultivated desert, the genius a treasure-cave of thoughts and memories.

During the last half of life a man lives much more in his

memories, but it is chiefly the events of his youth which he recollects. That, indeed, was the spring-time of his mind and only then did consciousness reach its full intensity. In youth he had lived at the maddest pace; now that he is old he is but half-alive, as if already anticipating the sleep of death, and his heart is numb to the delights and curiosities of his earlier years.

"But the intellect," says Schopenhauer, "becomes gradually so rubbed down and blunted by long habitation to such sensations that things have a constant tendency to produce less impression upon us as they pass by; and this makes time seem increasingly less important: the hours of the boy are longer than the days of the old man. Accordingly, time goes faster and faster the longer we live, like a ball rolling down hill. Or, to take another example: as in a revolving disc, the further a point lies from the center, the more rapid is its rate of progression, so it is in the wheel of life; the further you stand from the beginning, the faster time moves for you. Hence it may be said that as far as concerns the immediate sensation that time makes upon our minds, the length of any given year is in direct proportion to the number of times it will divide our whole life: for instance, at the age of fifty the year appears to us only one tenth as long as it did at the age of five."

But though life passes quickly in its latter half, it is none the less dear on that account, and there are many compensations for the loss of youth. In our early years we are like those who climb a hill. Only the summit is in view while the descent with death at the end is seldom thought of. Once we are midway in life and have begun our descent from the summit, death is the only prospect. We thus count our few remaining moments as a priceless possession and cherish them

as does the criminal who awaits the scaffold. At this time of life, therefore, reason advises a resignation to the adverse forces about us, a retrenchment of our position, a surrender of the flaunting claims of youth, and a policy much more humble and conservative than we have previously followed. In the spendthrift days of youth we had fought for pleasure at any cost; now we are contented with peace and the absence of pain. This is the end of our hedonism. And this is the end of the drama of life. Now each has played his violent rôle against a storm-clad sky, fought and contrived and challenged nature and men. Now each has seen the vanity of all that noise and striving. Henceforth we are contented to remain spectators, or play out our own stiff dumb show in the twilight, unobserved.

Schopenhauer had evidently come to this conclusion soon after his arrival in Frankfurt am Main, which he found to his delight was " cholera-proof " and quite benign in climate. Some months later he fixed upon this city as a permanent hermitage, as the best haven allowable in this " worst of all possible worlds." In Berlin the death of Hegel had left an opening in the philosophical faculty which he might well have aspired to. Moreover, the swing toward science and materialism was now well under way, and promised a tempting field for his influence. What a triumph for him to have usurped the place of his great enemy, Hegel! Schopenhauer turned his back on the dramatic possibilities of this strenuous career, and, giving up the lurid triumph it offered, retired to the peace and obscurity of Frankfurt. For at forty-three he had already reached the summit of his striving and

commenced that gentle descent toward death, and in his heart, above all other passions, was the craving for time and tranquillity. Not long after his withdrawal, Beneke, the young man who had so maligned and misquoted *The World as Will and Idea* (see p. 207) but had very little else to recommend him, was appointed in Hegel's place.

Schopenhauer was happy to be in Frankfurt, away from the cholera and the hateful University and so near the house in which Goethe was born, but unfortunately he fell desperately ill again during the first months of his residence there. In the loneliness which now settled upon him he found it a comfort to write to his sister, Adele, who with her mother was living then not far away in Bonn. Adele, who was delighted to hear from her brother, answered at once, though she found it most difficult, she said, to give him any account of her inner life, not having seen or heard from him for so long. She has enjoyed the respect and basked in the radiance of distinguished men. Then came the bankruptcy and the sudden collapse of all her happiness and prospects. She had felt herself hanging between madness and death, with no hope of marriage or distinction, or fruition of any kind. Once she had thought of a marriage of convenience but fortunately something had intervened. She could still hold her head high. In all the years she has found no man to please her but one who was already married, now she cannot think of a husband who is not her equal intellectually, and her superior as a man. In the loneliness and desolation which surround her she lives without complaint — fearless, hopeless, without plan or purpose, and happy she would be if the

cholera would take her off painlessly and end the whole sad story. Yet she can bear with life as well as another and wait for death with composure. She wonders why her brother cannot do the same. Why must he harbor such deep anxiety of disease and death, and hatch such plans of suicide? Death will come soon enough to her and to him. Let it come! In the meantime there are moments in which she feels altogether gay and forgiving. Life, she decides, has a kind of sweet recklessness in spite of everything. The friendship of Frau Sibylle Mertens Schaaffhausen is also a great consolation, for to her Adele unburdens all the intricate sorrows of her wasted life. Her mother, she intimates, has also felt the pressure of care and poverty. She is working hard at a collected edition of her novels though her health is none of the best.

Schopenhauer was sincerely fond of his sister Adele and rightly speaks of her with pride. Throughout all her sentiment and emotional storms a certain nobility of character persists, and though she conforms a little too much to her mother and to her mother's type of heroine she rises at times to the dignity of a tragic figure — rather Electra than Antigone — and shows herself a true reflection of Goethe's art. Schopenhauer was fond of his sister and at the present did not mind his mother. He had enemies enough, it occurred to him, without retaining his mother. He therefore wrote to her in 1832 after a silence of eighteen years. A matter of business was the pretext, his lonely heart, the cause. How would his mother reply? She had become in the interval one of the most popular novelists in Germany, had

imposed a new vogue, and established a wide influence. It was no secret to her, or surprise, that the philosopher was known as the son of the popular novelist, Johanna Schopenhauer. Indeed, she thought it quite proper. She replied to his letter in that tone of sympathy, justice, and well-meant criticism which had always irritated him before.

" Your sickness grieves me. I beg you to take care of yourself. What exactly is the nature of your complaint? Gray hair! A long beard! I cannot imagine you so. Still the first is not so terrible and the second is easily removed. Two months in your room without seeing a soul, that is not good, my son, and troubles me. A man dares not and should not live in such isolation. . . ." A few days later she adds that what her son writes her of his state of health, his unsociability, and gloomy mood troubles her more than she cares to say. " You know why. (She hints here at the suicide and the probable insanity of his father.) God help you and send light and courage and trustfulness into your darkened soul." She continues to consider his case impersonally and is only too ready with counsel, but not once does she allude to his philosophical system or his importance as a writer. She regrets, however, that his bitterness toward mankind, to which he himself belongs, has made him more gloomy and suspicious than ever. Schopenhauer was disappointed. He had not wanted a sermon from a successful blue-stocking but a very partial letter from his mother. He wrote to her no more. But with Adele he continued to correspond and from her he learned of the death of Goethe and together they sighed in the hush of this great tragedy, recalling to mind the grandeur of that man who had transfigured both their lives.

Goethe was now dead and the old order was at an end. In the summer of 1832 Schopenhauer left Frankfurt for Mannheim and had his books sent there after him. Somewhere he must find a permanent home, a peaceful retreat amid the hazards of a changing world. Mannheim or Frankfurt? For a long time he wavered and calculated, and in his account book he set down in English the following comparison:

Frankfurt:	Mannheim:
Healthy climate	Fine weather (intolerable heat)
Fine country	Silence and no throng (throng at the play and dinner)
Comforts of large cities	More consideration
Changes of large cities	Better foreign bookseller
Better reading room	The Harmony and its library
The Natural History Museum	The Heidelberg library
Better plays, operas, concerts	A truly sociable establishment
More Englishmen	Better baths in summer
Better coffeehouses	Sparest much in books
No bad water	Less danger of thieves
The Senkenberg library	In later years a servant to keep
No inundations	Nothing is *περιμάχητον* [fought about] (the play)
Less noticed	A nicer table in later years
The gaiety of the place and all about it	A very good supper-place
You are more at large and not so beset with company given by chance, not by choice and more at liberty to cut and to shun whom you dislike.	
An able dentist and less bad physicians	
Not such intolerable heat in summer	
The physical Museum	

Schopenhauer entered the Harmony Society of Mannheim and for a time was happy in this city. To Baron Lowtzow in Berlin he mailed orders that his books be sent to him, and the poor man who had suffered Schopenhauer's mistrust and suspicion for years was only too glad to give up his trust. At times his friendship with the philosopher had been put to the severest test. He had written to Schopenhauer with many assurances of his complete reliability and then — with angry expostulations. The philosopher had apparently been satisfied with the latter. But the Baron had been greatly vexed with the whole affair and now was happy to wash his hands of it.

At the end of a year the advantages of Frankfurt seemed to have outweighed those of Mannheim, for the philosopher departed for the former city in the summer of 1833 and there remained, true to his choice, the rest of his life. From time to time he made short excursions out of Frankfurt and once, in 1835, undertook a four-day journey along the Rhein, but these were only fitful interruptions to his long and peaceful anchorage on the Main. Here among the shop-keepers and stock-jobbers of a great commercial city, far from the turmoil and contention of the University, he could escape unnoticed, and live his studious, careful days, safe from the spies and surveillance, the fires and thieves, which he so greatly feared. And, as the future proved, he had made a most judicious choice. For twenty-seven years the citizens of Frankfurt left him quite conspicuously alone. On one occasion, to be sure, he declared himself too sympathetically for Buddhism, and once he defended spiritualism too hotly. For

these extreme instances of divergence he was reproved, but for the most part, he was most graciously ignored. His life of action was over now and he made no attempt to secure an honorable and remunerative post in the city. He secured no title and asked for no preferment and he lived in glorious contempt of these things. All that his neighbors knew of him was consequently very little. They knew him as "the son of the celebrated writer, Johanna Schopenhauer," and they saw him every afternoon walking very rapidly along the Main gesticulating emphatically and talking to himself in a loud convincing voice, and they saw him turn back from time to time to observe his faithful poodle dog. Occasionally, too, he was seen to talk with strangers and Englishmen or to dine with a curious company at the "English Court," where his old-fashioned black coat and white cravat made an odd impression. Yet no one knew how he held his companions spellbound or horrified at the dinner table, or how he frightened them to silence, or with what asperity or sarcasm he gained his point. And no one cared. He was an eccentric, that was clear, and a mighty original and disturbing fellow. They returned to their offices, and shops, and barracks with no idea of the inestimable benefit they had missed. For the little man with his massive head and military bearing, who wore an antiquated coat and seemed so immersed in himself and so removed from the brisk world of facts and business, was fifty years in advance of them all. He had formulated the world-view toward which they were blindly groping; he had elaborated the ideology which the new industrial and scientific age would require, and he had discovered the Irrational

Will and the Servant-Intellect in terms of which all their bustle and striving was amply explained. His eyes might be on the clouds or the earth. He had caught the scent of the Zeitgeist, and had felt, more than anyone else, the biological and scientific movement of the times, and the hurtling, wilful grandiose spirit of the nineteenth century.

Oddly enough, some of the earliest observers of Schopenhauer during his first ten years in Frankfurt already regard him as an old man. Possibly his long sickness during the first months in Frankfurt had aged him. Already his hair had turned gray and his teeth, collapsing one by one, had made his mouth much wider, and his lips as thin as Voltaire's, and had altered, indeed, his whole appearance. To the French statesman, Foucher de Careil, he seemed an old man as early as 1839. "His blue vivacious eyes," says Careil, "his thin lips curling in a sarcastic smile, his wide forehead framed in two white locks of hair, impressed upon his physiognomy, so sparkling with intelligence and spitefulness, the stamp of nobility and high distinction. His clothes, his jabot and white cravatte reminded one of an old man at the end of the age of Louis XV; his manners were those of a man of good society. . . ." Schopenhauer had grown old at fifty, a few years after his arrival in Frankfurt, and long before his time, without any reason except those we have already assigned, but was evidently quite resigned to the fact. He made no attempt to renew his youth, or to play the fool when his time was over. There were compensations enough in age; cheerfulness, serenity, genial sentiments, and not least of them was the cessation of sexual desire. In this respect, he

wrote, the last years of life are only a return to that joyful innocence and predominance of the intellect which reigns in early childhood. Thus, he says: " So far from youth being the happiest period of life, there is much more truth in the remark made by Plato, at the beginning of *The Republic,* that the prize should rather be given to old age, because then at last a man is freed from animal passion which has hitherto never ceased to disquiet him. Nay, it may even be said that the countless and manifold humors which have their source in this passion, and the emotions that spring from it, produce a mild state of madness: and this lasts as long as the man is subject to the spell of the impulse — this evil spirit, as it were, of which there is no riddance — so that he never really becomes reasonable until the passion is extinguished. . . . The old man is genial and cheerful because, after long lying in the bonds of passion, he can now move about in freedom."

Yet a certain melancholy and wistfulness is always present in age. The old man realizes that with the lapse of that calamitous emotion of love, " the true kernel of life is gone, and nothing remains but the hollow shell."

Why Schopenhauer grew old so suddenly, and in what manner he was relieved of the force of that great desire " which brings about almost every ill which befalls or menaces mankind," is not fully known, but Rudolf Hans Bartsch in his fictional biography of Schopenhauer, *Der Grosse Alte Kater* [*The Great Old Tomcat*] (1929), has supplied us with an interesting speculation. He shows us the philosopher lonely and weary in Frankfurt, immersed in his thoughts and glory, but discontented. In this mood he walks a short distance

away to Goethe's house and sits down on a convenient bench to reflect and console himself. There in sight of the windows out of which the young poet had first seen the world, he fell to thinking of many things — of the old Goethe he had known at Weimar and his flower-girl wife, of Faust and Gretchen, and of the incomparable solace of such a relation.

These reflections are suddenly interrupted by the appearance of a pretty young girl of the poorer class who has come to do her shopping. She pauses for a moment and Schopenhauer finds an opportunity to address her in a quiet, interested, disarming manner. His heart is much warmed by her beauty and simple grace and he manages to meet her again a few days later in the same place. Finally he proposes to her that she come to his lodgings every day to keep house and make things right for an honest old bachelor. The girl refers him to her father, a simple shrewd old cobbler, and Schopenhauer, knowing that the vague desire which torments him can only be satisfied in this way, sets out a few days later for the cobbler's shop. There he makes an interesting acquaintance. The old man turns out to be true and straight-minded, with a faith that all the philosopher's arguments cannot shake. Though without culture or education, he shows himself a man to be respected. On convincing himself of the honesty and good intentions of the philosopher, he agrees to send the young girl to his lodgings for the service desired. Schopenhauer is now much cheered by the presence of the little beauty and watches her joyfully and warily as she flies about the house, but all his bachelor designs collapse before her childishness and grace. He decides with a feeling which

he struggles to keep dim and ambiguous, that he must win her love, that marriage is the only remedy to his desire. In such a mood he finds himself one evening in a long dark passage with the young girl at his side. He takes her hand to guide her and she allows him to hold it without a quiver of timidity or bashfulness and her voice is clear and unafraid. This is a sad awakening for Schopenhauer. He realizes at once that she regards him as a father, not as a possible lover, and gives up immediately all pretensions to her love. But mixed with his bitterness, now, is a fatherly disinterested devotion, which, heretofore, has been quite missing in his bachelor life. On learning of a contemplated marriage of his little housekeeper with a young man of her class, he sends them his blessing and a handsome gift of money. After this, so Bartsch relates, the philosopher grew old very rapidly.

Schopenhauer enjoyed the serenity of peaceful days, and the respite from love, but often his violent nature recoiled from this composure and his mind was loud with dissenting councils. Now that he had ceased from love and striving, he could not become a saint. Now that he had settled down in a society of other men to spend the remainder of his life, he could not love them or avoid them, but wavered sadly with vicious reversals of feeling, now tortured by his melancholy loneliness, now by the wretched company at the "English Court." To live alone one must be either a god or a beast, he decided, but to enjoy society is equally impossible — one must be a fool or a knave. When he met a former acquaintance on the street and remembered his slow stupidity at the dinner table, he shook his head sadly, raised his hat

disgruntledly, and quickened his rapid pace. The "dull scoundrel," he would mutter in English. "That biped, that featherless, brainless biped! What a defilement to mix with such swine. Common people," he remembered an old line, "certainly look like men; I have never seen any creatures that resemble men so closely."

Schopenhauer fell back upon himself and remembered a poem of Goethe's, "And when you would lose yourself entire, compose yourself. Remember who you are." Schopenhauer remembered and basked for a time in his own great furnace, but in the end he grew weary of it, and returned again to the solace of companionship, and the horrors. A few years later he embraced an intelligent orang-outang in the Frankfurt menagerie, called him brother, and seemed quite pleased that the fine beast should have recognized him on such short acquaintance. The men about him were Chinamen, shadows, marionettes, charlatans, harlequins, pariahs, anything you pleased; they were strangers and strolling idiots to him. Orang-outangs, on the other hand, could not talk, and even if they could, they would never have come out with the smug perversity, and cunning, and envy, and degenerate stupidity, to which he was obliged to listen almost every day at the "English Court." Schopenhauer left the orang-outang at the menagerie, but he took his faithful poodle dog home with him, and looked into its limpid eyes often for some sign of dishonesty or insincerity — without success.

Schopenhauer had emphasized the moral value of love and pity more than any other philosopher. He had disallowed all

virtues but pity, yet now he felt himself hating his fellows with a fervor and sincerity which was almost unparalleled in history. This was the tragedy of his life; the mockery, the farce, and no one knew this better than Schopenhauer himself. He had fixed upon *Tat tvam asi,* as the greatest wisdom of the Hindus. "That art thou," or, in other words, the individual soul is identical with the world-soul, Brahman, was for him the deepest moral truth ever pronounced. Yet it followed from this that egoism and the consciousness of unique distinction are the greatest wickedness. The more one retains a sense of his uniqueness and difference from other men, the farther he is from virtue and salvation. Schopenhauer had taught this doctrine and there is no doubt he believed it, yet his chief consolation in the world of other men was to remember his own self-glory and the chasmic difference between him and other men. Schopenhauer's heart bled over this discrepancy, yet he found no alternative but to waver spitefully and curse his double nature. Pascal had written: "The man who loves only himself, hates nothing so much as to be alone with himself." Schopenhauer, in an exultant mood, added his commentary in French: "The love or the hatred of solitude does not depend upon the goodness or wickedness of the heart but upon the natural richness or poverty of the mind." Yet often, too, he hated his solitude and condemned his egoism and grandiose posturings quite as much as the stupidity and villainy of society. It was a pity his life should be so vexed and tangled! He admired the saints so much, and had written such beautiful things about the ascetics and mystics, yet could never be one himself,

however he strived and condemned the world. "Buddha, Eckhart, and I," he loved to write, yet he knew that he did not belong to the real brotherhood. Once, as Gwinner relates, he paused before Rancé's painting of the Abbot of La Trappe but soon turned away again with a gesture of pain. "Ah, but that is a matter of grace," he exclaimed.

Schopenhauer's misogyny and pessimism, as we have seen, was largely rooted in a deep fear and mistrust of his fellows and of the world, which had showed itself even in his early youth, and had haunted him through all the years, sometimes to his profit, sometimes to his loss and discredit. As a student at the University he had been tortured with the fear of consumption and other ills incident upon a feverish, sedentary life, and had taken better care of himself on that account. He had suffered anxiety with regard to thieves, and armed himself against a sudden attack. He had been robbed all the same. He had refused to enlist in the Prussian army for fear of being shot in a battle in which he was scarcely interested; he had fled from Berlin when people around him were dying of the infectious cholera; and he had hurried away from Mannheim harassed by that irrational anxiety to which normal minds are often subject. In money matters also he had shown great mistrust and suspicion and had saved his patrimony thereby. He had had grave doubts of his mother, his publisher, his reviewers, his tobacconist, his servants, the Merchant Muhl, and the seamstress Marquet, prowling curious women, and gay ravishing ones, and in most cases his suspicions had been amply confirmed. Yet Schopenhauer's anxiety and mistrust have frequently been criticized

by people who dislike his character or philosophical system, rated as madness and frenzy, and cited, indeed, as a disproof of his pessimism. But such an *ad hominem* has little weight, especially when the facts are presented one-sidedly. It should be remembered, in this connection, that Schopenhauer's character is often painted by historians and biographers belonging to that class which Schopenhauer increasingly abhorred, that is, the university professors.

His experience with the world had the effect of increasing his distrust and misogyny in later years. He worried about his books and possessions incessantly. Even his good friend, Baron Lowtzow, had been made to suffer for his want of faith. His articles of value he always hid away in crafty places, in out-of-the-way boxes and cabinets, or on shelves behind innocent objects, so that after his death, though all his possessions were carefully tabulated in his will, it was only with the greatest difficulty that they were found. To baffle enterprising thieves he also wrote his account book in English (see p. 261) and made his business notes in Latin and Greek. To deceive them still more he labelled his valuable papers as *Arcana medica,* and hid his coupons in old letters and notebooks, and finally he placed heavy gold pieces under the ink-well on his writing desk against a sudden crisis or a day of need. (However absurd this may seem, it will be remembered that Napoleon, even at the height of his power, was not above such caution. Many valuable jewels were found sewed into his clothes after his surrender in 1814.) Schopenhauer was also quite suspicious of barbers and always refused to hand over his throat to other men.

Likewise he refused to drink from a public cup and always carried his private leather one with him. When he had finished smoking, moreover, he locked up the mouthpiece and bowl of his pipe, and in many of his hygienic precautions he showed himself quite beyond his times. The prospect of death also had its alarms, for he wished to perform this last act with the same care and provision with which he had tended to his other affairs. He had read in the *Times* of men being buried alive, a trance being mistaken for death. He therefore ordered that his body be laid out for a longer time than was customary, and not hurried off to the grave too fast, or too willingly.

Schopenhauer's anxieties and suspicions often attained a certain absurdity, yet his life and observations gave them full warrant in many cases. "Wisdom," he agreed with his favorite, Chamfort, "begins with a fear of men," and this is a greater safeguard than towers and walls. Schopenhauer mistrusted the motives and characters of most men increasingly, and as time went on, he didn't even like their faces. As he observed the faces of the people at the theatre or in the street, he was often alarmed, or dismayed, and usually quite discontented. Some men had faces which made him uneasy for days, others expressed vanity, stupidity, or malice, and the worst of it was that a man's face, Schopenhauer's studies in physiognomy had convinced him on this point, was a true mirror of his character, and hearts as bad as faces. In his afternoon walks he, therefore, got out of the city as soon as possible, and walked rapidly, looking neither to the right nor to the left. Even so he did not escape from the wretched

"bipeds" along the way. They could not learn, it seemed, to turn to the right and they dumfounded him by their perversity.

In the midst of his metaphysical thoughts he would suddenly be stopped by some passerby who had turned to the left. Instantly the philosopher would excuse himself in English. Then he would hear a voice offering profuse apologies in German, and taking one threatening look at the portly, pompous gentleman, would walk away rapidly exclaiming in a loud voice: "Why can't the 'blockheads' learn to turn to the right?" On another occasion Schopenhauer was quite curt and cruel to a very popular lady writer, Amely Bolte, who approached him in the "English Court" all smiling and gracious, for an interview with the great man, and a kind word. But the philosopher had already seen too many blue-stockings in his mother's salon and could never forget how he didn't like them. He therefore raised a quiet eyebrow, and turned a cold shoulder, and refused to speak to the lady. She took her revenge some time later in a popular journal in which she wrote quite disparagingly of his character, manners, and moral life. Schopenhauer did not care for lady-writers and felt that no good would ever come of them. He had not read his mother's novels nor the poems and literary criticism of his sister, Adele, and he had paid even less attention to their writings than they to his. Second-rate literature, in general, he held to be a curse, for one mediocre book can do more harm than a hundred bad ones. The indiscriminate reading of novels he likewise deplored, and for young people to spend their time in this way he

regarded as a fatal mistake. From novels (i.e., the light novels of the time) they derived such a rosy picture of life and developed such romantic notions of their own prospects in the world that the inevitable disillusion would prove doubly painful and much misery result. He himself had been educated on this glamorous, deceptive stuff. He knew what he was talking about. In place of novels he recommended biographies, particularly such instructive books as the biography of Franklin, for reading of this sort would supply the youth with adventure and narrative but also acquaint him with the actual world and prepare him for its pains and disappointments.

He himself limited his reading of fiction to the greatest novels that had ever been written and refused to be satisfied with less. These were:

Wilhelm Meister ..... Goethe
Tristram Shandy ..... Sterne
Don Quixote ..... Cervantes
Gil Blas and *The Devil Upon Two Sticks* ..... Lesage
The Betrothed ..... Manzoni
The Count of Monte Cristo ..... Dumas
The Wandering Jew and *The Mysteries of Paris* ..... Sue
Emile ..... Rousseau
Tom Jones ..... Fielding

He also read Voltaire and Swift for their caustic or rollicking satire and admired them especially for their misanthropy. Naturally he was attracted to *Gulliver's Travels* which had shown human beings to be quite inferior to the horses he loved, and to *Candide* which had made Leibnitz's optimism the laughing stock of Europe. His complete mastery of five

European languages enabled him, fortunately, to read all these classics in the original and he was conspicuously proud of this ability. But since the number of the greatest novels is strictly limited and Schopenhauer of a prodigious appetite, he was compelled to read many of them over again a second time, and *Wilhelm Meister* and *Tristram Shandy* he read repeatedly. The effect of his predilection for literature and his special devotion to these novelists could not but show with richness and color in his own writing. In the *Parerga und Parilipomena* (1851) it is as if Sterne himself were speaking, for here the flashes and sallies, the whims and humorous digressions of the subtle Englishman, are faithfully developed. Traces of Chamfort, Rochefoucauld, Voltaire, and other brilliant stylists may also be found in the eloquent pattern of his later writings, while his constant preoccupation with Plato, Aristotle, Horace, Seneca, and other classical writers lengthened his periods and imparted to his manner a sonorous and stately cadence, otherwise almost absent from the books of modern philosophy. In all this perfection of form there was naturally a wonderful gain, but also a loss, and a dangerous precedent. It gave Schopenhauer a high ranking among stylists, second only to Plato among philosophical writers, and lent to his system a popular and artistic appeal to which other philosophers could scarcely pretend. Indeed the verve and grace of his style proved quite irresistible, and here was precisely the danger. Schopenhauer's arguments, for one thing, do not prove their conclusions in the Aristotelian fashion (by recourse to the Law of Contradiction), they elicit belief and force conviction. If we do not believe what Schopenhauer says, he takes us by

the hand like an older brother, or taunts and overwhelms us with his rhetoric, and we become aware that a man is before us, not a syllogism. Thus, he paints and illumines with the tapers of a thousand tropes and side-lights and striking cases — behind it all we feel the man with his deviltry, his passion, and his loftiness.

In Schopenhauer's follower, Nietzsche, this rhetorical disposition becomes more marked. With him the recourse to argument is a confession of weakness which Zarathustra, or any other kingly nature, will scorn to use. The viper stings, the lion roars: Zarathustra speaks. This is the triumph of Zoology but the death of reason. Schopenhauer, of course, did not go this far but his brilliance paved the way, as has often been said, for a decline of strict philosophy. His passion for proverbs and adages is most significant in this connection, and his willingness to judge the nations of the earth according to their favorite sayings is even ominous. Words, words! Schopenhauer grew increasingly fond of them. Voltaire would sacrifice a friend for a metaphor and Schopenhauer, at times, his best friend, the truth. Yet much may be said in general defense of his method. The truth of his system rested mainly on his intuitions, after all, not his arguments. These were but guides and illuminations to other minds on the path to the same conclusions. As an intuitive philosopher Schopenhauer's procedure was beautifully persuasive. As a *Standpunktsphilosoph* or *Weltanschauungsphilosoph* (as the Germans say), he is almost beyond comparison. Of more technical philosophers there are enough, meanwhile, to suit the most academic taste.

Schopenhauer lived in Frankfurt in methodic retirement and during the first decade of his residence there, scarcely a report breaks through the enchanted silence in which the great man moved. In Careil's account (1839), however, we see the sociable side of his life and character reflected in the eyes of this shrewd French statesman:

"Very retiring by virtue of his natural disposition which often went to the length of actual mistrust, he associated only with his most intimate friends or with visiting strangers in Frankfurt. His movements during a conversation often reached an extraordinary vivacity. He hated a vain dispute about words, and thus knew all the better how to value a solid, brilliant conversation. He commanded four languages which he spoke with great ease: French, English, German, Italian, and apparently Spanish as well. When he spoke, he embroidered the rather rough German canvas with his glittering Latin, Greek, French, English, and Italian arabesques. His conversation streamed and bubbled with such witty ideas and sallies, citations and interesting circumstances, that the hours were forgotten; many times his intimate friends listened to him until midnight without experiencing a moment of weariness and not for an instant was the fire of his eyes extinguished. His powerful words bound the listeners, they painted and analyzed instantaneously; a breath of tender loving-kindness increased still more the fire of his eloquence. And above all else, his conversation was distinguished by an extraordinary clarity. A German, who had travelled much in Abyssinia, was so astounded to hear Schopenhauer portray the various kinds of crocodiles with such detail and vraisemblance, that he first believed he had to do with a fellow-traveller.

"Happy were those who were privileged to hear this last of the great eighteenth-century conversationalists. He was, in this respect, a contemporary of Voltaire, Diderot, and Chamfort."

Schopenhauer often enjoyed these long conversations with merchants, officials, and private gentlemen of culture, as much as most philosophers delight in talking among themselves, and he enjoyed very discriminately many of the good things in life. He was an Epicure in his reading, his conversation, his friends — exercise, baths, beer, coffee. He was a *Feinschmecker* at the dinner table, a sensitive critic at the theatre, the opera, the concert, the reading room. He read the London *Times* and the French journals, and acquainted himself with all the scandals and curiosities in the world and all the new developments of science. Like Epicurus in The Garden, Schopenhauer watched the mad world stream by him in his safe retreat, but he followed the events in that passage with little of that placidity and complaisance which Epicurus had recommended. Too often his mood was swept with pity and rage, sorrow and mirth, for the spectacle of the world in the throes of the mighty Will, that he himself had discovered, was a grotesque and piercing drama, which did not always permit him to tend his pleasures in perfect equanimity. But this was also the case with Lucretius and all the nobler Epicureans.

Schopenhauer was an Epicurean in these later years and shepherded pleasures and avoided pains with the greatest care, yet he was also a philosophical saint, who held the world, its bounties and deceits, in contempt. His passion for the world — the theatre, literature, music, science, conversation, etc. — contrasted with his nihilism; his egoism with his altruistic and saintly ethics, and we have had occasion to observe many conflicting opposites in his nature. Was Schopenhauer insin-

cere in playing, thus, so many parts? Was he hypocritical in preaching pity and loving-kindness while practicing selfishness, hatred, and narrow calculation? This is frequently the charge. Schopenhauer's life and character contrasted only too discreditably, it is said, with his saintly and pessimistic teachings. A complete survey of Schopenhauer's writings, however, will show that all the diversities and contradictions in his nature and practice are faithfully reflected in the variety and incompatibility of his doctrines, that consequently no important contradiction between life and teachings is discoverable. He was a genius with the privileges and sorrows peculiar to this distinction. We have the doctrine of genius. He was a pagan, a worldling, an Epicurean. We find in perfect agreement the doctrines of sex, practical wisdom, and the repudiation of Christianity. He was an esthete who enjoyed the world and a pessimist who condemned it and again we find a perfect parallel in his writings. Schopenhauer followed his philosophy all too faithfully and that is why his life showed the same contradictions. In Chapter VII these contradictions were briefly discussed and there it was shown that the Hegelian dialectic (or the Socratic) was the only means by which they could be resolved or harmonized. Now the same is true of the conflicts in Schopenhauer's character.

In Hegel's profound and influential book, *The Phenomenology of Mind,* all Schopenhauer's life-shifts and contradictions are treated with masterly precision. There Pessimism, empty saintliness, Egoism, and " the Frenzy of Self-esteem " are analyzed and criticized as typical states of mind, but soon their fatal weakness is disclosed. They are found

unsatisfactory and must be given up. They are transcended in higher, more complex, and subtly adequate states of mind, in which, however, the truth of the earlier stages is retained for what it is worth. Thus, the dialectic moves on. The simple, inadequate practice or belief always turns out to involve a contradiction and therefore is always transcended in a more advanced and adequate form. For what is contradictory, said Hegel, can never be real or lasting.

Had Schopenhauer studied this book with the same care which he devoted to his own philosophy, or had he been the sort of man who could have written it, the story of his life would have been utterly different. In that case, perhaps, we should behold in his character, not a kaleidoscope of saint, skeptic, sensualist, pessimist, esthete, etc., but an interfusion and harmony of all these life-dispositions. But Schopenhauer never studied *The Phenomenology of Mind* with any care and never speaks of it. Parmenides had written two books: *The Way of Truth* and *The Way of Opinion,* the one containing his esoteric doctrine, the other, his exoteric, and the Hindus had done the same. There were different levels of truth. This was Schopenhauer's answer, and he sometimes was willing to confess the mystery and his own inability to reconcile these inconsistent levels of truth, so scandalous in a philosophical system.

How did Schopenhauer actually reply when his followers criticized him or hinted at mysteries and contradictions in his system? Usually he grew quite angry, and ordered them to re-read his complete works where they would find answers to all their questions, and more. On finishing *The*

World as Will and Idea, Vol. I (1818), he had realized, as he himself relates, that the world's mysteries had been solved once and for all and he glared at a sphinx, which caught his eye, with great composure. Now as an old man he saw no reason to change his mind. He hated criticism and really didn't see the point of it. Once when Ernest Otto Lindner proposed certain criticisms of Schopenhauer's system (1846) the pessimist sprang from the sofa like lightning and called an end to the interview. He bespoke another time, however, and promised to answer all questions then. The young man returned accordingly on the following day and for a time they talked very amicably, side by side on the sofa. Then the philosopher proposed a walk in the open air, and soon Lindner found himself striding at a great pace toward the outskirts of Frankfurt. On the way Schopenhauer cursed a passerby who turned to the left instead of the right and ridiculed the heavy cumbersome gait of other "blockheads" they met along the way. Indeed he gave a physiological explanation of their slow and clumsy movements on the spot, and imitated them with a very comic effect. Quickness and adroitness of bodily movements, like the agility of mind, are dependent upon a superior brain, he explained. This was the difference between him and them. And so he walked on at an appalling rate and his mind clicked and sprang even faster, and thus he talked, and touched on many themes. The young man, meanwhile, was as much dazed by Schopenhauer's brilliance as by his rapid movements, and too afraid of the great man, or too out of breath, to declare his sinister doubts. But this did not matter to Schopenhauer. Life

consists of motion, Aristotle had said. The pessimist sped on for miles, through the heat of a hot July, and the bright poodle dog, who at first had been quite joyful, seemed a little saddened now. At times they stopped to observe the philosopher's favorite vistas and scan them through a glass, but only for a moment. Finally, they arrived at a lonely place far from the city, free from eavesdroppers or disturbance of any kind, and there at last the young man advanced his criticisms of *The World as Will and Idea.*

"According to your doctrine," he said, "the Will is the master, and the Intellect the servant, a subordinate entity, a mere instrument which the Will has brought forth to serve its purpose, and thus akin to 'the hoof, claw, hand, wing, horns, or teeth,' which are by their nature only instruments. How is it possible, now, that this servant, this creature, the Intellect, is able to exalt itself above the Will, its lord and master, and even to abolish it?" To which Schopenhauer replied:

"The answer to your question is simply this: A wanderer pursues a certain path with a lantern in his hand; suddenly he sees an abyss before him and turns back. The Wanderer is the Will to Life, the lantern, the Intellect; by the light of this the Will sees that it has taken the wrong way, and that it stands before an abyss, and so it turns about and goes back."

Schopenhauer felt so intensely the truth of his doctrine of the denial of the Will that it now assumed in his mind a dramatic life, a transition very common to deep inexplicable convictions. Yet it is obvious that this allegory did not meet the objection. The Will remains master and mastered, essen-

tially evil, yet capable of virtue and salvation, the sum-total of reality, yet only a part of it, for such contradictions could not be resolved by a Platonic myth.

Schopenhauer obviously didn't like this objection, so Lindner proposed another.

"According to your doctrine," he said, "the whole undivided Will is completely present in each individual. It would seem therefore that the abolition of the Will in *one* individual would destroy it in all the others and thus *one* saint could save the world." This criticism, remarked Schopenhauer, had already been brought forward in 1819, right after the appearance of *The World as Will and Idea.*

"In reply I can only say that in one appearance the Will is denied, and in another, not. How this happens I do not know; for I have not taken it upon myself to solve all the riddles in the world. I have explained in the *Epiphilosophy* that we cannot know 'how essentially deep in the world go the roots of individuality.'" Unfortunately, the philosopher had also explained in many places that the plurality and individuality are rooted in the Intellect alone. Unhappily, too, he was not always as modest as this. Too often he looked upon his system as the final solution of all the world's mysteries, and once he remarked that in the future philosophers, with their problems all solved, would cease to enquire and investigate, and confine themselves to commentary upon him. Indeed the force of his sweeping insights was usually overwhelming and scattered all doubts.

Did Schopenhauer in his loneliness and neglect overestimate the importance of his philosophy? Did his isolation

from other philosophers and from an appreciative public prevent him from weighing its truth and error with discrimination? No doubt he was prone to exaggerate where others ignored or belittled, yet if we measure Schopenhauer by the three *objective* tests of the importance of a philosopher, we shall see him emerge with quite a flourish. With regard to the first of these criteria, *originality,* Schopenhauer's eminence is indisputable. His *influence,* as we have seen, has also been enormous, though it has been felt more perhaps in literary and artistic circles, and among the readers of the lay-public, than in the field of strict philosophy. In point of *logical rigor,* for this is the third criterion, Schopenhauer was undoubtedly inferior to a great many systematic philosophers, though it should be remembered that where it is a question of a philosophical system in the traditional sense, logical rigor is seldom maintained throughout. Thus, while it is impossible to agree with Schopenhauer's own judgment of his importance, there is good reason to rank him as one of the world's greatest philosophers.

After writing *The World as Will and Idea* in 1818 Schopenhauer was unproductive for seventeen years, until 1836, and there were a number of reasons for this long silence. First, there was the ill reception of this book and, second, his conviction that it contained about all that was worth writing in philosophy, and there had been other discouragements and deterrents. Naturally the return of his creative powers at forty-eight was a glorious rebirth for the philosopher, and he wrote with a swing and a joy that he had never known before. For fifteen years he enjoyed this fruition, pro-

ducing intermittently a rich variety of works, for it was not until 1851 that he announced his last volume. These works were:

The Will in Nature (1836)
The Freedom of the Human Will (1839)
(Awarded the prize by the Norwegian Royal Society at Drontheim)
The Basis of Morality (1840)
(Refused the prize by the Danish Royal Society)
The World as Will and Idea, Vol. II (1843)
Parerga and Paralipomena, Vols. I and II (1851)

In 1835 Schopenhauer wrote to his publisher to learn how things were going with his youthful book: *The World as Will and Idea* (Vol. I). In later years, replied Brockhaus, there has been no call for it. He had been obliged to use most of the edition for scrap paper. In the following year the philosopher published one of his most brilliant volumes, *The Will in Nature.* Here he was principally concerned to show that the biological science of the last two decades, in its slow empirical procedure, was approaching, and in some cases had actually arrived at, his own intuitive conclusions: that Will is dominant everywhere in nature and that the vital functions of plants and animals are to be explained by its activity. Why does a plant in a dark cellar grow around corners, avoiding obstacles on the way, and grope and turn, to reach a chink of light? This is the Will of the Plant, which could never be explained by any concatenation of mechanical causes. Schopenhauer is rich with curiosities and exciting instances of the power of the silent Will. The one force is

Will and the one principle, Causality, but the latter, of course, is not taken in the ordinary scientific sense. Causality, he maintains, still in agreement with Kant, is an a priori and necessary relation, a mere form of apprehension. For this reason science must never encroach upon metaphysics. Its province is limited essentially to the domain of appearances, to the field of possible experience. And science must keep to its place. Schopenhauer, in these later years, was a zealous champion of science, but a deadly opponent of those crass materialists — biologists, medics, chemists, physicists — who pretended to explain everything in heaven and earth by their test-tubes, vivisections, and mechanical principles. *The Will in Nature,* which, on its positive side, was both a continuation of Lamarck and a striking anticipation of Darwin, is one of the most original of Schopenhauer's works, but enjoyed its chief fling and influence after the appearance of *The Origin of Species* (1859).

David Hume, a misanthropist, like Schopenhauer, was so discouraged by the ungracious reception of his philosophy that he turned to history and finally to spectacular cooking. Schopenhauer let seventeen years go by without a word, for it was a principle of his, he once said, never to write unless he had something to say, and he recommended this maxim to his contemporaries. When in 1838 the Norwegian Royal Society of Science offered a prize for an essay on The Freedom of the Will, Schopenhauer had soon filled a book, and was extremely gratified to receive the award and all the handsome compliments which accompanied it. The subject assigned had been a particularly fortunate one for him. That

the Will is free, and omnipotent, unrestricted by the phenomenal causes, the essence of man and of the world, he had already taught and had known how to develop it now. He had expounded one of the deepest tenets of his system and he had received the prize. Hereafter he always spoke of "my prize essay" with a glow of pride.

In the following year (1840) he had written another extended essay on *The Basis of Morality* and sent it off with much boldness and expedition to the Danish Royal Society of Science at Copenhagen, and showed himself very confident of getting the prize. This essay and his prize essay on *The Freedom of the Will,* he plans "to publish together in the following year as one volume: *The Two Basic Problems of Ethics, Solved in Two Prize Essays.*" The Danish Society, unfortunately, did not agree with him. They found he had slandered contemporary philosophers (the Post-Kantians) too freely, and denied that pity was an adequate basis for morality. These reasons, in view of the brilliance of the work, were naturally quite inadequate, and posterity has reversed the decision. Schopenhauer was bitterly disappointed at this undreamed-of refusal, but could only retaliate by referring to his essay as: *The Basis of Morality Not approved by the Danish Society of Sciences,* and this he always did.

Three years later, in 1843, Schopenhauer had finished a huge work supplementary to *The World as Will and Idea* (1819) which he declared to be the finest he had ever written. "The fruit of a whole life-time devoted to perpetual study and reflection," he wrote to his publisher, "inspired with the full ripeness of age and the concentration of all the

thoughts conceived at twenty-four." Goethe had written the first part of *Faust* while a young man. He had finished it at 64. Kant, Schopenhauer's other great teacher, had written down thoughts long-pondered, at the age of 56 and astounded Germany with his *Critique of Pure Reason.* "As a rule," says Schopenhauer in the *Parerga,* "a man will write his best book around 50." He himself was 56 at this time. To his publisher, Brockhaus, he confessed that he was so satisfied with this new work "that I really hope at last 'to conquer the dull apathy of the world.'" Might he receive reports on the sales every year? Unfortunately the first of these reports in 1846 was scarcely gratifying. It is *bad* business, writes Brockhaus, and Schopenhauer will surely excuse him from further details. This work, in short, fared no better than the first volume, and it was left to the *Parerga und Paralipomena,* Schopenhauer's last and most popular work, to swing him at last into the starlight of recognition.

The World as Will and Idea (Vol. II), though ignored by Germany in the forties, deserved an altogether better fate. Schopenhauer's style had improved, his imagery had grown richer, his incisiveness wiser and more telling, and throughout was a depth and penetration usually unattained in his earlier works. Much in the earlier volume had been improved and amplified and in some cases a passing thought had been developed into the cameo perfection of a finished essay. Thus the chapter *On the Ludicrous,* in which all humor is reduced to incongruity, is unsurpassed in literature, so that every subsequent theory must recognize its truth. The same may be said of most of the chapters on aesthetic matters and a review

of the leading aesthetic writers of the present century will show that his manifold influence is still at its height. In the development of his aesthetics Schopenhauer had shown, more than elsewhere, the rich impact of a life-long devotion to music, art, and literature, and his sensitive treatment of these fragile subjects, so different from Procrustean analyses of most systematic philosophers, has resulted in beautiful and lasting studies.

During these years of production Schopenhauer made few public appearances but held himself aloof from the people. When, however, the city of Frankfurt decided upon a monument to Goethe, which the philosopher was sure they would ruin for want of taste, he could hold himself back no longer. He therefore wrote a long, learned letter, mostly in Latin, and full of wise counsel in the matter and submitted it to the authorities. Unhappily, his suggestions were disregarded and the monument turned out to be much the monster that he had anticipated.

In the following year (1838) he was more successful in an affair which was equally close to his heart. It had always been his firm conviction that Kant had altered the text of the *Critique of Pure Reason* in the later editions, whether on account of political pressure, or loss of judgment. In any case it seemed to him they were much inferior to the first edition. Fortunately he was able to persuade Professor Rosenkranz to bring out this original rendering of the great Critique in his new edition of Kant, and thus to clinch its unadulterated truth.

In the same year, Johanna Schopenhauer died of apoplexy

at the age of 72 (the same age to which the philosopher himself attained), and her son now found occasion to unwind a bitter reckoning of the past, full of sorrow and wistful regret. Six years later, in 1844, he received Adele's congratulations on his new book, *The World as Will and Idea,* Vol. II. She was surprised and delighted by the style and bright delineation, she explains, yet the thoughts were not new to her.

And this, incidentally, had she known it, was precisely their power. In the slumbering twilight consciousness were fears and dark convictions which neither she nor any one else had brought to focal consciousness. It was Schopenhauer who first broke through the conventional smugness to achieve this tragic awakening, and the world has not yet recovered from the shock of his penetration. To read him was like listening to the intimate conversation of a terrible friend who saw too clearly and divined too much, who brought to the sharpest light what had been but dimly and horribly suspected.

In this letter Adele is much more in agreement with her brother than ever before. Her fate in the world had been a tragic one, without that silent felicity she craved, and now she could see, or almost see, that he was right. A year later it is likely that she met the philosopher for the last time, while on her way to Italy in the company of her bosom friends, Ottilie von Goethe and Sybelle Mertens. Four years later she died in the arms of Sybelle and to her she left her possessions and the miserable remnants of her fortune. To Schopenhauer were sent certain trifling treasures that had been close to his sister.

Some ten years earlier Adele had received a letter from Schopenhauer's oldest friend, Anthime Gregoire de Blésimare, with whom young Schopenhauer had spent two years in Havre (1897–99). The old Anthime has not heard of Schopenhauer for so many years that he suspects that he is dead and writes to Adele to learn what sad fate has befallen him and how he came to his end. It thus happened that the philosopher received a letter one day, quite unexpectedly, and replied in French with great dispatch. He is delighted with his old friend's letter, he is overjoyed and he reads it again and again. And so for years they corresponded — the simple, good-hearted, rich, contented, devout old Catholic and the shrewd, sinister, scholarly old misanthrope — because they had been friends as boys. When in 1845 Anthime visited Schopenhauer in Frankfurt accompanied by his sixteen-year-old daughter, the spell, however, was completely broken. The two old men sat down and regarded each other with a wistful reminiscent smile, but found only their appalling differences between them.

The philosopher, meanwhile, had reduced the order of the day to the utmost method, conducting himself in all matters with much of the precision of his idol, Kant, and strangers and visitors alike were astounded at that painful order which governed every department of his life. Summer and winter he slept by an open window and always in the same position and never allowed this room to be heated. Between seven and eight A.M. he got up and bathed the upper part of his body with cold water, paying especial attention to the eyes, for these were the most important organs

of all, and needed more cold water than the rest. Coffee he prepared himself, deeming his maid unworthy or incompetent, and for two hours thereafter worked with great concentration and at this time would permit no interruption. At eleven he received visitors, then played the flute a half an hour, then shaved, then went out for dinner. Here he always appeared in the same old-fashioned costume, polished and neat, straight and incisive, the same as the day before. On returning home he would sleep for an hour and have his afternoon coffee, and then would be ready for his afternoon walk with the handsome poodle. When the weather permitted he loved to bathe in the Main and, like Byron, he was a powerful and accomplished swimmer. Usually, however, he returned to his lodgings to rest and smoke the first half of a good cigar. But in the evening he would smoke a pipe by preference, and cool the smoke through a five-foot stem, reading the while some light and pleasant novel. Often, to be sure, he chose to go out in the evening to the concert or the theatre. As time went by, however, he observed with horror that his other ear was going deaf. He loved the theatre so much, but now could only follow the dialogue with great difficulty from the foremost seats, and the asides he missed altogether. His approaching deafness was a great vexation to the philosopher. When a remark was addressed to him in a low voice, he was too proud to admit he had not heard it, but often answered in an angry reproving manner, which quite surprised his listeners.

In 1848 came the revolution right into the streets of Frankfurt with barricades and fighting, and Schopenhauer had no

difficulty in hearing the cries of the soldiers and rapid fire of the muskets. To Frauenstädt he writes of a harrowing experience. " Think of it! On September 18th a barricade on the bridge and the rascals standing there in great numbers directly before my house, aiming and shooting at the military in the opposite street, whose return fire shook the house: suddenly voices and blows on my door: and I, thinking it was the ' Sovereign dogs,' barred the door securely: then came crashing blows which threatened to unhinge it: at last the delicate voice of my maid: ' It is only a few Austrians.' I opened the door immediately to these worthy friends. Twenty blue-stockinged Bohemians rushed in, in order to shoot at the ' Sovereigns ' out of my windows. But they soon decided it would go better from the next house. From the second story the officer reconnoitred the pack behind the barricade and I sent him at once my large double opera glasses. . . ."

Schopenhauer's sympathies in this crisis were entirely on the side of peace and order, and with established monarchy against the bloodshed and destruction of revolution. The people, he maintained in the *Parerga,* is unquestionably the sovereign, but always needs a trustee to guard its power. A hereditary king is accordingly the best resource and monarchy the best, the only *natural,* form of government.

Schopenhauer was much cheered and comforted in these later years by the enthusiasm of a few faithful disciples. The old councillor, Dorguth, was the first, and Julius Frauenstädt, a much wiser, more disciplined head, the second. Toward the first the philosopher entertained an amused respect,

befitting an old man so honest and eccentric, while toward the latter his mood alternated between close friendship and sharp reproof, patronage, gratitude, anger, and resentment, according to how that gentleman pleased him. But in 1849 Schopenhauer was pleased indeed. Frauenstädt was the only one that year to remember his birthday and the philosopher in warm acknowledgment was moved to quote a quatrain of Byron's and send it off to his faithful apostle at once.

> In the desert a fountain is springing,
> In the wide waste there still is a tree,
> And a bird in the solitude singing,
> That speaks to my spirit of thee.

Schopenhauer was often quite grateful to Frauenstädt for his repeated defense of his system and, usually, did not care if it was not too skilfully done. The great thing in a disciple was to remain faithful to his master and make no concessions to the enemy. At times the philosopher was so fond of Frauenstädt that he commenced to worry about his bad eyes and general health, and he sent him as a special mark of favor " the best greetings from Atma " (the Sanscrit word for Soul), his fine white poodle dog. Yet as to the philosophical ability of Frauenstädt, Schopenhauer was often mistaken, and in regard to his character, he was completely deceived, as time would show. After his death, Frauenstädt violated almost every injunction which the philosopher had made with respect to the publication of his works, and corrupted the text almost beyond correction.

In 1848 Schopenhauer was overjoyed to find a disciple in the " vivacious, delightful twenty-one-year-old Baron of

Eberstein." The Baron, if anything, went too far in his reckless evangelism. He talked and he proclaimed, and he wrote to people he had never seen, advising them to read the great works of the neglected philosopher at once. Schopenhauer called him "a fanatic," but smiled and was not at all displeased.

But a greater triumph was to win over his old friend, Quandt, who for many years, being addicted to Hegel, had paid no attention to Schopenhauer's works. Suddenly, now, he came to the philosopher's side as a convert and an advocate, and he accepted the whole of his aesthetics without a murmur. And to the end he remained greatly attached to him. "Schopenhauer," he wrote in 1856, "is the only friend who has accompanied me on my long life-journey till now with devoted sympathy and understanding . . ." Other disciples appeared to strengthen the ranks of Schopenhauer's defense, among them August Becker, the worthiest and most competent of all, and soon three lawyers had enlisted their service and devotion to the cause of the new philosophy. But Schopenhauer drew little recognition at first from "the philosophy-professors."

In the first of the fifties, as we have related in a different connection in the Prologue, Schopenhauer's star rose high, the *Parerga und Paralipomena* sold everywhere, and now at last the incredible thing had happened — pessimism was bringing in money. But Schopenhauer was not one to lose his head. He invested this new capital in safe securities and continued as crafty and cautious as before. He followed the papers for business reports and went to the bank to insist

upon a proper exchange. Naturally his charitable gifts were more numerous, now, but they were still as quiet and inconspicuous, nor did they infringe upon his capital. At his death he was in possession of more money and property than he had inherited, a further proof that "a man can be a philosopher without being at all a fool."

With the rise of his fame Schopenhauer was frequently asked for a portrait and soon grew quite interested in the matter himself. His philosophy had now begun its triumphant march upon the world, and the truth he knew to be irresistible, for "sooner would we expect to see the owls and bats drive back the sun in the eastern heavens, than that any truth which has once been known and distinctly and fully expressed, can ever again be so utterly vanquished and overcome that the old error should once more reign undisturbed over its wide kingdom." Yet his philosophy was but a reflection of his personality and this, in turn, was completely expressed in his face with its strong blue eyes and massive forehead — for every man's face tells a story, Schopenhauer maintained, whether he likes it or not. To establish his philosophy was one thing, therefore, but to stamp his face upon the earth for all future generations was splendidly supplementary. During his remaining years Schopenhauer sat for many portraits and photographs. They picture him, of course, as an old man, and this is the way he is usually conceived.

When the town-councillor Beck came to see Schopenhauer, bringing a poem and a bouquet of flowers as a present, the philosopher was especially pleased and the conversation soon

The old Epicurean

turned upon the subject of his portraits, of which he had a great number, all representing him as an old man. Beck inquired if Schopenhauer had a portrait made during his youth, one made, perhaps, about the time he had written *The Fourfold Root of the Principle of Sufficient Reason*. "I have such a one," answered Schopenhauer, almost mysteriously, "but am unwilling to show it. Only a few have seen it."

"Then I will not be so immodest as to ask to see it."

"To you I will show it," said the philosopher and brought a small but beautifully worked portrait. (See p. 86) Beck noticed that, as he observed it, Schopenhauer examined him with large eyes as if to learn what impression it would make upon him.

"You are struck! You are amazed!" he cried. "I know the reason. The red hair disturbs you."

"Naturally, for I have only known you with white hair."

"I have never had red hair, never," replied the philosopher quite violently. "I had naturally a peculiar blond hair, which the painter could only reproduce by making first a red base. Now, during my stay in Dresden I hung this picture by a window through which the steady sunshine poured in upon it, with the result that the blue on the surface was entirely licked away, leaving only the red behind. The portrait, of course, will go down to posterity, and so in order to prevent the mistaken notion that I had red hair, I have written on the back side of the picture, as you see, in the Latin, German, French, English, and Italian languages: 'I have never had red hair.'"

But painting or photographing Schopenhauer proved no easy task. "I am too mobile," he himself explained it. "The painter must conceive me intellectually." Unfortunately he had too many moods and phases of an intellectual order. When quiet, it is said, he resembled Beethoven, when immersed in conversation, Voltaire, and he showed throughout too many histrionic shifts for any painter, and his restlessness only added to the difficulty.

The experience of Carl Mylius who went to get a photograph of Schopenhauer for the *Leipzig Illustrated Magazine* was perhaps characteristic. About three o'clock in the afternoon Mylius went to the lodging of the philosopher on *Schöne Aussicht* but learned that he was busy.

"Do not disturb him," he begged, but the maid had already gone inside. It was not long before a rumbling noise began, as if the two were scuffling with one another. As he crossed the threshold, Schopenhauer was standing with his back against the window. He had crossed his arms à la Napoleon and his white hair bristled very artistically on high.

"What do you want of me?" he began.

"Before everything, to ask your pardon for having disturbed you. I come from the *Leipzig Illustrated* to ask for your portrait, if you will be so kind." When Schopenhauer had read the letter of introduction he made a scene on the spot, and ran his hand through his hair as if he would have it bristle still higher. He repeated this before the mirror for some time. Then he cried:

"The cursed public wants to see me, the . . . public." Then he laughed, pulling his mouth in a grimace.

"Who will have the temerity to write about me?"

"The text will be written by Dr. ph. Hornfeck."

At this point he interrupted Mylius:

"Look at these pictures (daguerreotypes) here," and he laid them out before his caller. Then he added with great solemnity:

"What do you think of these eyes?" Mylius did not know what he meant. Schopenhauer handed him an enlarging glass and pointed out the merits minutely.

"Just look at them, *those* are eyes."

Mylius made an appointment with Schopenhauer to have a new photograph made and the latter arrived on the dot, but fell immediately into a loud altercation with the coachman. Soon the philosopher stood in the studio before the mirror, as previously at home, making faces and using unmentionable words. Then he took out his watch, a true monster, and putting it down rather ungently on the table beside him, exclaimed:

"I give you twenty minutes. If you are not ready then, I will leave, for I have no time to wait any longer." A new difficulty developed when the sittings began. Schopenhauer seemed unable to control himself for one-half minute, which was the necessary time for the exposure, and the poor photographer was obliged, at last, to content himself with two abortive attempts.

This excitable and original manner of Schopenhauer's, so astonishing in a scholar and philosopher, has been the subject of many amusing stories, some true, and some only consistent. His violent and eccentric behavior contrasted so dramatically with the sanity and balance of his philosophy,

that the public in time were quite taken with him. The novelist Raabe could represent him as a weird, quixotic, irascible old man, while others could view him as old Faust himself, and ask his opinion of the proper appearance of that character in a contemplated production of Goethe's drama, with a curious directness. Indeed, he had something of the sublimity which belongs to a great and tragic character, but was also a part of humanity. When his interests were thwarted he could be violent. When opposed in an important matter he could curse and imprecate with extraordinary color and brilliance. Like Mr. Shandy he would have a curse for every occasion, long, sonorous curses, and sharp, vicious ones, nicely and elaborately suited to the nature of each circumstance. All this was only natural. Schopenhauer's conception of dignity was not that of the stuffy, pompous Germany of the nineteenth century, but belonged more to the urbane and natural mode of the ancient Greeks. He scoffed at Fichte's phrase: "The dignity of man." It had been invented by a desperate and ridiculous man, a small man with red hair and no distinction of any kind. When one is offended, it is but natural to take offense and conduct oneself with a violence equal to the cause. Thus a man should not cut throats with a stranger who slaps him with his glove, but only remonstrate. More serious offenses, of course, require a more violent retaliation.

But Schopenhauer's face, it will be remembered, was a most important matter to him. Among his possessions he valued it most highly, and second only to his philosophy. Thus to misrepresent his face was almost as bad as misquot-

ing his works. It was slander. It was infamy. It was a cowardly plot to undo him. He thus came to hate daguerreotypes and photographs with a sincerity which never wavered. He hung the best of them on his walls, however, and walked by them often with great scrutiny, now gazing in the mirror, now returning to the pictures, only to sneer at their imperfection. The worst of them he could hardly bear to look at and hid them away from himself and others. One is "a shameful caricature. The thick nose is the effect of too great proximity to the camera, the eyes are leering, and the mouth infamous." It was preposterous and had no resemblance to him.

Schopenhauer had been betrayed so often by portrait painters and photographers and so often deceived and disappointed in women, that he had come to have a very poor opinion of both. That a woman, therefore, should attempt to do a bust of him, would seem inauspicious right from the beginning. But the handsome young artist, Elizabeth Ney, alleged to be the niece of the Napoleonic marshal, was no ordinary woman, and no common sculptor, and she won the philosopher's heart at once. She had made sculptures of celebrities all over Europe and had contracts for more, and she had charmed every circle in which she had moved. Schopenhauer wrote to a friend: "I had never supposed that such a lovely girl existed." The contemporary reports go far to explain her appeal. She was Junoesque in figure with shimmering golden hair, wore long white trailing gowns, and gave out an air somewhat romantic and mystical, and altogether enchanting. And now (1859) she came to the

seventy-one-year-old philosopher in his house on *Schöne Aussicht* beside the broad Main river, to cheer his loneliness for a few weeks, and to chisel a bust which would be worthy of his fame and greatness, and his face. So the old pessimist sat to the beautiful Miss Ney every day and talked with her for hours to give his face its aura and deeper worth. And while he conversed on many themes she thought of his face and he, presumably, of hers.

There were many things to talk about. Above the sofa hung an oil painting of Goethe, above the writing desk a bust of Kant, and everywhere the walls were decorated with paintings of great men such as Shakespeare, Descartes, and Claudius, and the images of splendid poodle dogs. Whether the latter represented the same poodle dog in different poses or the whole series of poodles he had housed since his Dresden days was sometimes a puzzle to his visitors. Schopenhauer's dogs, it seemed, had been beneficently alike, one had been black, one brown, one white, yet all were curiously the same. Nor was there much room for character study, as he himself admitted, in portraits of this kind. The philosopher would discourse quite comprehensively on animal painting, on the problem of representing the intelligence and instincts of each particular species, and he would admire the English with many citations for their priceless caricatures of animals. For a more serious theme he could turn to his Buddha, an imposing statue which had originally come from Thibet, and explain how he had had it gilded with gold in Paris, and at great expense. Before his Buddha, his bust of Kant, and his painting of Goethe, Schopenhauer could walk

Schöne Aussicht (Beautiful Outlook) on the Main river in Frankfurt

with a lofty heart and great thoughts would come to him fast and thick. To commune with his portraits had become a ritual with him in later years, with all the air of a religion. It was the religion of great men and honest beasts. Happily his friends and visitors could profit too. Like Goethe he had hit upon the device of allowing his paintings to speak for him, to seal the mood and set the direction of conversation.

Schopenhauer could talk to the lovely Miss Ney of the philosophy professors, of how their "conspiracy of silence" had at last proved ineffective, of how he had triumphed finally over all their envy, and was now at large in the world with thousands of readers. She would understand so well what pompous rascals they were. "My time has come." He could laugh exultantly over his belated triumph with the tall and gracious Miss Ney. He could tell her of his fame, of the pilgrimages of great men to Frankfurt, and of how some of them had not been as great as people thought: how one, Professor Erdmann, had eaten his dinner and talked to others, and thereby missed his one opportunity to listen to him; how Richard Wagner had made handsome overtures to him, though his verse, unfortunately, was only passable, and his music quite terrible. In the meantime the waters of the Main swept by and through the windows appeared the spires and majesty of old Frankfurt. To his right was the Gothic church and the taverns near by which Goethe had frequented as a youth, and further on, the Goethe house. In all this there was something only too benign. The philosopher's last utterances on pessimism were perfunctory and very weak.

He was completely satisfied with Miss Ney's sculpture. It was a "speaking likeness," he wrote, "and beautifully worked"—and with Miss Ney herself, he was even more pleased. "She is twenty-four years old, very pretty and *indescribably lovely,*" he explained. "She worked in an adjoining room in my present larger and more beautiful lodgings (Schopenhauer moved next door in 1859, a year before his death) day after day, for nearly four weeks . . . and came down in the afternoon to have coffee with me. Several times she came with me for a walk along the Main over stick and stone. We were wonderfully harmonious."

After about a month in Frankfurt, Miss Ney left for Hannover to make a marble bust of the King. Her philosophical monarch was left behind, peaceful, elated, and apparently sound. Yet his health in the past few years, though usually quite flourishing, had shown from time to time an ominous derangement. In 1857 he had grown weak while at table, and fainted. In April 1860, as he was returning home from lunch with his customary rapid stride, he stopped suddenly in the street. His heart was beating too fast and his breath came hard. These symptoms quickly disappeared only to return again and during the summer he suffered a number of such attacks. Schopenhauer had dreamed of living to be a hundred and had moved into more handsome lodgings with that in mind, but now he began to sadly doubt it. On September 9, 1860, he suffered a hemorrhage of the lungs and resigned himself to death. In several days, however, he had weathered the crisis, was up and about, and receiving visitors. September 18, he was back in bed with a

more serious attack. There he read Isaac D'Israeli's *Curiosities of Literature* and other quaint and pleasant books, and waited quite complacently for death, the coffin, and the worms, making, however, the best use of the time that remained to him. Only one thing concerned him at the end — the circulation and fame of his works and the contrasting fate of those spurious volumes of the university professors. This was his immortality after all and this was enough. On September 21, he got up as usual, took his cold bath, and was sipping his coffee on the sofa when suddenly he sank back and died very quietly. A hemorrhage had carried him off painlessly just as he had wished it should be.

The philosopher left behind him a considerable fortune amounting to 70,000 Rhein Gulden, a valuable library, a few paintings, and the copyright of his works. The Berlin foundation for the aid of Prussian soldiers wounded in 1848 and 1849 became his principal heir. The Prussians had driven his father from his native city of Dantzig and he himself had been put to great anxiety in 1848 by the Prussian troops. Schopenhauer bore them no ill-will at the end. To his old sweetheart, Fräulein Medon, he left a considerable amount of money, for in thirty years he had not been able to forget her, and a few distant relatives he also favored. His housekeeper received the furniture and the dog, Atma; Dr. Gwinner, the library; and Dr. Frauenstädt, the copyright of his works. Schopenhauer had remembered everyone. He had shown his world-pity toward the Prussian soldiers and his warm attachment to his dearest friends.

Byron had written a poem in honor of a Newfoundland

dog. Schopenhauer left his dog, Atma, three hundred Gulden, enough to keep him in luxury the rest of his life. And the philosopher had specified in his will that if his housekeeper, Margarite Schnepp, was not willing to take care of his faithful poodle, the money should go to some honorable man who was. But Margarite Schnepp was happy to take care of Atma and very fond of him, herself. She returned with him to her home city of Heidelberg and lived quite pleasantly on Schopenhauer's provision. Some years after her arrival in Heidelberg, the town-councillor, Beck, a friend and admirer of Schopenhauer's, came to that city from Frankfurt. As he was walking in the street one day, an old poodle dog ran out suddenly from a side street, jumped up on him and barked, and could not contain himself for joy. Then the gray-haired old housekeeper appeared, greeted the Herr town-councillor, and exclaimed: "See the joy of the animal! He still knows you." Thereupon she began to weep and lament the death of her good master, Herr Dr. Schopenhauer, who had always been so good to her. He had had his moments of violence and rage, to be sure, enough to frighten any poor woman, and sometimes he had roared at her quite terribly, but, no, he had never really meant it. And Atma wagged his tail in acquiescence.

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